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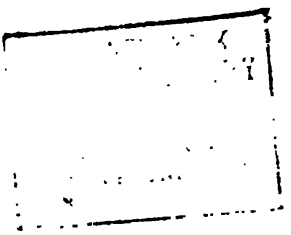

Parrish

Yours Affectionately
E. Parmly

THOUGHTS

IN

RHYME.

BY

ELEAZAR PARMLY.

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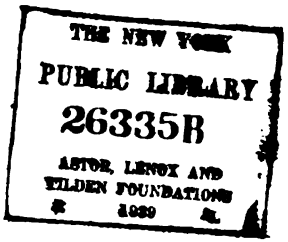
1867.



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THIS BOOK,

PUBLISHED AT THE EARNEST AND OFTEN-REPEATED SOLICITATION

OF MY

DEARLY BELOVED CHILDREN,

IS

DEDICATED TO THEM BY THEIR AFFECTIONATE

FATHER.

SEVENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY,
March 13th, 1867.

19 FEB '36

PREFACE.

THE republication of some of these Rhythmical Compositions, and the original publication of others of larger scope and dimensions, have their apology in the dedication of this volume. Like other parents, I hold that the gratification of the wishes and the happiness of my children should be, as it really is, above every other ordinary consideration.

The literary critic who shall pronounce these Rhymes destitute of poetic merit, will call forth from me a frank acknowledgment of the purity of his taste and the justice of his judgment. But when he learns that many of these were written as a mere diary and temporary diversion while traveling, and others in times of desolating bereavement, after following the remains of a well-beloved wife and four of our darling children to the grave, he will not utterly condemn (as a token of parental affection for my surviving children) their publication.

And to all readers I would say, that I submit the thoughts expressed in these pages, not so much to the judgment of the wise, as to the benevolence of the good. And if they will only concur in opinion with me, that "the post of honor is the private station," they will secure the grateful and respectful regard of

ELEAZAR PARMLY.

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NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL.

VOYAGE FROM NEW YORK TO LIVERPOOL,

IN THE STEAMER ATLANTIC, CAPT. WEST, WITH FAMILY.

Saturday, May 27, 1854.

ALL hands aboard—the friends retire ;
The hour of starting, twelve o'clock :
The wheels revolve, the gun they fire,
And good ATLANTIC leaves the dock.

The day is calm, the sky serene,
As down the bay our streamers fly ;
And scarce a ripple can be seen,
So still and smooth the waters lie.

For three full hours our stately craft
Must here in perfect quiet ride,
With scarce a breath a sail to waft,
While waiting for the rising tide.

With gladness every bosom beats,
Each eye with ardent pleasure beams ;
While Hope her brightest dreams repeats,
So full of ecstacy she seems.

And when the dinner was prepared,
Each waiting guest with pleasure thrill'd
To see that no expense was spared,
And every seat at table filled.

With relish keen all eat and drink
Of this too rich and large repast,
And no one dreads, or seems to think
That, for a while, 'twill be their last.

At five the flowing tide is high;
The engines move without a jar,
And Sandy Hook we're passing by;
The Pilot leaves—we cross the Bar.

Now Bingham Place, our country home,
Is fastly fading from our view;
And scenes through which we love to roam,—
To each and all we bid adieu!

The joys and sorrows we have known
Have long endeared that lovely spot,
And o'er our memories have thrown
Delights that can not be forgot.

The Highland Lights, the pine-clad hills,
Are in the fading distance seen;
With joy my bosom fondly thrills
At thought of years we there have been.

For friends belov'd, and kindred dear,
I feel emotions fondly swell;
To them I give affection's tear;
To them I breathe a sad farewell.

But now the ship by waves is toss'd;
Each gladly seeks the narrow berth,
Where all will soon in sleep be lost,
And quite forget the sea and earth.

Sunday, May 28th.

The morning gloomy, dark, and drear;
A stormy, rough, and rolling sea;
When call'd to breakfast, few appear,
Of ladies only two or three.

Upon the deck no voice is heard,
No laughing faces cheer it now,
Nor gliding form, nor cheering word
Meet eye or ear. from stern to bow.

This is the day for peaceful rest,
On which the wearied soul is glad;
But such the number here distress'd,
No Sabbath service have we had.

What deathlike change sea-sickness brings!
One that no art nor power can cure;
And those who bear all other things
In silence, can not this endure.

The scene, how chang'd from yesternight!
For ere eight bells had rung at noon,
Faces then beaming with delight
Are pale as death in the saloon.

Thus ends the Sabbath of the Lord;
No one to sing, or preach, or pray;
And those who love his Holy Word,
Have read in solitude to-day.

Monday, May 29th

The couches, railings, sofas, bear
The proof of efforts not in vain;
And faces, lately bright and fair,
Portray an agony of pain.

And while each pallid, shrouded brow
Depicts the horrors of despair,
All hearts before their Maker bow,
And find their sole relief in prayer.

One feeling only now prevails,
One awful fate that no one feigns;
It both the high and low assails,—
Triumphantly sea-sickness reigns.

And such the anguish and distress
To feel the steamer's constant roll,
No terms of language can express,
Nor human art nor skill control.

For those alone who once have shared
Its horrors can the truth unvail;
All other pains, with this compared,
Weigh lightly in the sufferer's scale.

Such nausea, and such helplessness;
Such headache and distracting pain!
With many, death seems dreaded less
Than that these pangs should come again.

They are, of ills which can be cured
And do not wholly stop the breath,
The worst of all to be endured,
And most of all resemble death.

Tuesday, May 30th.

To-day our Captain's noble heart,
By kind and generous feelings led,
Upon the deck, in every part,
Has robes, and beds, and blankets spread.

All who are well find full employ
In duties grateful to the heart,
In which they find a greater joy
Than they to others can impart.

And thus, in acts of friendly care,
The day on deck is mostly spent;
And every relish needed there
Was by our Captain's orders sent.

Wednesday, May 31st.

Another bright and cheering day;
Of beds but few on deck are strown;
And faces sad grow bright and gay,—
And voices mute are tuneful grown.

Now cheerful words and feelings kind
  Are heard and felt by every one;
And memory oft will bring to mind
  These friendly acts so kindly done.

At four P. M., with much delight,
  Full five miles distant from the eye,
We saw an iceberg on our right,
  Supposed some fifteen fathoms high.

And, as the sun's declining rays
  Fell on its glassy surface bright,
'Twas like a mountain in a blaze,
  Reflecting streams of silver light.

Thus with a sunset bright and clear,
  We end a joyous happy day
And close the spring-time of the year,
  The last, the thirty-first of May.

Thursday, June 1st.

A brilliant morning opens now,
  The sea is calm, the wind is low;
A vessel stands across our bow,
  With all sails set, but moving slow.

The noble ship, with yards all braced,
  Moves to our right, and near at hand;
'Tis cheering on the ocean waste
  To see a ship from our own land.

And we can have no fairer sight
  Than ships that o'er the ocean sweep;
They show mankind's resistless might,
  To stem the surges of the deep.

With cheerful greetings on the decks,
  We meet as friends of former days;
And talk of icebergs, steamers, wrecks,
  Of music, authors, books, and plays

Four times a day our tables, spread
With choicest viands, fowl, and fish,
Provide that all the guests be fed
With every dainty they can wish.

Plain pastries, too, of choicest kind,
Preserves and jellies, rich and rare,
That every taste, howe'er refined,
May find enough and much to spare.

With songs and conversations gay,
The pleasant hours have swiftly flown;
We scarce can realize the day
Begun, until the whole is gone

Friday, June 2d.

Another morning fair and warm;
The ocean smooth as prairie ground;
No sign of either wind or storm,
So calm and still is all around.

A school of porpoise round us play,
With hundreds leaping from the sea,
But of their sports we naught can say,
Nor guess what may their pastime be.

Like belles on shore, they, too, may wish
Thus to display their graceful forms;
And sailors say these sportive fish
Are harbingers of winds and storms.

Our sick are all now gaining strength;
May nothing their improvement check!
All I believe have left, at length,
Their berths, to walk upon the deck.

Saturday, June 3d.

The sky is dark, with heading sea;
And misty vapor overcast;
The wind is fair as wind can be,
And our good ship is gliding fast.

A British brig is passing now,
With England's royal flag unfurl'd,
To which her subjects proudly bow,
And pay respect throughout the world.

And with them we our voices raise,
For royal monarch, high in worth;
But one we own, and one we praise,
The Monarch of the sea and earth.

This day completes our first full week,
And since the hour we came on board,
No one has yet been heard to speak
A word that could offense afford.

And this, with twice two hundred souls,
Gather'd from many climes and tongues,
Proves that to him who thus controls
The ship all praise from us belongs.

Sunday, June 4th.

A lovelier morning never broke
From out the darkness of the night,
Showing the power of Him who spoke
The first command—"Let there be light."

"And light there was"—the very same
That now upon the ocean gleams,
As pure as when the sun's first flame
Sent to the earth its quick'ning beams.

Ah! who can gaze upon that sun,
And not the mighty Maker own;—
Or who can doubt there still is One
Who sits in light on Nature's throne!

On this blest day we all rejoice;
Our Captain reading from the Word;
And with a more impressive voice
Church service I have never heard.

There is a feeling in the breast,
A confidence of sure reward,
With those whose hopes of safety rest
In the protection of the Lord.

And thus on him we all rely
To whom the ship's control is given;
He, too, confides in the Most High,
Who rules the sea, the earth, and heaven.

Five ships have pass'd, of largest size,
And, coming near, we had a chance
A splendid ship to signalize,—
The Thomas, from a port of France.

To-day we have a splendid run,
No waves or winds to intervene;
And with the brightest setting sun
That on the passage we have seen.

Bright clouds of crimson and of gold,
More beautiful than I can name,
Ascend like Pyramids of old,
Or mountains tinged with living flame.

The air like balmy summer mild;
The ocean mantled o'er with green;
A lovelier evening never smiled,
A smoother sea was never seen.

With thankful hearts and songs of praise
A happy evening thus we close,
And end another of the days
On which the Son of God arose.

Monday, June 5th.

A chilling wind blows from the East;
The coldest morning on our trip;
And a good fire would not be least
Among the comforts of the ship.

But all attention still is paid;
And everything of every name
For our well-being yet is made,
As when we first together came.

Of all good steamers, we must own
The good Atlantic is the best:
Of all good captains we have known,
Give us our own good Captain West.

Being too cold on deck to go,
And no event there to record,
I mostly spend the day below,
Reading the trial of Matt. Ward.

The stated facts as they appear,
And all his previous acts, combine,
To make the case direct and clear;
He murder'd Butler by design.

Though, in the speech for the defense,
The gifted Crittenden may boast
Of talent, learning, tact, and sense,
The sight of truth and right he lost.

Not so of Allen's, for the State,
Against the mad and reckless youth;
Though not in talent half so great,
Is still replete with sense and truth.

The day has been a chilly one,
Which over all a gloom has thrown;
And through the misty clouds the sun
From morn to night has faintly shone.

The large saloon is filled to-night;
Desire for games throughout pervades:
A few in reading take delight,
Others in talking and charades.

The company all joyous seem,
In prospect that our trip will be
As pleasant as e'er made by steam,
Across the ever-rolling sea.

Tuesday, June 6th.

The morning dawn'd at half-past one;
At half-past three the sun arose;
As nearer we to England run,
The time of darkness shorter grows.

A pleasant hour I spent to-day
In listening to amusement great,
From anecdotes of Marshall—Clay—
By men of old Kentucky State.

For, meet them when and where you will,
Kentuckians will make you sport;
From first to last, we find them still
Kentuckians of the better sort.

The sea is rough, the weather cool,
The surging waves our steamer rock;
Four hundred miles from Liverpool,
We are to-day at twelve o'clock.

Just by a noble barque we've been
Sailing by log at least twelve miles,
The finest vessel we have seen,
The Merlin, from the British Isles.

Another, on our right we see,
Well filled with emigrants from Cork;
Which, by her signals, proves to be
The Morrison, bound to New York.

At half-past six this afternoon,
Some fifteen miles at our right hand,
'Twas first announced in the saloon,
We then were distant from the land.

When all delighted seem'd to be,
And rushed on deck, at every turn,
Resolv'd to be the first to see
If they could any land discern.

They merely saw a faint outline
Of Mizzen Head, below Cape Clear;
But nothing clearly could define,
So hazy was the atmosphere.

Just after eight a whale came nigh,
And swam along our steamer's side;
Three times he spouted ten feet high,
Three times he rose above the tide.

Just then the tower on Fastnet Rock,
A grand, revolving, brilliant light,
Was seen just after eight o'clock,
At its first flashing for the night.

At ten, we fairly pass'd Cape Clear,
In view of Ireland's rock-bound coast;
To many exiled patriots dear,
Their native country and their boast!

Wednesday, June 7th.

Made Kinsale Head just past midnight,
At two, Cork Harbor northward lies;
At three, off Bally Cotten Light;
At half-past, saw the sun arise.

Mary and Julia, wife and Lu,
Were all on deck in time to see,
In unobstructed, cloudless view,
The brilliant sun at half-past three.

At eight, upon the nearest edge,
Or cliff, were dwellings large and new;
And Tusca Lighthouse, on its ledge
Of rock, was near and in full view.

A picture grand the eye now fills;
  Large steamers, ships, and smaller sails,
With Holly Head and Bardsey Hills
  Both seen upon the coast of Wales.

At four, pass'd Holly's rocky ridge,
  On which the lighthouse structures stand,
Connected only by a bridge,
  O'er a deep gulf, with the main land.

'Tis near this point the land divides,
  The fairest view of land we've had;
Our hearts, to see the rocky sides
  Of Wales and England, are made glad.

Lo, what a mass of rugged blocks!
  Piled up in nature's matchless way,
Are Menai and the Skerries rocks
  For ages wash'd by ocean spray.

At three, the table richly laid,
  And all were gather'd once again;
Some stirring speeches then were made,
  And toasts were drank in good champagne,

In praise of our good Captain WEST,
  And steamers of the Collins Line,
Pronouncing them to be the best
  That skill can make or art design.

I drank "THE LADIES" with good-will,
  In Croton pure, their own emblem;
And for the QUEEN my glass did fill,
  Because she represented them.

Passing Point Lynas, Great Ormshead,
  The signal ships—Bell Buoy, Rock Light,
Our anchor dropped in Mersey's bed
  At nine, with Liverpool in sight.

With platform, lines, and swinging stairs,
We went from our Atlantic's guards
Down to a steamer, which compares
With her as ropes to masts and yards.

LIVERPOOL.

Upon the twenty-seventh of May
We left our home at twelve o'clock;
June seventh, at ten, we reach'd the quay,
At Liverpool—the Prince's Dock.

How unlike home is all around,
Seen strikingly at our approach!
One omnibus alone we found,
And for us all one only coach.

On foot we mostly take our leave;
Of first-class houses there are two,
Where kind attention guests receive—
Adelphi, and the Waterloo.

We of the former now can speak
Approvingly, as this will show;
For every comfort which we seek
On us they lavishly bestow.

Thursday, June 8th.

At Custom-house we partly spent
The morning, for our baggage there,
Which from the steamer had been sent,
And handled with the greatest care.

And nowhere have I ever seen
More courtesy to strangers shown;
Our trunks have barely open'd been,
But nothing touch'd, or from them thrown.

Near the Town Hall, in Exchange Square,
The monument of Nelson stands;
Which, for design, will well compare
With work from ablest sculptor's hands.

On the four sides, in bold relief,
Are emblems of a nation's praise;
And victory crowns the naval chief,
As death his hand upon him lays.

We spent delightfully some hours
In riding with our friends, the Clarks,
Viewing the docks, the quays, the towers,
Villas and gardens, groves and parks.

And beautiful beyond degree
Are homes with which these parks are graced,
For in them all displayed we see
The good old-fashion'd English taste.

And in no country can be found,
Where'er on earth the trav'ler roams,
Where social comforts more abound,
Than in Old England's rural homes.

NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL.

VOYAGE FROM NEW YORK TO HAVRE,

IN THE STEAMER ARAGO, CAPT. LINES, IN 1856;

OCCASIONED BY HEARING OF THE EXTREMELY SEVERE SICKNESS OF OUR DAUGHTER, ANNA E. ROSSITER.

ADDRESSED TO MY LITTLE DAUGHTER LOUISA.

Saturday, May 3d.

"WRITE to me, Father," were the words
  Which fell upon my ear,
When I received a fond embrace
  From Lulu, daughter dear.

"Yes, I will write," my heart replied,
  As I my child caressed,
And on my cheek, with gushing tears,
  Her farewell kiss she press'd.

With heart oppress'd by gloomy fears
  And anguish none can tell,
To all my children, doubly dear,
  I bade a fond farewell.

And as the vessel left the shore,
  Receding from our view,
Our lov'd ones stood upon the dock
  And waved their last adieu.

Then fondly, too, did we return
Our signal to the shore,
'Til in the distance they were lost,
And could be seen no more.

The day is dreary, dark, and cold;
We can not see the sky:
Nor can we on the shore discern
The objects we pass by.

The steamer smoothly glides along
The smooth and tranquil bay.
At three, the pilot left the ship,
And we were on our way.

I took a farewell of the shore
Through fog but dimly seen;
And now between us and our loves
Wide waters intervene.

And painful 'tis for us to part
With those we leave behind;
But still more painful is the thought,
That we ere long may find

That one, endear'd by every tie
Which fondest hope has bred,—
Our Anna, lov'd and loving one,—
Is numbered with the dead.

But let us hope that still she lives
Our wishes to fulfill;
To be caress'd by those she loves,
And prove our blessing still.

Her children, too, in all our thoughts
With fond emotions dwell;
Whilst Hope, man's never-dying friend,
Still whispers: "All is well."

A sumptuous dinner is prepared,
To which all seem inclined;
For they are eating with their might
Whatever they can find.

A few in haste are leaving now,
Before dessert comes in;
Others on jellies, fruits, and pies
Most earnestly begin;

Nor dream that these will be the last
Which, for a time, they'll take,
Whilst to the Genius of the sea
Their offerings they make.

At tea, the eaters are not found,
Their seats quite empty are;
Whilst certain noises all around
Their whereabouts declare.

The wind is blowing fresh and strong,
The ship by waves is rolled;
No fires are in the cabin made,
Which leaves it very cold;

But in our state-room large and fine
We feel no wind or storm;
For in our berths we keep ourselves
With blankets, nice and warm.

Thus we retire with grateful hearts,
Kneeling to Him who saves
Alike upon the sea and land,
And rules the wind and waves.

Sunday, May 4th.

The sky is clear, the weather cold,
A perfect winter day;
The coldest I have ever known
Upon the Fourth of May.

Although the atmosphere is fine,
And cloudless all the sky,
The wary passengers prefer
Within their berths to lie.

At breakfast, spread at half-past eight,
There's not a lady seen;
And gentlemen who take their seats
Are "few and far between."

'Twas the fine dinner yesterday,
Whose works began to tell;
But, being cautious what we took,
We both to-day are well.

Three splendid ships are now in sight,
All plainly homeward bound;
And not a floating cloud is seen
The whole horizon round.

We see, above, an azure sky;
Around, a deep blue sea;
Beneath us, a well-order'd ship,
As fine as ship can be.

Our Captain Lines now seems to be
Another Captain West;
And when two trips I make with him,
I'll tell you which is best.

There are on board so many sick,
We have not had to-day
A meeting of the passengers,
To read, and sing, and pray.

But hopefully we firmly trust;
And pray, with hearts sincere,
That every thoughtful soul may own
God's providence is here.

For safety now we all rely
On his almighty arm;
No other power but his can save
Our feebleness from harm.

For should we trust in human skill,
And all it can perform,
To every side should we be toss'd,
Like feathers in a storm.

On Him alone we humbly wait;
In Him we put our trust;
For all his works and ways are right,
And all his judgments just.

His tender mercies know no bound;
They all are freely given,
To fit us first to live on earth,
And afterward in heaven.

To Him we ever look for aid,
Sustain'd by his right hand;
The Ruler of the earth and sea
Can bring us safe to land.

Now through our fasten'd lights we see
The surging billows flow;
Which lift on high their foamy crests,
Like mountain-tops of snow.

Our dinner-table once again
Deserted is to-day;
And in their berths the passengers
Choose, most of them, to stay.

Monday, May 5th.

The deck is clear again to-day,
As few are walking there;
And not a lady ventures out
To breathe the morning air.

At breakfast, all the waiters stand
  As if their work was done ;
Of gentlemen, there are but few ;
  Of ladies, only one.

At twelve to-day, to gain the deck
  The bolder ladies try ;
And wrapp'd in blankets and in shawls,
  Along the bulwarks lie.

At two, the wind begins to blow ;
  White-caps begin to rise ;
And o'er the steamer, in a shower,
  The spray in plenty flies.

The ladies quickly disappear,
  Who on the decks have been ;
And not a blanket or a shawl
  Can anywhere be seen.

At five, the wind is waxing strong,
  And blows a steady gale ;
The vessel pitches frightfully,—
  The sailors take in sail.

Oft as the ocean I have cross'd,
  It surely seems to me
That I have never seen before
  So rough a rolling sea.

The wind increases, and the waves
  Against the steamer break ;
At nine, we ship a heavy sea
  That makes the vessel shake.

But we will trust for safety now—
  Four hundred souls in all,—
On Him, without whose notice can
  No single sparrow fall.

I've had an interview to-day,
Of half an hour or so;
A pleasant talk of home and friends,
With Madame A. De Pau.

She has a child in feeble health,
Her loved, her only one;
She braves the hazards of the sea
For this, her cherished son.

Our blessings daily multiply;
So should our love increase,
For Him, the Author of all good.
The glorious Prince of Peace.

Tuesday, May 6th.

The sea continues very rough,
As does the wind to blow;
And heavy clouds around us float:
This morning we had snow.

At breakfast-table, very few
Partake the savory meats;
Whilst not a lady of them all
Confesses that she eats.

Of all the ills that threaten man
With quick impending death,
Sea-sickness is by far the worst
That spares his vital breath.

Oft have I seen its victims lie,
In unalloyed despair;
Not knowing whether death were near,—
Nor did they seem to care.

Our royal engine nobly now
Its mighty work performs;
And our bold Captain, on the deck,
Defies the driving storms.

The sailors all, with ready hands,
  Are faithful to obey;
And watchmen firmly keep their posts,
  Enwrapp'd in dashing spray.

One mariner is at mast-head,
  Astride the topmost yard,
Whose duty 'tis to look for ice,
  And hence is call'd "Ice-guard."

The wind comes fiercely from the North,
  Where Boreas liv'd of old,—
O'er bergs and fields of floating ice,
  Congealed by piercing cold.

Though all is dark and drear without,
  Within are stars of light;—
Madame De Pau, upon one side,
  Has features beaming bright.

The other, we discover one
  Whose brightness flashes far,
Whose name as yet I have not learn'd,
  But she's a Brooklyn star.

In person lovely, artless, gay,
  With brightest charms of youth,
And features which distinctly speak
  Of innocence and truth.

Hereafter may we hope to see
  These constellations bright,
Giving their rays to lighten us
  On each successive night.

With grateful hearts we now retire—
  That we, another day,
Have been preserv'd from threat'ning ill,
  And prosper'd on our way.

TO HAVRE.

Wednesday, May 7th.

A milder morning; but the waves
  Lift up their heads on high,
And from our windows billows seem
  Ascending to the sky.

Our breakfast gave a better show
  Of ladies now restored,
With some I have not seen before
  Since first we came on board.

We all most cheerfully partake
  Of the good bill of fare;
And better we could never ask,
  At home, or anywhere.

The waiters are extremely good,
  Attentive, and polite;
And everything so well arranged,
  It seems exactly right.

In all the culinary art
  The Arago excels,—
A better table is not found
  In the first-class hotels.

Although the fourth day we have pass'd
  In weather cold as fall,
By keeping mostly in our berths
  We've not been sick at all.

Your mother and two others are,
  As far as I can hear,
All who have not the suffering felt
  Of sickness most severe.

At half-past one our ship was stopp'd;
  Some crank had too much play:—
But soon a washer was supplied
  And we were on our way.

A mixture strange we have on board,
English and Scotch, 'tis plain;
Italians, Germans, Irish, Swiss,
And some from France and Spain.

Some Yankees, too, no one can doubt,
From childhood up to man;
Each State has fill'd its quota here,
From Maine to Michigan.

Their languages on deck we hear,
In talk, and laugh, and song;
And by their gestures we can tell
Where each and all belong.

Some socially employ their time
In games which they propose;
And seem to take delight in cards,
And matching dominoes.

But cheerfully we all agree,
And hear no hasty word;
As well in cabin as on deck,
Our joyousness is heard.

Such is the mode of spending time;
Books rarely now appear:—
To eat, and drink, and play at games,
Is all the business here.

At dinner nearly all come out,
Of ladies quite a show;
And nearly every seat is fill'd
Along the inside row.

The billows now are falling fast;
The steamer moves with ease;
And every yard of canvass aids
To catch the fav'ring breeze.

To-day we have a splendid run,
The finest we have had ;
And with the prospect now in view,
Our hearts are all made glad.

The evening has been pleasant too,
The finest on the trip ;
Myself an hour conversing with
The Surgeon of the ship.

Thus, grateful for a happy day,
Of all the very best,—
And for all other blessings too,
We court the sweets of rest.

Thursday, May 8th.

At six, two icebergs hove in sight,
And both are near us now ;
The one is glittering at our stern,
The other at our bow.

The largest, like a crystal hill,
The foamy surges rides ;—
Some acres in its huge extent,
And square upon its sides.

Conversing with an officer
Now standing by my side,
He calls it fifty feet in height,
And full four hundred wide.

This, like a polish'd diamond, stands
Beneath the solar rays,
Which, falling on its glassy sides,
Enwraps them in a blaze.

It forms the most enchanting scene
That on our trip we've met,—
A brilliant diamond blazing bright,
Amid dark billows set.

An ocean steamer heaves in sight,
Far off at our left hand;
We plainly see she steers her course
To find our native land.

Our Captain, aided by his glass,
Has, by some signal, found
'Tis the Atlantic, of New York,
A vessel homeward bound.

The thought is pleasant, that we see
Majestically move
A steamer, that so soon will reach
The distant land we love.

And most of all, that gallant ship
We long have deemed the best,—
Recalling now delightful thoughts
Of her good Captain, West.

A ship at sea, where naught but sky
And water we discern,
Inscribes a mark on ocean's page
To which we oft return.

It points to scenes of pleasures past,
Which would forgotten be,
But for the deep impression made—
This mark upon the sea.

The day again is piercing cold,
And down the mercury falls;
The few who venture on the deck
Are wrapp'd in hoods and shawls.

At six, we saw another ship,—
So far, she seemed at rest;
We seem to be far from the track
Of vessels going west.

We have examples here on board
  Which would our natures raise
If we should emulate their worth:—
  To name would be to praise.

Among the rest, the noble man
  Foresti, known to fame;
Italian exile, who has borne
  The chains that mark her shame.

By men like him the clanking chain
  Would be at tyrants hurl'd;
And such would make fair Italy
  The garden of the world.

We have a colloquy to-night,
  Warm from the heart and mouth;
One party battled for the North,
  The other for the South.

One would consign a human soul—
  Free from all guilty stains;
If covered by a dusky skin,
  To servitude and chains.

The other, with as keen an eye,*
  Such morals could not see;
But, with a broad benevolence,
  Would make all nations free.

One strange asseveration was
  Quite new—to me, at least:
Freedom was born and bred far South,
  And slavery in the East.

A wretched Yankee of that class,
  With neither sense nor shame;
A blot upon the forehead fair
  Of our New England name.

* Your Mother.

No matter where oppression first
Had origin, thought I,
The slavery of my native land
Is doom'd ere long to die.

Its skeleton shall hang in air,
A terror to mankind;
While all its execrable bones
Shall rattle in the wind.

The sordid race which long has liv'd
By sweat of others' toil,
Must finally resign their lands
To those who work the soil.

Our eagle then shall plume his wings,
And o'er the nation soar,
Proclaiming to the joyous world
That slavery is no more!

Friday, May 9th.

A charming morning, clear and cold,
Finds all the ocean still;
For there is scarcely wind enough
Our steamer's sails to fill.

Three splendid ships proceeding west
Are now within our sight;
The only British ship we've seen
Is passing on our right.

The ship Coasjie Family,
We found to be her name;
But knew not whither she was bound,
Nor from what port she came.

No more than thrice our steamer's length
Is she from us just now,
And seems well filled with passengers
From quarter-deck to bow.

To-day I had a heavy blow,
  Worse than I've had before:
A staple struck my naked head
  Above the cabin door.

With arnica the wound was bathed
  By her whose tender care
Imparts delightsomeness to grief,
  And comfort to despair.

Although the day is very fine,
  Within my berth I stay
Till the contusion on my head
  Shall wholly pass away.

Now through my window I can see
  The waves that gently flow,
Which sometimes rise and break in foam
  As white as drifted snow.

'Tis pleasing thus to see them roll,
  As in my berth I lie;
The only objects present now
  Between me and the sky.

This afternoon a brilliant sight
  Was offered to our view:—
A rainbow spanning all the sea,
  With each prismatic hue.

And as the radiant arch was bent,
  A crescent on the sea,
It seem'd an emblem, briefly lent,
  Of blest eternity.

Saturday, May 10th.

The morning fair, the ocean smooth,
  As is a summer lake,
And not a wave upon its face
  Is seen to rise and break.

Yet, with a surface smooth as glass,
Where ripples cease to dwell,
We see as far as eye can reach,
The undulating swell.

The steamer smoothly glides along,
Without a lurch or roll,
And happy faces now are seen,
For joy pervades the whole.

I've seen the steamer's list to-day,
A right which each one claims;
Of those whom I would not forget
I here inscribe the names.

And some there are, as you will see,
Familiar to us all;
As Isaacs, Hotchkiss, Davenport,
De Castro, Prescott, Hall.

With Cromwell, Farnham, Ingersol,
Cliff, Rubens, De Sourcey,
And Brewer, Fuller, Penniman,
Beard, Babcock, Gareché.

Madura, Schaffner, Bodinier,
And Barrow, Buckner, Sport,
With Lydig, Fearing, Murdock, White,
Hulmes, Fletcher, Vandervoort.

With Hedges, Major, Grace, and Schenck,
Foresti, Dale, Yarrow,
And Eddy, Stebbins, Clark, and Barnes,
Gagnabe and De Pau.

We have Miss Sturgess and her friends,
The Fullers, from Hyde Park;
Besides a charming neighbor here,
The lovely Lizzie Clark.

She is beloved by every one,
  Without reserve or check;
A lovelier person does not tread
  Our gallant steamer's deck.

We see a single ship to-day,
  A Bremen by her sign;
And she was sailing to the east;
  One of a packet line.

To-day, at dinner, we have had
  A very fine display
Of ladies; and some in full dress
  Were in their seats to-day.

The first time since we came aboard,
  The sunset pleasure gave,
Not by its splendid drapery,
  But sinking in the wave.

I found a friend of Effie H.,
  With whom I talked awhile;
A charming person, too, was she;
  Of true Virginia style.

Unostentatious, gentle, kind;
  In judgment, clear and cool;
Well bred in all the pleasing arts,
  But not in fashion's school,

Where all absurd and wide extremes
  Are in profusion met;
But where on virtue, sense, and truth,
  Is highest value set.

A lady here from Louisville
  Much real pleasure gave;
Exhibiting, in vivid scenes,
  Kentucky's Mammoth Cave.

She walk'd a day beneath its arch,
O'er rocks in massive piles,
Along its rivers, through its vales;
In all, some eighteen miles.

Through spacious chambers, gorgeous halls,
Magnificent, and grand,
The ceiling deck'd with sparkling gems,
A scene for fairy-land.

Through narrow clefts and little grots
They crept and walk'd for hours;
Saw vaulted chambers, vast and high,
O'erwreath'd with crystal flowers.

Through vaulted regions, caves, and cells
Exploring, they have found
Already full one hundred miles
Of passage underground.

One fact of natural history
A freak of Nature seems,—
The little eyeless fish that live
Within these cavern streams.

It proves that as her creatures need,
Nature her gifts supplies;
For, as in darkness here they live,
They have no use for eyes.

Sunday, May IIth.

A glorious morning on us breaks;
We see the sun arise
As from the chambers of the east,
And gild the orient skies.

A vessel, too, appears in sight,
By fav'ring breezes sped;
A noble craft, a gallant ship,
With all her canvas spread.

The sea, the ship!—two proofs of power,
  Dispute it, ye who can:—
The one displays the power of God;
  The other, that of man.

The sea between two worlds is placed,
  Their proper bounds to keep;
The ship by human skill is formed
  To navigate the deep.

The diff'rence, then, between the two
  No mortal sense can see—
A moment of departing time,
  And vast eternity.

In measure they may be compared,—
  A forest to a chip;
For God creates unnumber'd worlds—
  Man's utmost power, a ship.

Another Sabbath day we spend
  In furrowing the sea,
While overhead the sky declares
  Its Maker's majesty.

For none but God his chamber-beams
  Can in the waters bind;
None else his chariot make of clouds,
  And ride upon the wind.

None else than He his ministers
  Can make of flaming fire;
Or all his faithful followers
  With heavenly love inspire.

He, only, makes the waters rise
  Above the mountains gray;
And by the fiat of his will,
  Can bid them waste away.

I joy to see the passengers
  Respect this holy day;
Reading and conversation take
  The place of work and play.

I listen'd to a pleasant talk
  On astronomic laws,
Between two friends—Isaacs and Barnes—
  Tracing effect to cause.

And learnedly did they unfold
  The great controlling rules
Which modern science brings to light,
  And teaches in her schools.

For all these blessings I desire
  To thank the Lord above,
And beg that he may still increase
  My gratitude and love.

Monday, May 12th.

At four this morning came on deck
  To see the rising sun,
As he came glowing from the sea,
  His daily race to run.

And here beheld as grand a sight
  As greets the eye of man—
A solar bow, that gilds the sky
  With its prismatic span.

From end to end, along the arch
  The brightness is the same,
And where the colors touch the sea
  There are two floods of flame.

The passengers, this sunny day,
  Upon the deck have been,
Presenting there a joyous crowd
  Of women gay and men.

At dinner, too, the busy hum
Of cheerfulness is heard
Throughout the cabin, as they sit,
Without one noisy word.

At four the wind began to blow;
At six 'tis blowing hard;
Whilst fifteen men are taking reef
Upon the topsail-yard.

We see them now descend the ropes,
Each with a cheerful face,
As with a merry song they bring
The topsail to its place.

Tuesday, May 13th.

At four o'clock I went on deck,
Hoping again to be
So happy as to see the sun
Come flaming from the sea.

But clouds and mists obscure the sky
As every morning yet;
For not one sun has brightly risen,
Nor yet one brightly set.

The sailors think about the land,
As well the deck explains;
For they are taking from the hold
The iron cable-chains.

I love to hear their merry song,
Which cheerily they sing,
When sails they hoist, or from the hold
These heavy cables bring.

I saw a lady drop her vail,
Which seemed a loss to be;
But, with a cheerful laugh, she gave
The tribute to the sea.

At six we passed a crippled ship,
As near our course she lay;
With all sails spread, but three topmasts
The winds have blown away.

A British flag was raised to view,
No other signal shown;
Her home, her name, her destiny,
Alike remain unknown.

Wednesday, May 14th.

Twelve days ago, to cross the sea,
Of home we took our leave,
And naught but tokens of good-will
Do we from all receive.

Our passage, drawing to a close,
A prosperous one has been;
We've had some stormy days without,
But pleasant ones within.

The rain and sunshine, bergs and ships,
Along the passage seen,
Have found the sea both rough and smooth,
Its waters dark and green.

A steamer rainbows, fogs, and clouds,
And one dismasted ship,
But no disasters have we seen
On this our joyous trip.

The gentlemen have all been kind,
The whole three thousand miles;
The ladies all have greeted us
Each day with cheering smiles.

The Officers, all first-rate men,
Their duties well perform;
The Sailors, too, have faithful proved
In sunshine and in storm.

The Engineers are skillful too,
As owners could desire;
The Firemen all, with steady hand,
Have kept up steady fire.

Stewards and Stewardesses, both,
Are in their work well skilled;
The Waiters have been punctual,
And well their stations filled.

Our Cook, to whom for dishes rare
We daily had to look,
Not only is of cooks the best,
But had the best to cook.

Of brandy, porter, ale, and wines,
The worth I did not test;
But from the empty bottles seen,
I judge they, too, were best.

To our good Captain all must feel
Their kind affections tend;
We met him master of the ship,
We leave him as our friend.

However varied be our paths,
Or humble our designs,
We proudly own our ocean route
Was marked by royal *Lines*.

Of Arago, the noble craft,
We all as one agree;
A finer vessel, stauncher ship,
Has never crossed the sea.

We saw a steamer, half-past two,
Again at our left hand;
Five ships around us now are seen—
At three, we make the land.

With pleasure every face now beams,
And every heart beats high,
As we perceive the rocky cliffs
Of Scilly, nearer by.

At seven, we dimly see the shore
Through foggy mist and haze;
At eight, we joyfully descry
The lights, on Lizzard, blaze.

Thursday, May 15th.

We pass'd the Needles, half-past nine;
At ten, the Castle Hurst,
Where once, confin'd in heavy chains,
Lay England's Charles the First.

We gaze on fields of richest green—
A most enchanting sight;
It is Old England's garden-spot,
The glorious Isle of Wight.

The villas, castles, groves, and parks,
Now seen on every hand,
Are Merry England's pride and boast,
The glory of the land.

And just beyond us, in full view,
Are seen, on either side,
The shipping ports of Southampton,
And Portsmouth, Cowes, and Ryde;

And Osborn, too, the royal home
Of Britain's peerless Queen—
Of monarchs on the English throne
None better has there been.

Proud ships of war, of largest size,
Are moored along the coast,
The "wooden walls" of England called;
Her bulwarks and her boast.

At two P. M., ship's agent came
  In boat from Portsmouth o'er;
Hearing from Lines that we were here,
  He said: "The week before,

"A corpse was shipped by Havre Line,
  "Direct from Paris sent,
"Supposed to be a child of theirs;
  "And with it children went."

Oh! what distracting words were these
  To hopes still kept alive,
That we should see our precious child
  When here we should arrive!

O'erwhelm'd with grief that knows no bounds,
  Your loving mother lies
Within her stateroom, where I hear
  Her deep and plaintive sighs.

Our Captain, Major Barnes and wife,
  With hearts both warm and free,—
Foresti, too, that noble man—
  Show kindest sympathy.

But sympathy can not arrest
  Nor dry the gushing tear,
For one so deeply, fondly loved
  As was our Anna dear.

With sorrowing hearts we now retire,
  But not to rest or sleep;
For one so loved and pure as she
  We can not cease to weep.

In dead of night, while passengers
  Are all in sleep profound,
I walk the deck in loneliness,—
  Death rings in every sound.

The breaking waves against the ship,
The solemn tolling bell,
Sound to my heart death's requiem,
And hope's expiring knell.

And as the wind among the shrouds
Sighs with a mournful breath,
All whisper to my stricken heart
Only of Anna's death.

Friday, May 16th.

This morning, ere the sun arose,
Or we had made the town,
Evans and Gage* were on the ship,
From Paris hastening down.

Having received a telegram,
Written an hour before
The dreadful news of Anna's death
Had reached us from the shore,

Here to reveal the sad event
To us they kindly came,
As in their hearts divinely burns
True friendship's sacred flame.

As now to Paris we must go,
Our hearts with anguish swell;
For there we last embraced our child,
There breathed our last farewell!

* Drs. Thomas W. Evans and Edward Gage, our valued friends residing in Paris.

PARIS.

My dear daughter Lulu, your letter has found us.
The pleasure it gives must remain unexpressed;
It lightens the gloom which now gathers around us,
And soothes for a moment the agonized breast.

Your mother, so gentle, and kind, and true-hearted,
Is agonized now by the terrible blow
By which we have been from our lov'd one just parted,
And reason now yields to disconsolate woe.

We visit the places endeared to my bosom,
And walk in the paths lately trod by the feet
Of her we have loved as a life-giving blossom,
Whose lingering odors will always be sweet.

The world is now dark, and all nature has faded;
The spring-time of joy is enshrouded in gloom;
The groves and the gardens, once pleasantly shaded,
Are mantled to-day in the shades of the tomb.

The rooms where we met our loved one, delighted,
We see, but we find them no longer the same;
The prospects once bright are tearfully blighted,
And all that is past now re-echoes her name.

Our ever-dear Anna! How fond and endearing!
How gentle her nature! How fervent her love!
And yet, through the gloom the prospect is cheering,
Again we shall meet her, a seraph above.

My dear daughter Lulu, the time of our meeting
Is measured by Him who our being has given;
And oh, may our lives, which are rapidly fleeting,
Be spent in the service of virtue and heaven!

No. 3 Rue de la Paix, Paris, *May* 22, 1856.

OBITUARY.

In order to show the high estimation in which our beloved Anna was held by those who were acquainted with her, I have selected two from the several obituary notices published after her death. The first was from the pen of the highly distinguished scholar and gentleman, Robert Walsh, Esq., who was then residing in Paris. The second from our valued friend, Dr. E. B. Gardette, of Philadelphia, and who is no less distinguished as a scholar and gentleman.

BY ROBERT WALSH, ESQ., OF PARIS.

"Our American Society has suffered a great loss within the last week, in the death of Mrs. Rossiter, the wife of our distinguished artist, Mr. T. P. Rossiter, who gained the medal of first class in the late exhibition in Paris. The worth of this lamented lady was felt by all who came within the sphere of her accomplishments, which were many, and of the most refined and elevated character. She suffered long with a patience and resignation beautiful to behold; and her death-bed was calm and holy, her religion being of that genuine kind which is seldom on the lips but ever in the heart and practice, performing all the duties of wife, mother, and friend, with great affection and sincerity. For the bereaved family no consolation can be offered, but the hope of a reunion with her, for no one can supply her place, and her bright example will be a guiding star to her afflicted husband and the tender orphans she bequeathed him, when they shall be able to comprehend how great has been their loss.

"We can join in the sorrow of a mourning father, who describes a daughter's death in the following touching terms, and feel that they are peculiarly appropriate:

"'Song, beauty, youth, love, virtue, joy!
This group of bright ideas, flowers
Of Paradise, as yet unforfeited,
In one bright blaze we bind;
And kneeling, we present it to the skies
As all we guessed of heaven;
And these were all her own.'"

R. W.

BY DR. E. B. GARDETTE.

"It is sorrowful that the duty of portraying a beautiful life is rarely performed until, with its loss, we must also lament an affecting death; and this is precisely the case with the gentle lady to whose valued memory I would here pay tribute.

"Mrs. Anna Rossiter, wife of the distinguished artist, and daughter of Dr. E. Parmly, of New York, died at Paris during the present summer, at about the time she had appointed to return to her home and country; and after a residence of three years abroad, enjoying and profiting by all the advantages afforded to cultivated minds in the various capitals of Europe. Large as was her capability of estimating the brightest works of art, it was especially in her domestic character and relations that Mrs. Rossiter is to be spoken of as a noble and lovely woman. Heaven had blessed her, during her residence abroad, with three precious trophies, the holiest in life's pilgrimage, and when the mind turns to the picture of the father-widower, bring-

ing back across the ocean, with his dead wife, three little infant children (the eldest twins), ignorant of the calamity that had befallen them and him, while at the same moment another steamer bore the distressed parents of Mrs. Rossiter in an opposite direction, with heavy hearts only sustained by hope; language fails in its force to convey an adequate expression of the bitter grief into which the family has been plunged.

"Mrs. Rossiter was no less remarkable for the gentleness of her disposition, and a life of charitable usefulness when quite a young girl, than an example of noble devotion and womanly graces, in fulfilling all the duties that belonged to her more mature years. In childhood she brought cheerfulness and contentment to the humble sufferer within her reach; and with her peculiar taste, and ready skillful needle, she gave happiness to others at the cost of too much confinement for the good of her own health.

"It is but a few brief years since the following sadly prophetic lines were addressed to her, under feelings of admiring sympathy. Mrs. Rossiter was then zealously laboring to accomplish secretly, a beautiful drawing, as a present to her father, on the return of his birthday anniversary:

Yes, the sweet promptings of thy heart, good Anna,
Thy blessed father's natal day to mark,
With gifted pencil, fair historian
Of old Time's passage o'er another year.
I see thee, happy with ambitious mind,
Calm and devoted, with all patience striving
To compass for thy parent's pious heart

Emotions of fond surprise. Yet the while
Thy own pure nature drinks delight
From expectation of the joy thy gift
Will bring. Thy subject, too, so like thyself;
Chaste image of some saint or good gone by,
Or yet stronger emblem of good to come—
In angel forms, to comfort here below.
And then lift up the bright immortal past
Of erring man to more enduring bliss!
Thy gentle spirit doth not weary,
But thy more fragile frame may yield, we fear,
To thy more earnest assiduity.
The breath of heaven denied, tne flower droops,
And leaves but the sad memory of its brightness
To aching hearts that knew its beauty's worth.

"How truly was it said, in anticipation, 'aching hearts!' Mrs. Rossiter has, indeed, left many such in and out of the circle of her own family, and who cherish in their sorrow the vivid recollection of her high virtues and enduring characteristics. She exhibited during her life the embodiment of all the ennobling qualities that win our love, and command our respect and admiration on earth; and these must, in simple phrase, constitute the existence here that wins heaven hereafter. When such spirits have fled their earthly tenement, we are made to feel there are angels above."

"PHILADELPHIA, *August* 31, 1856.

MONODY,

WRITTEN BY MR. ROSSITER AFTER THE DECEASE OF HIS BELOVED WIFE.

ALONE.

Glad day has gone, and darkness now
  Conceals what, one short hour ago,
Was all ablaze with sunset's glow,
    A beauteous zone;
Usurping gloom steeps earth in woe—
    And I, alone!

A sombre twilight closes round;
  Dark cloud-rifts sweep athwart the sky;
The evening blast, with boding sound
    And solemn tone,
On clammy wings howls taunting by:
    "Alone, alone!"

Swift, flitting heralds of the storm
  Now gath'ring 'neath yon misty line—
Grim demons, wreathed in vapor form—
    Vindictive own
That I, on verge of night, thus pine,
    All, all alone!

The hurrying sea-hawk, swooping home,
  Calls shrilly to its waiting young,
Its prey still struggling, wet with foam,
    Above me flown—
Screams, with its harsh, discordant tongue:
    "He's all alone!"

The ocean, melting on the shore,
  While chafing, gnawing 'gainst its bounds,
Deep agony is muttering o'er,
    With hideous moan;
And to the tell-tale air resounds
    How I'm alone!

The mountains blacker, blacker seem;
  Gay woods have vanish'd from their sides;
Engulphed the river's lambent gleam;
    The dread unknown
Around the shrinking landscape glides;
    And I, alone!

MONODY.

There was a time when storm, nor night,
  Nor darkness, with its funeral train,
Nor ocean, 'mid its direst might,
  All tempest-strown,
Could wake in me one sad refrain—
  To be alone!

Then, thou beloved! nestled here,
  Thy earnest heart beat at my side;
I knew nor lurking doubt, nor fear,
  My sainted one!
Thy love no moment left to glide,
  Unblest, alone!

But now, whatever greets my sight,
  Whatever sounds coerce my ear,
Earth, sea, and air reveal the blight
  And wing the groan;
I wail from dawn to midnight drear,
  Heart-crushed—alone!

'Tis gone—the last of lingering day,
  Beyond the far, reluctant west,
And unstarr'd night holds dismal sway
  On ebon throne;—
How long must I support unrest,
  Weeping alone?

When will they pass, these rayless hours?
  When will a morn renew my soul?
When will the cloud, which chills and lowers,
  Its work have done?
And I, released from earth's control,
  Cease to be lone?

Oh, blissful thought! An hour will come,
  And bring permission to depart,
Where thou hast now eternal home—
  A seraph grown;
Where I can dwell beside thy heart—
  No more alone!

LAST HOURS.

[FROM THE DIARY OF MR. ROSSITER.]

"Dear Anna took a strong impression that she was not to recover. Said to Mrs. Walsh she should never see her dear parents again; said she thanked God for giving her such parents, who had so carefully brought her up in religious instruction, and with so many advantages; said her Saviour's word was: 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest,' and she would soon be gone; wished she had lived more up to the light she had received, but God would be merciful to her, a sinner. She then uttered a most touching and fervent prayer, full of exquisite resignation to his divine will, with confidence in all his promises.

"She wished me to write, to her dictation, as follows: Says she is losing her memory, and wishes these thoughts put down—'Nerve yourself to what I am saying—I am so weak, for the moment my memory leaves me; it will come back in a minute. My head is so light, every now and then I forget—have to stop and think. Oh! to save my life I can not collect my thoughts—wait a moment—what shall I think?—can't think for the present.'

"During her long suffering not a murmur or repining has escaped her lips, but all the anguish and physical torture has been borne with angelic fortitude and resignation. Never was more purity fitted for the transit into the blessed realms. She said: 'What a state we were in last night! I thought I was at Bingham Place,* and the happiest

* Our country home.

creature living. Had such a happy time with dear father, mother, and the girls!'

"She went into a kind of trance, and seemed to be in the presence of spirits, exclaiming: 'Oh, what a phenomenon! What a wonderful thing! Let it be recorded—my name is Anna Ehrick Rossiter; I was born on the 10th of April, 1830. How strange! Snatched from heaven to earth.' She called for the Scriptures, which she opened at random, and read from the Psalms most appropriate and touching verses; kissed the book; she pressed it to her bosom, saying: 'Oh, precious Word! how I was taught to love it!' She called for the children; only Anna was in. She was brought to the bedside. She smiled, and spoke to the little thing as sweetly as an angel. Seemed to take the greatest delight in the baby, and manifested toward me the greatest affection. She gazed in my face with unutterable fondness, and pressed my hand, saying: 'We are one!' It was one of the sweetest hours of our blessed intercourse. The other children came in, when she took great notice of them, smiling and speaking most angelically. Oh, how heavenly beautiful was her expression! All of earth seemed to have passed away. Two or three times she spoke of dear mother, and she wanted to see her. I showed her her father's miniature, which she pressed to her lips, and showed it to Mrs. Walsh, saying: 'Oh, what a good man! oh, how he loved his children!' Breathing more difficult; amusing herself looking about the room. Happy expression on her face, and oh, so beautiful! God! can this be her earthly end?

"The Doctor left us; but kind Dr. Gage insisted on remaining. At half-past seven o'clock, April 30th, smiling languidly, but sweetly, but in no pain, and not at all conscious of her situation, her breath grew longer and longer, her blessed eyes became fixed, and the pallor of death, with the last gentle respiration, succeeded; her pure spirit mounting on wings of joy to the God who gave it, freed from the trammels and clogs of her earthly life. O God, why was she called so soon, and my bliss quenched in utter loneliness? Why this cup of anguish? Because she was too pure for this soiled life! Her spirit was too refined for its tenement, and I too unworthy of her angelic gifts!

"Funeral took place at half-past four o'clock, May 1st. Many went in to see the precious babies, and all greatly touched by their motherless condition. Good Mrs. Lamson brought white roses, lilies of the valley, and white lilacs to scatter in the coffin. Never has a death among Americans produced such a profound impression, and never was one so universally esteemed. Oh! if they had known her as I knew her, how had she been adored. Sweet spirit, how gentle and pure is your memory! I will try to wait patiently with our little ones, bringing up our little Charlotte and your prototype Anna to be like you. Oh! how shall they have a glorious idea of your worth and angelic beauty. How will they strive to be worthy such a mother in Heaven! Oh! what a blessed life I have to look back upon with her! Gentle, blessed Anna! we go linked heart to heart, although a grave is between us!"

NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL.

VOYAGE FROM NEW YORK TO LIVERPOOL,

ON BRITISH STEAMER SCOTIA, CAPT. JUDKINS;

ON ACCOUNT OF LOUISA'S FAILING HEALTH.

Wednesday, June 4, 1862.

We left our home, and were, at ten o'clock,
In Jersey City, at the Cunard Dock;
There fond adieus to give and to receive,
And of my darling children take my leave.

Thence, in a wretched tug-boat moved by steam,
We sought the Scotia, anchored in the stream;
And just at twenty minutes past eleven
The starting signal was, by Judkins, given;—
The gun was fired, and we were on our way
Through rain and fog, adown the New York Bay;
The forts were passed; but not a soul saw, o'er
The vessel's side, a single thing on shore.

The lunch at twelve was all full well prepared,
In which the passengers all largely shared;
Of pickles, poultry, comfitures, and meat,
And amply filled was ev'ry plate and seat.

The dinner came at just the hour of four,
But tables not so crowded as before;
Some vacant seats along the sides we see,
For many a lady is an absentee.

Tea-hour at eight, and very few are here;
The ladies' seats quite vacant now appear;
A stormier day than all of this has been,
On land or water I have never seen.

Thursday, June 5th.

Another morning rainy, dark, and chill;
The passengers are mostly "*very ill.*"
Of ladies up I count but five in all,
At breakfast gathered in the dining hall;
But my sweet Lulu, here and in her place,
With smiling gladness beaming in her face,
And clothing warm, well shielding feet and neck—
She just has walked an hour upon the deck.
Oh, may this voyage contribute to restore
My precious child to health and strength once more!

Our Catharine,* lady friend of sterling worth,
Is in her state-room, sea-sick in her berth;
And of Jahial† I can speak in praise,
He's bright and joyful as in former days,
With promise fair to like this ocean trip
As well as any one on board the ship.

Our lunch to-day, at twelve, was like the last,
But very few partook the rich repast;
The seats are empty, nearly all, again,
Whilst o'er her victims sickness holds her reign.

A sumptuous dinner's on the table seen,
But eaters scattered "few and far between."
'Tis said three-fourths of hundreds fully three
Are in their berths from sickness of the sea.

The wind now freshens—clouds light up again;
But to this hour we have incessant rain
Which slackens now, and all, who can, prepare
To walk the deck in search of fresher air;

* Mrs. Dr. Wetherbee. † Jahial Parmly.

For Scotia's rooms, though neat and well arrayed,
Are smallest, closest, darkest, ever made.

'Tis six. A British ship is passing now
Upon our right, across our starboard bow.
And nearer to her signal as we came,
The Constellation proved to be her name.
Though thirty hours upon the ship we've been,
This vessel is the first that we have seen.
Now from the deck we hasten all away,
The rain commands. Thus ends the second day.

Friday, June 6th.

A gleam of sunshine gladdens all our hearts,
And joyful hopes of better times imparts.
The storm seems past, and all with pleasure view
The vast expanse of sky and water blue.

'Tis grand to gaze upon the mighty deep,
Whose waters, like their Maker, never sleep.
His power controls the heavens, the sea, and land;
He holds broad oceans in his mighty hand.
The swelling waves that roll beneath our eye
Proclaim the power of Him who rules on high,
And through creation executes his will,
Proclaiming to the billows: "Peace, be still!"
Thus all is calm; the winds and waves are stayed,
The winds and waves that potent voice obeyed;
Then on that power will we for succor call
And feel secure, if billows rise or fall.

A flying-fish, with wings behind his neck,
Was found, this morning, dead upon the deck;
His wings had borne him high above the sea,
But from the vessel could not set him free.
'Tis thus with man, who rises in his might
To gain ambition's ever-dizzy height;
For, when attained, 'tis desolation all,
And equal ruin if he stay or fall.

A pleasant morning; and our lunch at noon
Brought from the berths, the state-rooms, and saloon,
Around the tables in the cabin, more
Than fifty faces not observed before.
Besides, the deck on every side is strown
With shawls and blankets, occupants unknown;
And add to this, that fully fifty more
On seats were sleeping all along the floor.

The ship is crowded; and the records call
For full three hundred passengers in all,
Of whom a third are ladies, and among
Them, married, single, handsome, old, and young,
All lady-like, of gentle, graceful mien,
As far, at least, as I myself have seen.
Thus pleasantly the hours have passed away;
One only ship has been in sight to-day.

Saturday, June 7th.

Another morning, dreary, dark, and wet;
Three sails alone are on the steamer set;
An adverse wind is blowing fresh and strong,
But smoothly moves our gallant ship along,—

With much less motion, lurching, shock, and din,
Than any ship I've crossed the ocean in;
The winds adverse, yet, such our engine's power,
Full thirteen knots we make in every hour.

The table-frames now make a grand display,
Sure indication of a boisterous day.

The wind blows hard, the rain is falling fast;
The storm severer proves than was the last.
The ladies drench'd upon the deck remain,
Preferring all the spray, and wind, and rain,
Rather than seek the narrow state-rooms, where
They find no comfort, ease, nor light, nor air.

The gale, at half-past one o'clock to-day,
Tore from its fastenings our jib-stay away.

A six-hour gale has had resistless sweep,
And lashed to foam the surges of the deep;
White-crested billows roll in fearful might,
And seem to rise above the vessel's height.
With snowy top and base of emerald green,
They larger seem than any I have seen,
Though often I have traced this route before,
And seen th' Atlantic boil, from shore to shore.

The storm increases, both in wind and rain,
And rages now, a perfect hurricane!
The well ones watch with dread the heavy blow;
The sick are in their berths confined below;
The former would be frightened, if they dare,—
The latter, not, because they do not care.

Few things on earth can less delightful be,
Than such a storm as this upon the sea;
And few that would not, with the best of men,
If business call, be hazarded again;
And yet, will fame or pleasure tempt them more
To seek their fortunes on a foreign shore.
For me, some quiet dell, some rural grave,
Rather than ride again the stormy wave.
Let my poor frame, in dust, forever sleep,
Rather than feed the monsters of the deep!

Now night comes on, a cheerless day has pass'd,
The wind has changed, the sea is falling fast;
The moon is shining and the stars give light,
A promise fair of a good run to-night.
Thus mortal life is sometimes overcast,
And man recoils at sorrow's piercing blast;—
But hope and joy resume their ancient reign,
And man, delighted, is himself again.

Sunday, June 8th.

The Lord's day morning breaks upon us now,
And may we all with grateful reverence bow
To Him who rules ; and be his name adored,
Jehovah, Jesus, Sovereign King, and Lord,
Who safely kept us through the hours of night ;
Brought us to see the Sabbath's glorious light,
To cheer our hearts, our drooping spirits raise,
And make us vocal with our Maker's praise.

A charming prospect now again we see,
But, all around, a rough and rolling sea,
We now are on the Banks, the weather cold ;
Warm cloaks and shawls the ladies round them fold ;
And, shivering, sit along the vessel's side,
Watching the bold assurgence of the tide.

Breakfast is past, and preparations made,
Prayer Books and Bibles on the table laid
For Sunday service ; held at half-past ten,
For good of all, both officers and men.
It cheered my heart to see the men come in,
In uniform arrayed, both neat and clean,
Who, like the passengers, deep interest took,
When Captain Judkins read the Holy Book.

The voice was such that all could plainly hear ;
Impressive, solemn, grave, distinct, and clear.
All prayers with solemn reverence, too, were read,
And all responses most devoutly said.
Prayer for the Queen was in the usual form,
With solemn emphasis, sincere and warm ;—
For well may men of every land prefer
Their invocations for a Queen like her,
The wife of Albert, whom fond memory hails,
And mother of the generous Prince of Wales.
Another prayer to heaven's high Father went,
To bless America's good President ;—

And many noble hearts were happy then,
To hear so many voices say: Amen!
And rarely in my lifetime have I heard
More clearness given to the written word;
Or truer emphasis on portions laid,
Or nicer accent by a reader made.
The service was throughout extremely fine,
Reflecting honor on the "Cunard Line."

At half-past six the wind is high again,
And spray breaks on the ship like heavy rain;
Thus have we been, through all this bitter day,
Both cold and wet from heavy dashing spray.
Full oft successive waves have, one by one,
Broke on our ship till decks like rivers run.
Though chill and wet, thro' all this raging storm,
There's not a place in all the ship that's warm;
In rooms so dark we scarce each other see,
Where sick are suffering now beyond degree,
While full one-third of all herein immured
Have pale sea-sickness, hard to be endured.

Monday, June 9th.

Cold is the morning, but the decks are dry;
The wind is fresh, the waves are running high;
And groups of passengers on deck are found,
Together huddled, in warm wrappers bound.
While some are walking, trying hard to stand
Erect as when they walk upon the land,
But every effort which they make is vain,
They stagger up, then stagger down again;
And oft we see, whatever means are tried,
Some staggerers dash against the vessel's side.

The wind has fallen—scarce enough to fill
A single sail—and all the waves are still.
From berth and state-room, cabin and saloon,
On deck are gatherings made this afternoon.

A breeze, with odors freighted, from the shore
Restores us all to joyous health once more;
A bracing air seems health and life to give
To those who yesterday scarce wished to live.
Just o'er the vessel's bow, amid the spray,
A brilliant rainbow we have seen to-day.
The wind is lulled, the ocean's calm restored,
And all a happy time enjoy on board.

My sweet Lulu has, in a high degree,
Enjoyed to-day all that is fine at sea;
Walking the deck and watching waves that roll,
Unfixed and restless as the human soul
Without the stay which Christ alone imparts,—
The steadfast hope that anchors human hearts.

Our Catharine friend to-day, for the first time,
Gazed on the ocean's majesty sublime,
When naught but sky above was in her view,
And nothing round her but the waters blue.
It was, to me, a most enchanting sight
To witness her amazement and delight
At seeing what her heart had greatly prized,—
The visions of her childhood realized.

To-day Jahial has more cheerful been,
Watching from deck the captivating scene:—
The vast expanses that around us sweep;
The noble steamer plowing through the deep;
The moving engine, with its mighty power
Forcing the ship full fourteen miles an hour.
And that delight a generous nature finds
In intercourse with warm and genial minds.
Thus has the day agreeable been made
To all, except the sick in state-rooms laid.
Four vessels have to-day at distance been,
But not so near that signals could be seen.

Tuesday, June 10th.

The morning cheerless—sky all clouded o'er,
But something warmer than we've had before.
The ship is steady—waves have sunk away,
A calmer sea before us spreads to-day;
The sky is dark, and no enlivening beam
Comes from the sun to cheer us with its gleam;
But black and gloomy are forebodings all,
And oft we hear the Boatswain's whistle call,
And every one that call must quick obey,
And straightway to the summons haste away.
No voice is heard on all the vessel round,
But all is done by that small whistle's sound;
Assistance prompt does every one afford,
Whilst perfect order is observed on board,—
From Captain down, through watches out and in,
All seem to be in strictest discipline.

A conversation I enjoyed to-day,
And pleasantly the moments passed away,
With Mr. Cawthra, of Toronto, where
Our good friend Bidwell* did his friendship share;
To me, oh, how delightful did it seem
To hear him speak of one whom I esteem;
And one for whom I such respect have felt,
With whom so long in friendship I have dwelt!
A godly man, upright in all his ways,
On whom I need bestow no higher praise.

Much social feeling everywhere is found,
And this in our good ship seems to abound,
Though men are here of all conflicting views,—
Secesh and Union, Infidels and Jews;
Men of high standing, both from North and South,
From Boston, Bartlett; Staten Island, Routh;
From Canada we have full half a score;
Wyants and Wilson, too, from Baltimore;

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* Marshall S. Bidwell, Esq.

The East and West are represented well,
And all in harmony together dwell.

The ladies fair, with whom the ship is graced,
Show great refinement, elegance, and taste ;
And their deportment here will well compare
With ladies of refinement everywhere.

Again this afternoon 'tis very cold,
The wind northeast, and there it seems to hold.
The ladies, wrapped in cloaks and shawls, again
Crouched on the deck in huddled groups remain.

A noble ship in royal canvass drest,
An English man-of-war, is standing west ;
May favoring winds protect her loyal band,
And bring her safely to our native land.

Sweet songs and voices greet our ears to-night,
Upon the deck beneath the moon's pale light ;
"Star-Spangled Banner," great attention drew ;
Our nation's flag-song too, "Red, White, and Blue ;"
And may the waves of sound spread more and more,
Until they echo from our native shore!

Wednesday, June 11th.

A glorious night in safety we have pass'd,
And a bright morning gladdens us at last.
Our log-book credits to the engine's power
A steady run of fourteen miles the hour ;
Not for an hour have we a fair wind known,
But "dead ahead" it every day has blown.

This is the first right clear and pleasant day
That we have seen along our watery way.
So all on board the change delighted hail,
And joyous hopes o'er saddening fears prevail ;
The sick revive, and with amazement view
The scenes around them beautiful and new ;

For some there are who have not been before
Beyond their state-rooms since they left the shore;
And others, first to-day, have had the chance
From deck to view the ocean's vast expanse:
To see the golden sun, the emerald sky,
The clouds and sea-birds that above us fly.

Another dinner, sumptuously supplied,
And every seat at table occupied;
The first time since our lunch at twelve, at noon
The day we left,—Wednesday, the Fourth of June.

The wind is blowing very fresh again,
And spray comes on the deck like showers of rain;
The waves begin to lift their heads on high,
And darkening clouds again obscure the sky.
But from the morning till the afternoon
The ladies' cabin and the long saloon
Were quite deserted. Weather warm and fair
Upon the deck; and all assembled there.

At nine we hear the Boatswain's whistle hail,
"All hands aloft, unfurl and make more sail!"
The sky is calm, the winds and waves at rest,
A breeze is springing freshly from the West,
Around the ship we cheerful voices hear,
Of joy and gladness, mirth, and hopeful cheer,
The fond belief that two or three days more
Will bring us safely to the British shore.

We have a calm and a most brilliant night;
The moon is full and shines serenely bright;
Nor ever did her silver beams appear,
On ocean's breast, more dazzling or more clear.
Night's azure canopy is seldom seen
With fewer flying clouds to intervene
And intercept the captivating view
Of the moon's splendor, in a sky of blue.

Fine singing, too, upon the deck is heard,
Whilst ev'ry thought expressed and every word,
In patriotic songs, the truth display
That union feeling clearly rules the day.

Thursday, June 12th.

I heard this morning, from the Second Mate,
From last night ten until this morning eight,
We steadily upon our course had laid,
And more than fifteen knots an hour have made.
This is the finest run we have had yet,
With all our square sails in good order set;
And swiftly through the water now we go,
The wind as fair as wind can ever blow.

The morning is delightful, clear, and cool,
Eight hundred miles are we from Liverpool.
We all are happy as we well can be,
Walking the deck and talking merrily,
Except a few who've suffered all the way,
And have not left their berths a single day,
A suffering week, a dark and gloomy cell,
Will, of the voyage, be all that they can tell.

We passed a steamer, and from signals made,
Found her the Hawkins, from the south blockade;
Quite slow of speed, in ballast very light,
We passed her, and were quickly out of sight.

At two the sky is overcast again,
Whilst dark and heavy clouds are threat'ning rain,
The wind increases, but continues fair,
And seventeen knots an hour, all counted, are
The greatest number that have yet been run,
At any time since we the voyage begun.

I had to-day a pleasant interview
With those I like, though of acquaintance new,
From Philadelphia I was told they are,
And Brooks and Stokes are the two names they bear.

An exhibition strange, grotesque, and rare,
A ludicrous burlesque on "Donnybrook Fair."
In strange costumes the men are oddly dressed,
Acting as beasts, as if by beasts possessed.
Well represented were a goat and ass,
Fit symbols of the men of all that class.
Some were in rags, with clubs of monstrous size,
In bandages their heads, with blackened eyes,
With fiddling, fighting, dance, and coarsest song,—
Pastimes which but to vulgar minds belong;
A scene which memory will long retain,
Though too revolting to be seen again.

Friday, June 13th.

A pleasant morning, warm and balmy air,
And everything around us bright and fair;
It is the first and only summer day
Since from our home we took our wand'ring way.
All happier seem than any day before,
Rejoicing that the voyage will soon be o'er.
And now, throughout the cabin long and wide,
Along the tables and on every side,
Writers of letters, anxious to avail
Themselves of sending by the Queenstown mail.
The Boston steamer will to-morrow leave
From Liverpool at twelve, and will receive
The letter-bags on Sunday next, at two,
As all the line of Cunard steamers do.

Ten minutes before four the look-out hand
The first announcement made of seeing land.
So all with eager eyes are gathered now,
Along the vessel's deck and at the bow,
To catch a glimpse, for that is all at most,
Of rocky points upon the Irish coast,
And Mizzen Head is the first point in view,
An object to most part on board quite new,
Next Skelligg's Rocks, behind Valentia Bay,
Where once the Telegraphic Cable lay

Bull, Cow and Calf, and Banta Bay we see,
With many beetling rocks along the lee.
We now are passing, just at eight o'clock,
The famous lighthouse built on Lookout Rock,
Which like a fortress high appears to stand
Upon the water, far away from land.
At nine the Stag Rocks we are passing by,
Whose ragged heads above the waters lie.
At ten, before us rises to our sight
Old Kinsale Head, and on it Kinsale Light.
By rockets from the steamer, at eleven,
Were signals to the vessel's agents given,
Who straight a tug-boat for the ship provide,
Which in an hour was at the steamer's side.
Some fifty passengers, it may be more,
Went from the steamer, in the tug, to shore.
At one o'clock we bade our friends farewell,
On whom will memory long delighted dwell,—
The names of Stokes and Brooks will cherished be,
With every fond remembrance of the sea.

Saturday, June 14th.

A lovely morning dawns to-day, serene,
With not a ripple on the water seen.
At nine o'clock faint lines are seen, at most,
Of Ireland's rugged shore and rocky coast.
To packing trunks and bags we all are led,
As twelve will bring us near to Holyhead.
Now every passenger, delighted, hails
The headlands on the coast of Northern Wales;
At half-past twelve, and close upon our right,
We pass the Skerry Rocks and Skerry Light.
Now beautiful, beyond compare, the scene
Of hills and woodlands in their richest green.
The highland peaks are richly wooded o'er,
Soaring aloft above the rocky shore.
And verdant fields, extending far and wide,
Are seen along the mountain's sloping side.

A cultivation everywhere prevails
In high perfection, on the coast of Wales.
A windmill standing on a neighboring height,
In rapid motion, gives us all delight.

Now we are passing near to Alnwick Town,
The place where Royal Charles, a ship, went down.
Point Linas now our ship is coming near ;—
The steamers always take their pilots here.
At half-past one the Captain left the stand,
And to the Pilot gave the ship's command.
At half-past two, the time for us to dine,
We met Arabia of the Cunard Line,
Which left at noon to-day the anchorage ground,
For Halifax direct and Boston bound.

We reached the Bell Buoy bar at half-past four;
The tide too low, and we could steam no more.
Here have we waited full four tedious hours
The aid of some strong tug's propelling powers,
But yet no sign of any tug is seen,
And here our patience will be tried, I ween ;
For now I hear the Captain's voice decide
To wait the rising of the evening tide.

The sky is now o'ercast with clouds again,
Which treat us to a heavy shower of rain.
No light have we from either moon or star,
As our good vessel steams across the bar.

At ten, as we approach the lighted town,
Off Birkenhead we cast our anchor down.
Thus dark and wet, and in most woful plight
We all conclude on board to spend the night.

Sunday, June 15th.

Now rows of trunks along the decks are laid ;
And when of all the baggage search was made,
We left the Scotia just at eight o'clock,
For Liverpool, straight to the floating dock,

At dead low water, when we, all around,
Could from the deck see vessels on the ground;
And all above us, too, they seem to ride,
As five and twenty feet compute the tide.

To the Adelphi all our trunks were sent;
To this famed house the passengers all went,
Where choicest rooms for us provided were;
And kind attendants, cleanliness, and care,
Led us to feel that we were well supplied
With every comfort landlords can provide.

To go to church to-day we felt inclined,
And went with Newman* to one for the blind.
A sermon truly eloquent we heard,
Without a single sentence, thought, or word
That spoke of aught or common-place or dull,
Or cloudy, in the mind of Parson Hull.
About the Lord's commission which he gave,
And which, obeyed, would sinners surely save;
He taught that men must read the Holy Word,
And yield themselves entirely to the Lord.

"He said that one of man's unholy deeds
"Was making Christian formulas and creeds,
"Instead of teaching men to cease from evil,
"And shun the thankless service of the Devil."

* William H. Newman, New York.

NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL.

VOYAGE FROM LIVERPOOL TO NEW YORK,

WITH FAMILY,

IN THE STEAMER ATLANTIC, CAPT. WEST, 1855.

Saturday, July 14th.

JULY the fourteenth of eighteen fifty-five,
At ten in the morning our party arrive
On board the Atlantic, of steamers the best,
With that prince of commanders—good Captain West.

We were all in vexatious confusion awhile,
With trunks, bags, and boxes, a marvelous pile;
The passengers' baggage on deck rudely thrown,
All eagerly struggling to get at their own.

Some two hours of labor the porters bestow
To carry this mountain of parcels below,
Till trunks of apparel and caskets of worth
Are all well disposed of in state-room and berth.

At twelve the mail-packet and tenders retired,
The anchors were hoisted, the signal gun fired;
The engine was started, the wheels were at play,
And the noble Atlantic was quick under way.

The white cliffs of England are fading from view,
And sadly I bid them a final adieu;
No more shall I traverse her royal domains,
Nor wander again o'er her beautiful plains.

But Chatsworth* and Haddon,† with mountain and dell,
Will long in the storehouse of memory dwell.
The Derwent's pure water that gently glides by
Its green leafy borders, and clear-flowing Wye,—

In which are reflected these castles of old,
Whose beauty and grandeur can never be told;
Whose parks, groves, and gardens are bowers of shade,
With borders of flowers, by gravel-walks made.

Whose streams of pure water o'er rocky beds flow,
And foaming cascades rush in caverns below,
And high falls from hill-tops, with white dashing spray,
With jets from pure fountains, in sunshine that play.

But more than all these shall we often recall
The friends whom we value and prize above all;
The warm-hearted greetings we everywhere met,
And the friendship extended, we ne'er can forget.

Serene is the evening, the sea like a lake;
Not a ripple arises its stillness to break;
Around the rich table the passengers throng,
As swiftly our steamer is gliding along.

The weather is charming; a cloudless star-light;
At twelve we saluted the Asia, to-night:
The signals were given, and rockets were spent,
As rapidly passing each other we went.

Sunday, July 15th.

A beautiful morning, and near us is seen
Hibernia's rich isle, with her mantle of green;
The rock Ballycotton, renown'd for its light,
Is just now before us, near by on the right.

We see, in the landscape, field, mountain, and grove,
On the highlands surrounding Cork's beautiful Cove;
And the sun brightly shining on villas between,
Makes pictures of beauty that rarely are seen.

* Duke of Devonshire's. † Duke of Rutland's.

So slight is our motion, the ocean so still,
That very few passengers seem to be ill;
Good order and quiet pervade every place,
And smiling contentment is seen in each face.

In state-rooms and cabins the passengers stay,
And all seem to cherish respect for the day;
Church service by many would now be preferred,
But this, for some cause, is to evening deferred.

The wind blows afresh, at eleven o'clock,
And the steamer, we find, is beginning to rock;
So great is the motion, so rough is the sea,
That all, more or less, seem affected to be.

The sumptuous dinner prepared for the day
Was mostly all taken untasted away;
And some that did eat went away in great haste,
To scatter their bread on the billowy waste.

The bowls and the basins, the sofas and chairs,
The rails of the steamer, and rails of the stairs,
Give proofs of commotions, and where they begin,
Of surges without and of surges within.

I never, at tea-time, to grace the saloon,
Saw so few at table as this afternoon;
The seats mostly vacant—of ladies, but two,
And waiters are standing with nothing to do.

The deck is deserted; no pastime or mirth,
And all are preferring the state-room and berth;
The church service promised by our pious friend,
Has now been dispensed with, as none can attend

The steamer is pitching, the waves running high;
On beds, floors, and sofas the passengers lie;
Young children are crying with sickness and pain,
And nurses to still them, are trying in vain.

Monday, July 16th.

This morning some changes of weather are seen,
Large billows are rolling—deep valleys between;
The breakfast is ready, the waiters are here,
But only one lady inclines to appear.

Her name is McDougall, as I understand,
With some little appetite still at command:
An elegant person, in feature and form;
Unchang'd by the sea, and unmov'd by the storm.

Of gentlemen eaters, on looking around,
Some ten or twelve only at table are found;
Some dishes are called for, but callers don't stay,
And the dishes untasted are taken away.

The weather is stormy, cold, rainy, and thick,
Men, women, and children are nearly all sick;
The sky is o'erclouded, the sun does not shine,
And a gloomier forecast has never been mine.

The night is approaching; we hear not a word,
But proofs of great suff'ring are everywhere heard;
And all would most fervently join in a prayer,
That next day may bring weather pleasant and fair.

Tuesday, July 17th.

A dark, cloudy morning, and boisterous sea,
A scene more disheartening there scarcely can be;
Of ladies and children but few are in sight,
Having suffered exceedingly throughout the night.

At twelve the clouds scatter, all hearts are made glad,
And faces are cheerful that long have been sad;
The weather is changing, the promise is fine,
And the sun is beginning, though faintly, to shine.

For broiled ham and crackers we hear a few calls;
The deck is now covered with blankets and shawls;
Each relish that's fancied the steamer provides,
And tones that are merry now ring from all sides.

At six the clouds darken, with prospects of rain;
The sick are returning to state-rooms again;
At eight, the rain pouring—so closes the day,
But all are rejoicing—the wind dies away.

All hail with much pleasure the rain-storm, that saves
From sickness and suffering, by smoothing the waves;
All joyfully hoping a change for the best,
We gladly retire, for the evening, to rest.

Wednesday, July 18th.

Our steamer was steady the most of last night;
All quiet this morning, with joyous delight;
A good breakfast-table, that lonely has been,
Exhibits this morning a livelier scene.

The ladies, by sickness so long kept away,
Are now at their places light-hearted and gay;
The waiters are serving with diligent care,
Supplying the calls from a good bill of fare.

The deck is presenting a lively display;
The ladies are walking the first time to-day;
The sun, too, is shining unclouded and warm,
And grateful the calm that has followed the storm.

At five, near a large British vessel we came,
But not near enough to distinguish her name;
Her national colors were hoisted and shown,
But no signal given by which she was known.

A sight more majestic can nowhere be met
Than a ship on the ocean with every sail set,
And gracefully riding the waves at her ease,
Some ten miles an hour with a prosperous breeze.

At seven it is cloudy, and threatens again
A violent tempest of wind and of rain;
While acres of porpoise are round the ship now,
And thousands are leaping before the ship's bow.

The waves are increasing in twofold degree,
And we on our quarter have shipped a large sea,—
The first heavy body of water we've known,
By force of the waves, on the deck to be thrown.

There's something alarming, which threatens a wreck,
When whole tons of water fall down on the deck,—
That causes the vessel to tremble and rock,
Till every one feels most distinctly the shock.

The prospect is gloomy—the night closing in,
The darkest and blackest that yet we have seen;
To add to its terrors—for more than an hour
The rain has been falling in one steady shower.

Now all are retiring, and hope for a change;
The feeling produced by the motion is strange;
The effect is distressing without any pain;
Bewild'ring sensations are felt on the brain.

Thursday, July 19th.

The ship has been rolling the whole of the night,
And gladly we welcome another day's light;
The sea has been rougher, the waves higher grown,
The night altogether, the worst we have known.

The morning gives promise of being quite fair;
The weather is cool, with a fine bracing air;
The waves are much larger than any we've seen,
And the hollows much wider that come in between.

At ten, a clear sunshine, and pleasantly warm;
We no longer feel the effects of the storm;
The motion this morning that gave such distress
To the sick, is becoming delightfully less.

The only two objects of interest to-day,
Are barques, going westward, with us, on their way;
But too far in distance to have signals given,
We passed one at four, and the other at seven.

This day, for the first, has been pleasant and warm,
The evening foreshadows a gathering storm;
A sure indication, by sailors allowed,—
The sun having set behind a dark cloud.

All seem now forgetful where sickness belongs,
The deck is made cheerful and merry with songs;
Thus happily ending the first pleasant day
We've had since we started from England away.

Friday, July 20th.

To weather-wise sailors we credit award,
'Tis the stormiest morning we have to record;
The coldest and wettest, for nothing is dry,
And cross-waves are running exceedingly high.

The joy of last evening has had quite a check;
Not a lady can venture to-day on the deck;
And very few persons at breakfast appear,
Compared with the whole that were yesterday here.

The rolling and pitching while lunching, at noon,
Kept numbers away from the dining-saloon;
Who, snug in their berths feeling better to stay,
Concluded to hold them the rest of the day.

Saturday, July 21st.

Last night was the roughest that yet we have had;
This morning the sunshine makes every heart glad;
Two icebergs are near us, at eight, on the right,
And truly most beautiful objects of sight.

The sun shining on them, as onward we go,
They sparkle and glisten like hill-tops of snow;
And one, like a fortress, we've seen for an hour,
Its centre uprising; a fine lofty tower.

An object more brilliant, beneath the sun's rays,
Can nowhere be found than this iceberg displays;
The stoic himself can not fail to admire;
It looks like a mountain of diamonds on fire.

So grand the large iceberg we witness'd to-day,
Its glories must long in our memories stay,
As the most pleasing sea-faring thing we have met,
A pearl in the sea amid dark billows set.

As the Banks are now near us, the weather is cool,
The coldest we've had since we left Liverpool ;
On making inquiry, we learn from the mate
The mercury has fallen to just thirty-eight.

But still it is pleasant, the sky very clear,
And nowhere a cloud is observ'd to appear ;
The waves have subsided,—ship steady again,
The ocean expanse but a broad level plain.

The deck, too, exhibits a bright change to-day,
The ladies, now walking, seem joyous and gay ;
A contrast to what we have witness'd below,
In groans of despondence and accents of woe.

The evening is calm, and the sky is serene ;
No motion is felt, nor a cloud to be seen ;
The sunset is charming, a warm summer sky,
Giving joy to the heart and delight to the eye.

A scene of more beauty the sea never gave,
Than the sun when sinking beneath the dark wave,
The splendor around it no language can name ;
It seems nothing less than the ocean in flame.

At eight the ship Herman is near, and in view,
With half-masted signal, the ship lying-to ;
Our Captain approaches with earnest desire
To give them relief, if relief they require.

All hearts wildly beat as the vessel draws near,
And tremblingly wait the first accents to hear ;
We seek to discover their wishes and views ;
They only request us to give them the news.

"Do you need any aid?" our Captain twice said;
The answer was: "No," from the paddle-box head:
"Why, then, at half-mast are your colors let fly?
"I thought your were sinking!" our Captain's reply.

And feeling sore vexed, had no more to say;
Our engine was started, and we bore away;
All feeling indignant that such a sheer cheat
Should alter our course a mere insult to meet.

Sunday, July 22d.

Last night our good steamer seem'd quite at a stand,
And all slept as soundly as if on the land;
No motion or rolling to make us feel ill,
But ocean and vessel seem'd both to be still.

This morning the weather is charmingly fine;
At five met a ship of the old British line;
A Cunard, from Boston—the meeting took place,
Just off the high cliffs, at the head of Cape Race.

But sad are the feelings that now fill the breast:
Beneath us the bodies of many friends rest;
Names fondly cherished—Stone, Springer, and Brown;
For near us the noble ship Arctic went down.

This morning was given, with eloquent force,
From good Morgan Dix, a delightful discourse,—
Of pure thought and feeling in all of its parts;
A comfort to each and to all of our hearts.

A season of profit to all, it would seem;
"The sea's his; He made it;" the well-chosen theme;
A work of God's will it was made to appear,
And one of his agents was also made clear.

Its beauty and grandeur we lately have seen;
Its dangers and terrors around us have been;
Its multiplied uses before us he spread,
The home of the living, the grave of the dead.

The sea and its wonders, how grand and sublime
Its beginning of years, the beginning of time;
Its wide sweeping billows will ceaselessly roar,
As long as the land shall encircle its shore.

A more perfect Sabbath has never been known;
The sun in his splendor no brighter has shone;
Commandment to rest all seem to obey,
And the day has been kept as the Lord's holy day.

The sun has been setting, resplendent and clear,
But near the horizon mark'd objects appear;
A high rocky ledge just before us is seen,
And mountainous cliffs, with deep caverns between.

They rise and they fall with the quickness of sight;
Their features are changing as changes the light;
It is called by those who have seen it before,
"*Mirage* of the ocean," reflected from shore.

This beautiful phantom which reason beguiles,
Is reflected from objects some two hundred miles;
Our Captain, a sailor for years some three score,
This grand ocean wonder ne'er witnessed before.

This day, to us all, from the morning till night,
Has been one of social and sacred delight;
A day of rich mercies, with ills unalloyed,
And grateful we feel for the blessings enjoyed.

Monday, July 23d.

Another calm night we have pleasantly past,
Another bright morning as bright as the last;
No wave on the ocean is now seen to rise
But a smooth, glassy surface all over it lies.

Beneath and around us the still waters lie,
Above and beyond us a warm summer sky;
Our best running day, as declare all the men,
In miles having measur'd three hundred and ten.

To-day, after dinner, our steamer was made
Of fashion and numbers a grand promenade ;
Where wealth, rank, and station all socially lean,
And none but the latest-made fashions are seen.

The sun in his splendor again now retires,
And lights up the clouds with their numberless fires ;
The pictures presented more gorgeous and grand
Than any I've seen on the ocean or land.

As far as the vision can take in the sight,
The clouds are all tinged with the sun's golden light ;
Which gives by reflection its prismatic beams
All over the ocean in liquified streams.

Exulting and happy now seems ev'ry heart,
With friends newly made, with whom we must part ;
Whom fond recollection around us will bring,
And long will their names to our memory cling.

Wherever the future may destine our lot,
The pains we have suffer'd will soon be forgot ;
But we long shall recall every day and event
On board the Atlantic delightfully spent.

Tuesday, July 24th.

Another bright morning, the cry is "All well,"
The ocean displays neither ripple nor swell ;
With gentle upheavings 'tis calm and serene ;–
A lovelier morning I never have seen.

Our distance, at noon, by the Register's book,
Three hundred and fifty full miles from the Hook ;
At this rate of running we hope to arrive,
At the dock in New York, by to-morrow at five.

The day before landing is called Captain's day,
The waiters are making a brilliant display ;
With taste all the tables are neatly arrayed,
In fanciful forms, too, the napkins displayed.

The dinner is ready, a bountiful feast;
And waiters all watchful, from greatest to least;
For this rare occasion in white aprons dressed,
With platters abounding in all things the best.

Here are full rows of bottles of sparkling champagne,
From the ship's ample store, set before us again;
And grateful regard is now warmly expressed,
In drinking the health of our good Captain West.

All praise, too, is due to the talent that lies
At the root of this useful and grand enterprise,
For bringing together and strengthening the bands
That bind the relations of two friendly lands.

A charming address from the Counselor Stow,*
Whom to love and respect is to hear and to know;
A mind fully fraught with a high, manly tone,
As noble and free as I ever have known.

The events of our passage he called up with ease,
And each one was skillfully handled to please;
Recalling to mind all the changes that passed,
The storms and the calms, from the first to the last.

One happy allusion made every heart thrill
With joyous emotions which linger there still,—
The mirage of mountains and valleys between,
Which thousands have wish'd for, but few ever seen

Full oft in the future will memory recall
Delights of this hour fondly cherished by all;
In hearing a lesson to age and to youth,
Replete with instruction, and lucid with truth.

From lips moved by feelings of high moral aim,
To men of all nations and countries the same;
His speech in most eloquent language was given,
Ascribing all praise to the Father in heaven.

* Horatio J. Stow, Esq., Lewiston, N. Y.

At the close of the feast, the delights to prolong,
Our Robinson sang us the following song ;
With such taste and feeling that all with one voice,
Gave proof that our West was the man of our choice.

SONG.

(Tune : " Last Rose of Summer.")

'Tis the day for expressing our wishes the best,
For our kind benefactor, the good Captain West ;
Who's kept us in safety thro' storms dark and drear,
Near the haven of promise to each of us dear,

May the life we so value, which virtue endears,
Be crown'd with enjoyment in all future years ;
May the friends we here cherish, wherever we roam,
Bear in mind the Atlantic, our now happy home.

And when our years fail us, tho' memory grow dim,
We still shall remember our passage with him ;
Our prayers we shall offer that bliss may attend
The noble endeavors of our mariner friend.

The evening is joyous, unclouded, and bright,
And passengers gather with seeming delight ;
In hope for the morrow all happy now seem,
With warm interchanges of friendly esteem.

The steamer's saloon, which so vacant has been,
Presents us this evening a bright social scene ;
With friendly assurances warm from the heart,
From those who expect on the morrow to part.

The journey of life such a passage portrays,
Earth's changes transpire in these few, fleeting days ;
We all met as strangers, we now part as friends,
And thus on life's journey our intercourse ends.

Wednesday, July 25th.

The morning is foggy, the first on the trip,
A few fathoms only are seen from the ship ;
The pilot's arrival will pleasure afford,—
This morning at four he was taken on board.

Now all are quite busy, preparing to leave ;
Bags, pockets, and boxes their treasures receive ;
And trunks in the cabin, in numbers untold,
Are brought from the run, the state-rooms, and hold.

Silk dresses appear, fit for parties and balls,
Instead of plain dresses and plain woolen shawls ;
Tight coats tightly button'd, light pants, leather straps,
Smooth beavers instead of rough coats and rough caps.

We all feel delighted to find the voyage o'er :
At twelve we see land on the Long Island shore ;
And many large ships on the left and the right,
And numberless smaller ones now in our sight.

I rarely have spent, on my life's varied way,
In social enjoyment a pleasanter day,
Than this ; talking freely with those who are here,
Whose names, for long years, will not cease to be dear.

We now are approaching, at just four o'clock,
The steamer Pacific, which left New York dock
At twelve ; and we reckon, as weather is fine,
To be at the harbor, at latest, at nine.

The noble Pacific, how stately and grand !
The boast of our people, the pride of our land :
The world can not furnish, in beautiful form,
Ships stauncher in structure, or safer in storm.

The wise of all nations in justice must own,
American steamers the best that are known ;
And sensible passengers all must agree
That good Yankee Captains are first on the sea.

TO NEW YORK.

Most joyful we feel as the land we draw near,
And the Navesink Highlands begin to appear;
The white sails now thicken wherever we look,
And at sundown we thankfully pass Sandy Hook.

The broad Bay before us most quietly lies;
No ripple is seen on the water to rise;
The vessels around us appear to stand still,
With scarcely a breath the white canvass to fill.

The lights on the Highlands, the Narrows, and Bay,
Are brilliantly blazing, like suns at noonday;
And the houses all lighted along either shore,
Seem signals to welcome us homeward once more.

There's joy in arriving at lands far away,
Where business or pleasure invite us to stay;
But no satisfaction wherever we roam,
Can equal the joy of arriving at home.

The scenes are familiar around us that lie;
The streets are all counted in passing them by;
The spires of the steeples, and City Hall clock,
Are so many guides on our way to the dock.

Each bosom beats quick at the din and the roar
Of voices we hear, on approaching the shore;
But the time of arriving is far beyond nine,
And we hear the glad accents: "Now take off the line."

The steamer is quickly made fast to the pier;
The stairs are put up, and the gangway made clear;
The friendships now sunder'd we hope to renew;
The ocean we greet with a final adieu!

BOULOGNE.

WRITTEN ON VISITING THE TOMB

OF THE BEST FRIEND OF MY EARLY LIFE,

BASIL MONTAGU,

OF LONDON,

THE QUEEN'S COUNSEL,

SON OF JOHN, FOURTH EARL OF SANDWICH,

FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

BORN APRIL 24, 1770.
DIED NOVEMBER 27, 1851.

AND BURIED IN THE BEAUTIFUL CEMETERY AT BOULOGNE, FRANCE.

THIS evening, with a pensive grief,
I come to seek the grave
Of one whose life, from youth to age,
Was spent mankind to save
From degradation, vice, and crime,
And all the ills that tend
To bring the sorrowing sons of earth
To an ignoble end

The name of Basil Montagu
I find here, on a stone,
Born seventeen hundred seventy,
Died eighteen fifty-one—
Making the years of mortal life,
Which he had journeyed through,
The long and active pilgrimage
Of nearly eighty-two.

Engraved upon his marble tomb—
The patron of my youth—
"THE PATIENT AND UNWEARIED
"SEARCHER AFTER TRUTH,
"FOR THE BENEFIT OF HIS FELLOW-MEN."
This tribute to his worth
Enshrines his name among the best
And noblest sons of earth.

SUNDAY EVENING, *May* 25, 1856.

NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL.

VOYAGE FROM HAVRE TO NEW YORK.

MYSELF AND WIFE,

IN THE STEAMER ARAGO, CAPT. LINES, 1856.

AFTER THE DEATH OF OUR DAUGHTER, ANNA E. ROSSITER.

Wednesday, June 4, 1856.

We left Southampton half-past four;
Arrived at Cowes at seven;
Saw the Arago's signal lights
A little past eleven.

At twelve were safely all on board;
Our wheels began to play;
The small steam tender left the ship,
And we were on our way.

Thursday, June 5th.

The Castle Hurst and Needle Rocks
We passed from two to three;
At eight were close upon Start Point,
And with a quiet sea.

But oh! how sadly breaks the morn
Upon each aching heart;
Our bosoms heave the bitter sigh,
And tears of sorrow start.

For every feeling seems brought back
From which our bosoms bled;
For here we heard the dreadful news
That Anna, dear, was dead.

Ah! what a dreadful word was this,
To reach a parent's ear!
The fondly cherished one was gone,
Who made life's moments dear.

Long days and weeks have not assuaged
Our bitter grief and pain;
For now, in all their strength and force,
They come to us again.

Though clouds and darkness thicken round,
We look to God above
To calm our thoughts, allay our grief,
And soothe us with his love.

For on the earth He has designed
Our dearest ties shall break,
And from our sorrow-stricken hearts
Our choicest blessings take;

That we may put our steadfast trust
On Christ, the Christian's Lord,
Imbibing all the sacred truths
In his eternal Word.

Then fix we all our hopes on Him,
For other have we none;
Our dearest ties are sundered here,
And we are left alone.

We feel our slender hold on life
In every pulse and breath,
When, sorrowing, we are called to see
A loved one cold in death;

When one to whom our hearts are bound
By strongest earthly ties,
Wrapt in the quietude of death,
Before us speechless lies.

Then all around is dark and drear,
  And life is wrapt in gloom,
While gath'ring clouds and storms appear
  Between us and the tomb.

Our hearts are overwhelmed in grief,
  As sad as grief can be,
And in our agony we cry:
  "Oh! had we died for thee!"

But still, beyond the gloomy grave,
  A hope immortal springs;
We see the Sun of glory rise,
  "With healing in his wings!"

O God! in boundless mercy, grant
  That while we trust in thee
Our souls may rest in glorious hope
  Of blest eternity!

Lead us from darkness into light,
  That we thy truth may see;
And knowing thus thy holy will,
  Subject our hearts to thee.

And when we part with earthly joys
  Endeared by tender ties,
Oh! may superior good enrich
  The soul that never dies.

And then shall we sincerely say,
  As virtue's laws we keep,
Though angry storms of sorrow come,
  "'Tis good for us to weep."

And how regardless of the grave
  Do thoughtless mortals live!
Although 'tis open at our feet,
  How little heed we give!

Until our hearts are made to feel,
By some o'erwhelming call,
That we are standing on its brink,
Soon in its depths to fall.

Still, to our worldly goods we hold;
Our loved ones fondly clasp;
Till, one by one, our treasures flee,
Or perish in our grasp!

By these hard lessons we are taught
Our weaknesses to see,
And thus our erring hearts are brought
Nearer, O Lord, to thee!

Then give us grace, great God, to bear
In calm submission now,
The dispensations of thy love,
And to thy pleasure bow!

Fain would we learn how blest it is
On thee our hopes to rest,
And feel secure that from thy hand
Whatever comes is best;

And feel that 'tis thy will divine
That we are thus bereft
Of those we love; and love thee more
For those who still are left!

Oh! may our sweetest pleasure still
In loving thee be found;
And all our ties to humankind
Be still more closely bound!

As from our circle one by one
Goes, to return no more,
We only part to reunite
Upon a happier shore,

Where storms will never cloud the sky
To mar our heavenly joy,
And death shall never, nevermore,
Our dearest ties destroy.

But while we mourn, O God of grace,
And though our hearts have bled,
We know that they who live in thee
Are not among the dead.

Oh! let this faith still brighter grow,
As time still onward rolls;
And love divine, from day to day,
Bring gladness to our souls!

Lord, give us courage to return
To what our duty claims;
Dispose our hearts to higher hopes,
Our thoughts to higher aims;

That when ourselves are call'd to leave
The objects of our love,
We all may find the loved and gone
In glorious spheres above!

Until the glorious hope within,
Which Christ to Mary gave,
Shall take away the sting of death,
And triumph o'er the grave;—

When sighs, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
Forever pass away;
And joy, and hope, and truth, and love
Light up eternal day;—

When we can see our lovely ones,
And meet them face to face,
And know that all our trials here
Are messengers of grace;—

When, with the spirits of the just,
  Made perfect in their sphere,
We all may learn the worth of grief
  And sorrow's bitter tear.

Then shall we say, in songs of praise,
  Unknown to us till then:
"Glory to God in heaven; on earth,
  "Peace and good-will to men!"

The day has been a pleasant one;
  Green hills at our right hand;
At six we passed the Scilly Isles,
  And bade farewell to land.

Friday, June 6th.

Although the day is bright and fair,
  The passengers are sick;
For though the ocean is not rough,
  The waves are short and quick.

This is what all the sailors call
  "An ugly, chopped-up sea;"
And all the sick on board to-day
  Confess it so to be.

Myself have mostly been on deck,
  Where children meet to play—
Of Horace Greeley there are two,
  With whom I spent the day.

At four o'clock the wind has changed,
  And furled is every sail;
At six the clouds are black and dense—
  'Tis blowing quite a gale.

Sunday, June 8th.

Another Lord's day morning breaks
  Upon us on the sea;
And grateful for thy mercies past,
  Are we, O God, to thee!

For, since the last on ocean spent,
Sore trials have we borne,
And sad afflictions overwhelmed
Our hearts, to make us mourn.

The news of a dear daughter's death
Since then has proved too true;
Since then, to scenes she fondly loved
We sighed a last adieu!

It gives us dark and bitter grief
With such a child to part;
She was our comfort and our joy—
A treasure of the heart.

It was from thee, Almighty God,
Her gentle spirit came;
Thou hast recalled that spirit home,
And blessed be thy name!

In faith and hope we upward look,
To see our angel rise,
And we will strive to follow her
Triumphant to the skies.

The bonds that bind us to the world
Must shortly sundered be;
But neither time nor death can break
The ties that bind to thee.

In thee we live, O gracious God!
In thee we wish to die;
That when our spirits leave their clay,
Their home may be on high,

Where reigns the great Emanuel,
Who came the world to save,
And gained a triumph over death,
A victory o'er the grave!

Thou hast decreed that all who will
On thee in truth believe,
And thy divine commands obey,
Acceptance shall receive—

To dwell with thee, in regions fair,
Within the spirit land,
Where angels chant their choral songs,
And shine at thy right hand.

Then we will strive, while life remains,
To do thy holy will,
That we may meet the friends we love
On Zion's heavenly hill.

By thee our lovely child was lent,
With us awhile to be,
To gladden all our hearts in life—
And then return to thee.

Thy gracious Spirit tells us now
That thankless grief is wrong,
And that our hearts should grateful be
That she was lent so long.

She came, a messenger of love,
To this cold world of strife,—
A treasure to her friends and home
Through all her useful life.

She was endeared by every tie
That purest natures own;
The loves of parent, wife, and child
In her resplendent shone.

May all the burning tears we shed
To our own good be blest,
And make us look above the grave
To our eternal rest!

We here have no abiding-place;
Our years on earth are few;
Ere all we fondly love on earth
Receive our last adieu.

The trials we are called to bear
Should useful lessons be;
And may they elevate our hearts
In love, O Lord, to thee!

Thy Spirit, in the hour of grief,
Our inmost bosom cheers;
Thy words revive the drooping heart,
And dry the mourner's tears.

Wilt thou from every hasty word
Our truant tongues restrain,
That no ungenerous word of ours
May give to others pain?

Thus, unto thee, O God of grace,
Our feeble voice shall raise,
For all the tokens of thy love,
A song of grateful praise.

Monday, June 9th.

Another Monday morning comes,
And we're on ocean tossed;
The seas run high, the billows foam,
By adverse currents crossed.

The sails and yards are taken down,
The topmast sent below;
The mainmast, without sails or ropes,
Stands reeling to and fro.

Ah! there is nothing like the sea
To manifest God's power;
From a dead calm to boiling surf
We pass within an hour.

And when within my berth I lie,
O Lord, I think of thee,
And of the countless benefits
Thou hast bestowed on me.

In all my wand'rings in this life,
On mountain, plain, or hill,
As on the ocean's boiling waves,
Thou hast preserved me still.

In foreign lands, as in my own,
Where deadly sickness springs,
I lay me down and sleep secure
Beneath thy sheltering wings.

The blessings, Father in the heavens,
Which thou to me hast given,
Outnumber all the countless stars
That gild the arch of heaven.

Thou hast, upon the mighty deep,
Spared us another day ;
But ah! what perils lie before
No human tongue can say.

Tuesday, June 10th.

We just have passed a dreadful night,
The roughest we have known ;
The waves, that yesterday were large,
To-day are larger grown.

The wind continues fresh and strong—
Direct ahead, but warm ;
Our progress has been greatly checked
By this protracted storm.

The passengers now nearly all
The vessel's motion feel,
So that the tables empty stand
Almost at every meal.

But our good steamer safely rides
  Upon the boisterous sea;
Yet for protecting power we look,
  O gracious Lord, to thee!

For, in the darkness of the night,
  In danger and alarm,
Thine eye, that slumbers not, nor sleeps,
  Has kept us from all harm.

Help us in thee to put our trust,
  When fortune's gifts abound,
And lean entirely on thy grace
  When dangers dark surround.

A heavy rain set in at two,
  Which lulled the waves to rest;
But still the wind is blowing hard
  Directly from the west.

This is the fifth day it has blown,
  And not a sail is spread,
And every morn the sailors say:
  "The wind is dead ahead."

And still our engine plods along;
  The wheels like clockwork play;
And we two hundred miles or more
  Are marking every day.

Of ladies we have seen but few,
  And none this afternoon,
Except in the companion-way,
  And in the large saloon.

Wednesday, June 11th.

Another dark morning, the wind still ahead,
And dense clouds all over the ocean are spread;
Five days now are passed since the head-wind has blown,
And for the like period the sun has not shone.

The passengers many in sickness remain,
And only of sickness we hear them complain;
For none in sea-sickness their suff'rings can share,
But each for himself his own trials must bear.

This evening the fog-bank is dense in extreme;
We hear the bell ring and the steam-whistle scream,
To give the alarm should a vessel draw near,
When full four miles distant the whistle they hear.

A dear one is lying with countenance mild;
A father is watching a dearly loved child;
I sympathize with him, till gushing tears start,
For much do I know of these pangs of the heart.

Thursday, June 12th.

A pleasant morning on us breaks;
  Joy smiles on every hand;
It is the brightest we have seen
  Since taking leave of land.

The fairest promise greets us now;
  And 'tis a pleasant one,
That we shall have a pleasant day,
  And see the welcome sun.

But still the wind remains the same,
  In the same quarter stays;
It has not changed a single point
  In the last seven days.

To-day, at one o'clock, we saw
  An iceberg on our right,
But soon a heavy mist came on,
  And hid it from our sight.

The engine, in this heavy sea,
  Proves what her power must be;
We've made in miles, since yesterday,
  Two hundred fifty-three.

Friday, June 13th.

How delightful, this morning, to see the bright sun,
With his halo of light, set the ocean ablaze!
The only smooth sea since our voyage begun—
The only bright sun in the last seven days.

This morning, at three, we arrived on the Banks;
The weather is clear, but the coldest we've known.
At twelve saw two vessels, but too far away
To judge of the colors that on them were shown.

To-day, through the favor of our Engineer,
I went through the whole of the rooms of that chief,
E'en down to the furnace, and saw there the men
Who work in a heat that exceeds all belief.

At three we're again in a dense, heavy mist,
So thick that it really a barrier doth seem,
And every four minutes the bell gives alarm,
Succeeded in four by the whistle's shrill scream.

Saturday, June 14th.

On the Isle of Arago awhile we must be,
A staunch floating isle in the midst of the sea;
A choice population of women and men,
And better we ask not to meet with again.

We here have amusements for tastes of all grades,
We've science and art, the professions and trades;
With station and rank, the distinctions of birth,
And beauty and fashion, wit, fortune, and worth.

We've here social gath'rings, in fine afternoons,
On lounges and couches, in cushion'd saloons,
Where ladies assemble, and gentlemen throng,
Till summoned to tea by the sound of the gong.

We have teachers of truth and of science sublime,
Whose labors are valued in every clime;
Inventors and makers, whose merits well known
The men of all nations are forward to own.

The mind which conceived and the genius that found
That art, well directed, could rear from the ground
A vessel like this :—to such we would raise
The heart's grateful offering—a tribute of praise.

Of the corps editorial we have a few names ;
And authors who cherish high objects and aims,
Whose hearts with the love of mankind have been fired,
Their genius applauded—their talents admired.

We here, too, have ladies of high social worth,
Whose virtues are nowhere excelled on the earth ;
These qualities rare, of the head and the heart,
We here find divested of pride and of art.

And what shall we say of our staunch little isle,
Where, sociably gathered, we journey awhile ;
Whilst all for our comfort that art could provide,
And all for our wants, has been fully supplied?

Our tables are furnished, without lavish waste,
With viands well chosen to suit every taste ;
With excellent puddings and all sorts of pies,
And jellies and ices in ample supplies.

Our skillful attendants I also would name :
An excellent Doctor entitled to fame ;
Experienced Nurses, whose care can not be,
In kindness, surpassed to the sick on the sea.

Our officers, also, are men of great skill,
Selected with care their positions to fill ;
Our ship, whether gliding to weather or lee,
Is one of the staunchest that rides on the sea.

And as to our safety, we think not of wreck,
With Mars* at the engine, and Lines† on the deck ;
If tempests should threaten our trust will be given
To the Lord of the ocean, of earth, and of heaven.

* Chief Engineer. † Our noble Captain.

NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL.

VOYAGE FROM LIVERPOOL TO NEW YORK,

IN THE STEAMER SCOTIA, CAPT. JUDKINS,

WITH LOUISA.

Saturday, October 25, 1862.

TWENTY-FIFTH of October,—day cloudy and cool;
At nine in the morning we left Liverpool
To go to the Scotia on very high tide,
Near Birkenhead moored, on the opposite side,
Where the steamer was lying, prepared to receive
Her freight, the most precious, in order to leave
The shores of Old England, in safety to keep
The lives of three hundred exposed to the deep.

Now all are aboard, and the bell strikes eleven,
The anchor is weighed and the signal is given,
The engine is started, the wheels are at play,
And the noble ship Scotia is off on her way.

Of friends and acquaintance I find on the ship,
With whom I take pleasure in making the trip,
Walter Langdon and wife, whose worth the world owns;
The family charming of Edward R. Jones;
And friends we are pleased to encounter again,
Peters, Comstock, and Harbeck, Hendricks, and Main,
To whom I'm indebted for kindness and care,
And friendly attentions, as grateful as rare.

Sunday, October 26th.

At Queenstown we called at eleven to-day,
And anchored four hours in the beautiful bay.
We may not discover, wherever we rove,
A scene that surpasses the Emerald Cove
Of Cork,—which is justly the Irishman's boast,—
The loveliest spot on the Emerald coast.

The sea-birds, in hundreds, around us, alight,
With elegant plumage, in scarlet and white,
And all other colors,—black, blue, gray, and fair,
Of all sorts and sizes, familiar and rare;
Each follows his instinct, to gather a speck
Of food which the passengers throw from the deck.
Delighted to see the fleet things on the wing,
Attempting, by dozens, to seize the same thing;
To see them triumphant in winning the day,
By seizing and bearing the trophy away.

'Tis thus, for an hour, nor seems the time long,
We watch with delight the industrious throng,
That pick up a living wherever they be,
Like birds of all nations, by land and by sea.

At four the Mail Packet arrives alongside,
With news a day later than ours can provide;
So when all the mail-bags from shore seemed to be,
Our anchor was weighed, and our steamer at sea.

Monday, October 27th.

A terrible storm has been raging to-day,
Our decks are like rivers, with high dashing spray.
An accident happen'd this morning at ten,
When off from the yard-arm fell one of our men.
On striking the deck, so severe was the fall,
That both legs were broken and mangled withal,
With internal bruises that scarcely can give
A hope even slight that the sufferer can live.

Alas! for the ship no provisions are made
To give such unfortunates surgical aid;
And now, with a fracture of bones of the hip
No splint can be found in the stores of the ship.
And but for a passenger then standing by,
The man had been left from his injuries to die.

Our friend, Dr. Main, went into the hold:
The carpenter's shop, and found, we are told,
Some pieces of timber, from which he soon made
The splints that were needed, which on the limbs laid,
He brought them in place, and bound them all tight,
In confident hope that the bones may unite.

Tuesday, October 28th.

The storm still continues—the seas running high,
And passengers mostly in berths choose to lie.
Of the one hundred ladies at lunch the first noon,
Five only appear in the dining-saloon;
The tables deserted—few eaters are seen;
Some seats have been taken; more empty between.

Wednesday, October 29th.

The storm unabated continues to blow,
In all its wild fury, with rain, hail, and snow;
The engine is working with masterly power,
Yet all we are making is nine knots an hour.
To move from our seats but a few are inclined,
And passengers mostly to berths are confined.

Thursday, October 30th.

The gale is increasing with high rolling sea,
Far rougher than ever I knew it to be.
The seas we are shipping are terrible now,
And make the ship tremble from stern to the bow.

The engine is working with moderate power,
And all we are making is six miles an hour.

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At twelve, midst the gale, was discovered to-day,
The large steamer Glasgow, a few miles away,
Which left Liverpool some three days before
Our good steamer Scotia took leave of the shore,
And doubtless encounter'd in all its wild force,
The same frightful storm that impeded our course,
The longest, as well as the heaviest, too,
The brave steamer Scotia has ever pass'd through.

Friday, October 31st.

The gale continues fresh and strong,
And slowly moves the ship along;
The billows rolling o'er the sea,
Like moving mountains seem to be.

The man who fell, with head contused,
With both legs broken, badly bruised.
Has injuries which seem to give
But little hope that he can live.
His groans are heard both day and night,
So great his pain, so sad his plight.

Saturday, November 1st.

For five whole days the gale has blown;
Save once, no mid-day sun has shown;
The sky o'ercast—thick clouds and rain;
No observation can we gain.
And only by the engine's force
Our steamer slowly keeps her course.

I never heard such frightful groans,
Such doleful cries, such piteous moans,
As his whose sufferings none can tell,
Who lately from the yard-arm fell.

At two o'clock this afternoon,
It was announced in the saloon
A signal flying from a wreck
Had been discovered from the deck.

Our steamer's course at once was laid,
And soon the sinking ship was made.
The vessel's hull afloat was kept,
But all from off her deck was swept;
Wheel-house and life-boats, all that lay
Upon her deck was washed away;
Spars, yards, and rigging, mast and sail,
All, all had yielded to the gale.
Twelve trembling souls were on the deck,
All clinging firmly to the wreck;
One had been carried overboard,
Whom they no succor could afford.

As we approached the sinking sail
We saw them clinging to the rail;
Their compass, wheel, and rudder gone;—
A fearful sight to look upon.
For three long days had they been there,
The hopeless victims of despair;
While billows of resistless power
Broke o'er their vessel every hour.

The Captain called for volunteers,
And said, with eyes suffused with tears:
"Who'll risk their lives these men to save
"From an impending ocean grave;
"The life-boat man, the billows ride,
"And bring them to the steamer's side?"

Six noble souls of courage tried
Went slowly down the Scotia's side,
Until they reached a mountain-wave,
Resolved the shipwrecked men to save;
And as the life-boat touched its top
All in an instant were let drop,—
And for a moment seemed to be
Lost in the billows of the sea;
Quite out of sight, as if in graves,
Between two rolling mountain-waves.

As near the vessel's side they drew,
Upon a mighty wave in view,
Our little boat was riding light,
Then disappearing from our sight.
And when its form we next espied,
'Twas at the sinking vessel's side.

"What can you take?" was then their cry;
"Only yourselves," was the reply.

They, one by one, were taken in,
Until the last of all was seen
To leave the naked, sea-washed deck,—
Escaping thus a fatal wreck.

With joy did every bosom burn
To see that gallant boat return
With human freight and noble crew,
Who did what but the brave can do.

In breathless silence every one
Gazed on the boat as it came on,
Sometimes on waves of mountain hight,
And then entirely lost to sight.
Till all came safely from the wreck,
And stood upon the steamer's deck.

The shipwrecked men, o'erjoyed to find
Themselves alive, left all behind,
Save one small boy, who fondly pressed
God's Holy Bible to his breast;
And, one among the ransomed band,
He brought this treasure in his hand,
Saying, with warm and throbbing heart:
"With this I promised not to part,
"It was my mother's precious gift."
And oh! may it his spirit lift
Up to that heaven where angels are,
To meet that loving mother there!

But who can give a just reward
To those brave sailors, but the Lord,
Who brought the sufferers from the wreck,
And placed them on the Scotia's deck?
No selfish, common men were they;
No gold could such a risk repay;
No sordid love impelled them then,
It was the love of fellow-men;
And men, perchance, of foreign lands;
From English, French, or German strands,
Yet children of a common Lord,
And He can give the just reward.

Sunday, November 2d.

The gale abates, but still the sea
As rough as ever seems to be;
'Tis cold and rainy all the day,
The decks are washed with dashing spray.
The foaming billows o'er us break,
Causing the staunch old ship to shake.

Church service read at half-past ten,
And passengers as well as men
Came in to hear the Captain read,
Who, too, in singing took the lead.
A better reader scarce one hears;
Few more impressed than he appears;
A solemn sense of duty's call,
In him apparent was to all;
And all were edified who heard
His reading of the Sacred Word.

Monday, November 3d.

A gloomy morning, cold and wet;
A hard head-wind and no sails set;
By log 'twas found we were to-day,
At twelve, one hundred miles away,
And hope to get, with weather fine,
Dispatches at Cape Race at nine.

The fog, at five, now thickens fast,
The whistles blow a constant blast;
The Captain has made up his mind,
To leave dispatches all behind.

Tuesday, November 4th.

A stormy morning comes again,
With wind and snow, and hail and rain.
An observation shows to-day
We're still eight hundred miles away;
And three whole days before we look
On Navesink or Sandy Hook.
At four the wind increased again,
And blew a perfect hurricane;
The roughest sea, the hardest blow,
That we have yet been doom'd to know.
The waves are running high and wide,
The vessel rocks from side to side.
Salts, castors, glasses, are turned o'er,
And viands roll along the floor;
Plates, dishes, jars, at such mishaps
Deposits make in ladies' laps;
Likewise the knives and forks and spoons
Leave their "trade marks" on pantaloons,
And such a gathering on the floor
We have not witnessed here before.
So ends, with us, the roughest day
Of all our long and stormy way.

Wednesday, November 5th.

A pleasant morning, clear and cool,
The first since leaving Liverpool.
The sun is shining, making glad
The hearts too long oppressed and sad;
The sky is clear, a scene quite new,
With fleecy clouds o'er azure blue.
The wind is hushed, the ocean still,
And every bosom seems to thrill
With pure delight; and pleasure gleams
On every face with sunlit beams.

The ladies, happy, bright, and gay,
Are walking on the deck to-day.
To see the ocean, bright and grand,
The first time since we left the land;
For, till last night, a steady gale
O'er all the ocean did prevail;
And dashing waves, with rain and spray,
Had kept them from the deck away.

The sailors, too, in hope forlorn,
Their tattered water-proofs have worn
In vain, to keep them dry and warm,
From dashing spray and pelting storm.
A rougher passage, all must own,
No one on board has ever known.

A little incident to-day
Will live till memory fades away.
My lunch was brought by a fair hand,*
As fair as any in the land,
Whose social qualities while here
Will long her memory endear,
And oft awake an earnest prayer,
That heaven will bless her everywhere;
Where'er on earth her footsteps go,
To mansion high or cottage low,
May every blessedness attend,
My youthful, fair, and cherished friend!

I've whiled some pleasant hours away
Upon the steamer's deck to-day,
And 'tis the first day I could stand
Upon it since I left the land,—
Green-mantled land, the cove of Cork,
For our dear home, our own New York.

* The highly accomplished Miss Cheever, of Washington. Being unable to walk from a severe injury I received from a collision of railroad cars in France.

The dinner-bell now calls away,
No longer on the deck to stay;
But with one voice we all unite
In accents of unmixed delight,
To laud the glories of the day
Which make our buoyant spirits gay.

Thursday, November 6th.

The morning breaks both dark and drear,
Without one sunny ray to cheer
Our gloomy thoughts, which, yesternight,
Were joyous, happy, gay, and bright.

Half-past eleven we came in sight
Of the Australia, on our right;
So near they could each other tell,
The welcome message:—"*All is well.*"

A contribution made by all,
For the poor man who had the fall,
And seventy guineas have been gained
For dreadful injuries sustained.

Another for the noble brave
Who volunteered to go and save
The lives upon the sinking wreck,
And take them from the stormy deck;
Which was, as all who saw, agreed,
A fearless act—a noble deed,—
As e'er was done on sea or land,
By human will and human hand.

Friday, November 7th.

We had, last night, a royal run;
The pilot came on board at one.
We reached the outer bar at four;
The tide was low, could not get o'er.
At five, a heavy wind and rain
Sent back our ship to sea again.

Near the light-ship compelled to stay,
We took a driving storm all day;
At night a snow-storm closed the scene,
And lulled us in a sleep serene.

Saturday, November 8th.

A rolling sea we had all night;
Saw Sandy Hook at early light;
At six the grateful word was given
That breakfast comes at half-past seven;
The passengers obeyed the call,
And gathered in the dining hall;
Ladies, with bonnets, cloaks, and shawls,
Of latest styles in fashion's halls
In Paris, whence, if fame be true,
All other nations take their cue.
The gentlemen, with beavers on,
Appeared quite anxious to be gone;
And all, if others will believe it,
Admired the ship enough to leave it;
And promise, if it be no sin,
Never to go to sea again;—
With great coats, gloves, and cane in hand,
Ready to step upon the land,
Bidding a glad farewell to ocean
And all its boist'rous commotion.

Excited now seems every mind
To interchanges, warm and kind,
With those who now have crossed the sea,
Whose memories cherished long will be,
Since, in each other, all have found
Kind social feelings to abound,
When all have tried with earnest zeal
To make each other happy feel.

Thus land we safe, at nine o'clock,
In Jersey City, Cunard's Dock.

OLD AND NEW SCOTIA.

ADDRESSED TO CAPT. JUDKINS.

Old Scotia is famed for her whisky and cakes,
Her "banks and braes," her "highlands" and lakes;
Her men and her women, a muscular race;
Her archers and huntsmen, all fleet in the chase;
Her lads and her lasses, her Forth and her Clyde;
Her poets and authors, her national pride;
Her statesmen and warriors, her men of renown;
The kings and the queens who've honored her crown;
And while the state ship has Victoria at helm,
She's the boast of the North, the pride of the realm.

But give me *Young* Scotia, her truffles and cakes,
Her oatmeal and omelets, her cutlets and steaks;
The numberless dishes we greet with surprise.
Her jellies and charlottes, her puddings and pies,
Her men and her women, all social and kind,
Respectful in manner, polite and refined;
With Judkins at wheel-house and Muyr at the helm,
She's Queen of the sea, and the pride of the realm;
But when with her flag Stars and Stripes are unfurl'd,
She's Queen of the ocean—the pride of the world.

DEPARTURE FROM LIVERPOOL.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.]

Friday, June 9, 1854.

Our West came to the Mersey's side,
And there our last farewell was said,
Then crossed the river at full tide,
To the small town of Birkenhead.

For Chester then we took the cars,
An ancient city walled around;
A fortress in the early wars,
When Marston Moor was battle-ground.

Its massive walls appear quite new,
Though built in A. D. seventy-three
And from its battlements we view
The windings of the river Dee.

In this famed city of Cheshire,
Known for its hunting-grounds and cheese,
There's much to gratify desire,
And much to interest and please.

The oldest buildings in the land,
In this primeval town are seen,
Made seemingly before the hand
Of art had much instructed been.

One house contains a carved design
Of Abraham offering up his son;
And one would guess, from every line,
In Abraham's time the work was done.

Here unsuspecting Abel lies
Hurled on the ground, before he's slain,
Whilst a huge club is seen to rise
Above the head of murderous Cain.

Here, too, is Adam and his Eve;—
An apple-tree is near to them,
And the vile snake that would deceive
The woman crawling round its stem.

The old cathedral's crumbling walls,
Its massive pillars—gloomy cells;
Its lofty ceilings—narrow halls;
Its grated vaults, its moss-lined wells;

Its crumbling monuments and stones;
Its small and dimly-lighted rooms;
Its graves of dust from mouldering bones;
Its nameless tablets, slabs, and tombs;

All speak of ages long gone by,
And stamp this lesson on the heart:—
That all who live, like them must die,
For God declares:—"Of dust thou art."

Three miles from this impressive scene,
A royal home the traveler finds;
Field after field, of richest green,
All filled with herds of choicest kinds.

'Tis one of England's large estates,
Almost unbounded in extent,
Rich avenues and pillared gates,
Adorn the roads on which we went.

The gardens, walks, and pleasure-ground,
Are kept with most artistic care;
With princely parks where deer abound,
Of which nine hundred now are there.

For labor on this vast domain,
Six hundred live upon His Grace;
And now, while fitting up again,
Three hundred more are on the place.

But to describe in any way,
Or of its beauties give detail,
No one could a just tribute pay,
For human eloquence would fail.

But memory often will recall
The grandeur of this vast estate:
Earl of Westminster's, Eaton Hall,—
In compass vast, in splendor great.

A statue here displays the charms
Of him who first to Britain came;—
A dog his only coat of arms,
And Grosvenor is his proper name.

Leaving this scene of grand display,
Where wealth in all its pomp prevails,
We soon again were on our way
To Menai Bridge, Bangor, North Wales

The iron roads we're running o'er,
The tunneled rocks we're passing through,
Exceed all those we've seen before,
With sea and mountain both in view.

And strong beyond conception quite,
Are structures for defense in war;
The scenes regale us with delight,
Until we reach The George, Bangor.

Where good dame Roberts justly won,
By kindly care, a hostess' fame,
Who proudly shows where Wellington
Slept in her house and wrote his name.

Saturday, June 10th.

Our breakfast o'er, the way was shown
Along the cliff and rocky ridge,
Of Menai Straits o'er which is thrown
Art's grandest work, the Menai Bridge.

Its length six hundred yards outright,
And five in width to outside bounds;
Its tubes from eight to ten in height,
And cost nine hundred thousand pounds.

Its towers at base are sixty feet,
Its height when low-tide water runs,
Two hundred thirty, all complete,
Its iron weighs ten thousand tons.

And here we lingered for a while,
Viewing the bands and iron rails,
Which Anglesea's delightful isle
In wedlock joins to Northern Wales.

At one o'clock we reach the walls
Now crumbling slowly to decay,
The massive towers, the gorgeous halls
Of the old castle of Conway.

Around this ruin one might stray,
And find delight for many hours,
In ivy-mantled walls of gray,
And in its one and twenty towers.

Once the retreat of England's kings,
Ere fire-arms to the world were known;
When arrows, lances, bows, and slings,
With swords, were used in war alone.

Within these walls a church now stands,
Bearing the marks of early days;
When other heads, and other hands,
Leaned o'er these desks in prayer and praise.

Left Conway Station, half-past three,
For Birmingham, at eight were there;
At Queen's Hotel we chanced to be:
Good rooms, clean beds, and first-rate fare.

At evening, walked out after tea,
Through New Street, brilliant, light, and gay,
Where thousands gathered, sights to see,
It being there a gala-day,—

In honor of some great event,
A kind of semi-annual fair;
None comprehended what it meant,
But came, like us, spectators there.

Sunday, June 11th.

Our breakfast over, we made search
For some adjacent house of prayer,
And quickly found St. Philip's Church,
Erected in a spacious square.

Where Mr. Yorke expounds the Word,
Whose voice is neither loud nor quick,
A younger brother, as we heard,
Of noble Lord, Earl of Hardwicke.

The day is cloudy, cold, and wet;
A heavy rain this morning fell,
And we were glad again to get
At our new home, the Queen's Hotel.

Monday, June 12th.

This morning went, by kind request,
To see the finest work in hand,
Supposed the richest and the best
Electrotyping in the land.

At noon we left our good hotel,
For far-famed Castle Kenilworth,
Where rooks and bats now safely dwell,
Though princes royal here had birth.

A noble ruin! Once the pride,
As many an ancient author sings,
Of many a youthful, happy bride
Who witnessed here the fetes of kings.

For this was once a brilliant hall,
The scene of tournaments and sports;
When good Queen Bess could round her call
The gayest from all other courts.

But now its crumbling walls are hung
With ivy, as its mourning weeds,
For those who once its praises sung,
And here performed their manly deeds.

We left this scene at half-past two,
For Leamington took cars again;
The country we are traveling through
Is one extended fertile plain.

More captivating to the eye
These highly cultivated fields,
Than any we have yet passed by;
Which shows what careful culture yields.

At Leamington we took the coach,
As, by our guide-book, it would seem
To be the nearest rails' approach
To Avon's gently flowing stream.

At four we reached the far-famed town
Of Stratford, known to all the earth,
Which draws its ever bright renown
From England's greatest poet's birth.

In Shakspeare's cottage we are now;
Its walls a sacred shrine are made,
For genius decked his noble brow
With garlands which shall never fade.

Each visitor his right now claims
To fame, and here his name he signs;
In such a register of names
I find the following happy lines:

"Year after year each stranger leaves his name,
"In homage to immortal Shakspeare's fame;
"Long as his verse in the world's heart shall live,
"Shall the world's hand this humble tribute give."

In the old church his body lies:—
And there an ornamental tomb,
With sculptured figures of full size,
Denotes the resting-place of Combe.

This very man, once Shakspeare's friend,
A money-lender sharp and grim,
Had chanced the Poet to offend,
Who wrote this epitaph for him:

"'Ten in the hundred' lies here engraved,
"'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not saved;
"If any one asks who lies in this tomb,
"'Oh! oh!' quo' the De'il, ''tis my friend John-a-Combe.'"

In a small niche within the wall
There is a sculptured marble bust,
With this inscription, seen by all,
Just o'er the grave of Shakspeare's dust:

"Stay, passenger, why goest thou by so fast?
"Read, if thou canst, whom envious Death hath plast
"Within this monument:—Shakspeare, with whom
"Quick nature died, whose name doth deck this tomb
"Far more than cost; since all that he hath writ
"Leaves living art but page to serve his witt."

Whilst on the stone above his grave
The guide permitted us to stand,
He from the stone impressions gave
Of epitaph from Shakspeare's hand.

"Good frend! for Jesvs' sake forbeare
"To digg the dvst enclosed heare;
"Blest be y^e^ man y^t^ spares thes stones,
"And cvst be he y^t^ moves my bones."

Here in the church-yard may be read
On crumbling stones, the illustrious name
Of Shakspeare, standing at the head
Of those from whom the poet came

And in a book now greatly prized,
Ere Shakspeare's birth, begun of yore,
The record says he was baptized,
In April, fifteen sixty-four.*

'Tis also in these records seen,
And will not therefore be denied,
In sixteen hundred and sixteen
The greatest bard of England died.†

The self-same school-house we were at.
And each one felt a thrill of joy,
To see the desk where Shakspeare sat,
And learned his lessons when a boy.

Home of his childhood and his youth,
The scenes of early sports and plays;
Though here he left the path of truth,
He hither came to end his days.

Crowning the bank of this pure stream,
Whose silver flood still glides along,
Soft-flowing Avon, long the theme
Of many a poet's sweetest song.

* Baptized 26th April, 1564. † Died 25th April, 1616.

We saw the house where he was born,
And of his birth the very room ;
The marble bust that doth adorn
The church, his sepulchre, and tomb.

Tuesday, June 13th.

Left Stratford for the large estate
Of Mistress Lucy, lying near,
Descended from the magistrate
Who Shakspeare tried for stealing deer.

No nobler mansion can be found,
Nor statelier trees with foliage dark,
Than now are seen upon the ground
Of Mistress Lucy's "Charlecote Park."

A finer country we've not seen,
Abounding more in nature's charms,
Than that in which to-day we've been,
Until we reached the Warwick Arms ;—

A house which I with pleasure name,
As one among the very best
That we have found since first we came
To this fair land by nature blest.

Wednesday, June 14th.

To Warwick Castle first we went,
One of the few stupendous halls
Which now are held by right descent,
From those who built their massive walls.

We gained admission at the gate,
By sending to the Earl a card ;
A person quickly came to wait
And show us through the entrance-yard.

Another, then, of fine address,
Went with us through the various rooms ;
Of splendor, words can not express,—
Whose builders rest in ancient tombs.

Paintings and sculptures we were shown,
All works of art, a grand display;
A private gallery scarce is known
Of greater cost or worth than they.

The armory, too, is very great,
Surpassing all I yet have seen;
Swords, spears, and helmets, robes of state,
Which here for centuries have been.

Of England's treasures, these are best,—
Escutcheons rich, and breastplates rare;
With many a jeweled cap and crest
Of kings and queens now gathered there.

The armor and the saddles seen
As perfect as the day when worn
By England's ancient, maiden Queen,
And by her gallant charger borne.

The massive grandeur of the place,
Whose towers for ages still will last;
The Avon flowing at its base,
Makes it a beauty unsurpassed.

There are in this famed ancient town
Objects of beauty and delight;
Rare works of art and wide renown,
Well worth the passing stranger's sight.

In "Ladye Chapelle" there's a room,
Of lasting interest possessed,
For here we find the famous tomb
Where all the Earls of Warwick rest.

Here, too, are works of matchless taste,
In marble carved by cunning hand,
Of nobles great, and ladies chaste,
Richest and fairest of the land.

From thence to Oxford, on the train,
We all again were quickly whirled,—
A city boasting, not in vain,
Most schools of any in the world.

Some nineteen colleges are there,
With halls of learning, science, art;
Libraries large of books most rare,
With statues grand in every part.

When at the city we arrive,
I ask our gentlemanly guide
Where, in fifteen and fifty-five,
The glorious Bible Martyrs died:—

The noble Cranmer, to whose name
A tribute will all ages give;
And, sharers of his deathless fame,
Will Latimer and Ridley live.

The three imperiled all for love,
Which life a sacrifice must make
For truth—the gift of God above:—
And suffered for it at the stake.

He took us to the spot of ground,
As he from Oxford records learned,
Where, mid the fagots they were bound,
And for their love of truth were burned.

Now there a splendid column stands,
To mark the spot and deck the street:—
The work of generous hearts and hands,
Its height is three and seventy feet.

A noble tribute to the worth
Which gave up life, and friends, and home.
Rather than live upon the earth
As vassals of the Church of Rome.

Having but little time to stop,
To visit wonders, old and new,
We mounted to the very top
Of Bodleian Library, to view

The hills and valleys which surround
This seat of learning and of art;
The towers and turrets that abound,
And grandeur give to every part.

The charms which the beholder sees,
Mansions and villas, winding streams,
With parks and gardens, lofty trees;
Realities of life's fond dreams.

The churches, colleges, and streets,
The monuments and public squares,
The beauty of its country seats,
No city in the kingdom shares.

Thus, from this height, we view below
All that within our vision lies;
See Isis and the Cherwell flow,
And villas on their banks that rise.

'Tis thus we end a lovely day;
No cloud nor mist to intervene;
A setting sun, whose softening ray
Gives mellow richness to the scene.

Thursday, June 15th.

Left Oxford at just half-past seven;
A dismal day with fog and rain:—
Reach'd Windsor Station at eleven,
And there we left the railway train.

Thence in a ride both cold and dark,
Thick clouds above and rain beneath,
We crossed the Royal Windsor Park,
Came then, at twelve, to Ascot Heath.

And there we found a countless crowd
Of carriages, on every hand ;
Rich liveries with wearers proud,
Of highest rank in all the land.

When all were gather'd on the ground,
A hundred thousand souls were there,
And perfect order reign'd around:—
No word of discord anywhere.

Provided with the foremost seats,
No obstacle could intervene
Between us and the finest feats
Of horse and horsemen ever seen.

At half-past one the course was clear'd
When one long shout rang o'er the plain,
For England's glorious Queen appear'd
Attended by her royal train.

The children, husband, and the King
Of Portugal, all with her went ;
Of duchesses within the ring,
Were those of Sutherland and Kent.

Of noble dukes within her call,
Many were there upon the ground ;
I learned from one who knew them all,
That such could nowhere else be found.

Of gems and dresses rich and rare
There seemed no limit in amount ;
Of peeresses, and ladies fair
The number was too great to count.

Soon as the royal cup was won
By West Australian's matchless speed,
We left the course before they run
Another race with younger steed.

And we were passed, while on the way
  Again to take the London train,
By this august and rich display,
  The Queen returning home again.

There, on the royal road, were seen
  Some thousands all resolv'd to wait
To catch a smile from England's Queen,
  As she approached the castle gate.

We, too, were there in time to see
  Once more the escort of the Queen;
And, nowhere, one of royalty
  In equal splendor could be seen.

We took a train of wondrous length
  And burden'd with so great a load,
The royal engine failed in strength,
  And we were left upon the road.

Until they brought a heavier one,
  With extra power, which served us well,
And brought us soon to Paddington,
  Into the Royal New Hotel.

Friday, June 16th.

A cheerless, wet, and dismal day,
  And I have traveled many a mile
In search of rooms where we can stay,
  And find a quiet home awhile.

These rapid moves from place to place
  Are too fatiguing long to last,
For we have run a constant race
  Throughout the week now nearly past.

Ever astonished and amazed,
  In admiration and delight;
We earnestly have sought and gazed
  On scenes of beauty, morn and night.

So, wearied by the sights thus seen,
We gladly sought a home retreat ;
And found it quiet, neat, and clean,
One hundred three in Regent Street.

Went to the Barings, to receive
Letters, if any there had come ;
We found but three, and took our leave,
One from dear Anna, two from home.

Saturday, June 17th.

Feeling unwell, I thought 'twould be
As well the day at home to spend,
And toward evening go and see,
At Clapton, a beloved friend.*

And having this arrangement made,
I rode six miles, as is believed,
With dear Lulu, and were repaid
By the warm welcome we received.

'Tis pleasant, in a foreign land,
To see a friend endeared by years ;
To grasp affection's thrilling hand,
And witness friendship's flowing tears.

Such has our meeting been to-day,
A friend of thirty years or more ;
And many a loved one passed away
Does this reunion now restore.

Sunday, June 18th.

Our Brother Campbell gave to us
A letter to disciples here,
And I this morning found a "Bus"
Ready to take us very near

* Mrs. William H. Cotton.

To where the few Disciples meet.
I told the man to set me down
When he came nearest to the street
Of the small church in Camden Town.

There, in a small unfurnished room,
I found a few whom Christ will own;
Though everything around was gloom,
The Gospel light most purely shone.

Of early days it minded me
When naming Christ made people slaves,
Unless they rather chose to flee
For worship into dens and caves.

Monday, June 19th.

This day throughout I keep my bed;
To me a long one does it seem:—
The dreadful anguish in my head,
And sickness, both have been extreme.

My good friend Bradshaw made a call
On chemists near, to ascertain
If they could make the Marshall Hall
Prescription, to relieve my pain.

This having drank, I fell asleep,
And sleeping for an hour or two,
The bed no more was forced to keep,
But walk'd the Covent Market through.

And such a well-arranged display
Exceeding far the best of ours;
We never saw while on our way,
Of garden-plants, and fruit, and flowers.

Tuesday, June 20th.

To-day have to the city been
For letter from our Anna dear;
Exchange, St. Paul's, Guild-Hall have seen,
And grand to us do they appear.

Called on dear Mitchell and Cartwright,
On Naysmith, Rogers, and his son,
Receptions cordial and polite
Have been received from every one.

A visit have, with dear Lulu,
At Barry Cornwall's, Weymouth Street,
Where the loved wife of Montagu,
My patron friend again we meet.

A lady having higher praise
For intellect and moral worth,
In choicest circles of these days,
Can not be found in all the earth.

Wednesday, June 21st.

With Bradshaw went to-day, express,
To see young Ballard from New York,
Who gave me Mr. Tomes' address,
The author of a dental work.

Having no wish myself to spare
The light fatigue which walking gives,
I straightway went to Cavendish Square,
Where Tomes in seeming splendor lives.

But as most fame-distinguished men
Their own convenience love to seek,
I fain must call on him again,
If I a word with him would speak.

We spent the time from ten to one
With paintings gather'd from all parts,
By the Society well known,
"Royal Academy of Arts."

But, in this wonderful display
Of taste and genius, worth and cost,
One picture near my heart will stay,
For 'mong them all I loved it most.

'Tis that in which my cherished friend*
With his dear children all are given,
Whose hearts and thoughts all upward tend
To one whose spirit rests in heaven.

The children, in life's early dawn,
Gaze on the marble features there;
The husband looks on her now gone,
With quiet and subdued despair;

But with a look that fondly speaks
Of that dear hope which lessens pain,
When death the slender tendril breaks,
That they, in heaven will meet again.

Friends here or in my native land,
With whom 'twas sorrowful to part;
I never grasped a freer hand,
Nor fraternized a warmer heart.

This afternoon we made a call,
And had another interview,
More than delighted, one and all,
With the loved wife of Montagu.

For none of us had ever seen
A lady of such winning grace,
So dignified and so serene,
With such a form and such a face.

At evening, our friend Mitchell sent
Servant and carriage with our names,
To hear "La Fille du Regiment,"
At the Queen's opera—Saint James.

There, in the next adjoining seat,
Mitchell, his daughters, and a friend,
We all were happy thus to meet,
And such a pleasant evening spend.

* John Mitchell, Esq. (Queen's Librarian), and family.

In royal box just facing ours,
The Queen and all her household sat ·
No ornaments but simple flowers,
No jeweled head-dress, cap, or hat.

The Princess Royal, Prince of Wales,
Prince Albert, Duchess, too, of Kent,
And Maids of Honor without vails ;
.So plainly drest this party went.

How good a lesson this would give
To our pretentious New York pride ;
Where those in fashion only live,
Hemmed in by show on every side.

Thursday, June 22d.

To Clapton went and spent the day ;
Thence onward to the river Lee,
A winding stream that makes its way
Through fields as rich as they can be.

Along its banks is many a grove
Laid out in walks as pleasure-ground,
Where wearied citizens may rove,
And breathe the odors that abound.

The greatest charms of that pure stream
Were friends collected on its shore,
Endeared by unalloyed esteem,
Whom we may meet on earth no more.

But still, whose memories will cling
Around our hearts and linger there,
As often to our minds they bring
Their features loved and forms so fair.

Such days in life there are but few ;
Such friends we never more may meet ;
Such joys we never may renew,
And those we leave no more may greet.

To crown the day's exultant joy,
And make our hearts with gladness swell,
A letter from our dearest boy
Declares that all at home are well.

Friday, June 23d.

This morning wrote a letter home,
And sent it promptly off at nine,
That it might be at Liverpool
In time for Collins' steamer line.

Then took a patent coach, and rode
O'er bridges, and through streets and squares,
Observing, as we passed along,
How Englishmen expose their wares.

While passing gardens, groves, and fields,
With waving meadows on each hand,
We see how nature kindly yields
Her bounties to this favored land.

And after being ten miles whirled
In the new coach—a perfect sham,
We reached the wonder of the world,
The Crystal Palace—Sydenham.

But language never can unfold
The splendor of that mighty work,
Where, at a glance, we can behold
Men of all climes, Hindoo and Turk.

From Afric sands, and Greenland snows,
We see how nations spend their time;
And how kind Providence bestows
The means of living in each clime.

With every plant, and shrub, and flower,
Which can the mind or senses please;
With everything within the power
Of man to gather from the seas;

With every beast that roams the wood,
  With every bird that skims the air,
With every fish that swims the flood,
  In one vast multitude, are there.

With nicest work in every part,
  That human hand and skill can frame;
With everything that cunning art
  Can execute, or science name;

With paintings from the ablest hands
  Of ancient and of modern times;
Minerals and fossils from all lands,
  Insects and reptiles of all climes.

And these, the building which contains
  Great genius only could conceive;
'Twere hard to count its window panes,
  Or half their splendor to believe.

And when beheld in noonday sun,—
  Its wondrous length, its matchless height;
The eye, bewildered, seems to shun
  So dense a glow of dazzling light.

And when we could no longer stay,
  Along its naves and aisles to roam;
Wearied and worn we made our way,
  Right glad to reach our quiet home.

Saturday, June 24th.

Part of the day I gladly passed
  At Newgate, on the prison floors,
Where thousands eat and drink their last
  Before they pass these bolted doors.

On entering every room and cell,
  For painful feelings was prepared;
But happy felt to see how well
  The poor and wretched inmates fared.

The cells and rooms are large and clean,
With water-pipes, and gas, and drain;
And every care is used to screen
Such as would turn from vice again.

Bibles are furnished in each cell,
And prayer-books everywhere are found;
But iron shackles plainly tell,
That wicked works and words abound.

We happened there at dinner time,
And had a chance to see their food;
Prepared for men of every crime,
And found it wholesome, fresh, and good.

The wards in which these men are fed,
Are nicely scrubbed, and very neat;
Eight ounces each one has of bread,
Eight of potatoes, three of meat.

The yards and pavements, grates and walls,
Windows and doors without and in;
Gates, portals, stairways, screens, and halls,
Are all alike kept strictly clean.

Among the females, too, I saw,
That a like order they observe;
For cleanliness is English law,
From which officials dare not swerve.

In this department few there are;
Saw ten of the whole number sent:—
Six waiting for their trials there,
And four condemned to banishment.

And desperate cases, too, they are,
Admitting not of treatment mild;
One there I saw in wild despair—
A mother with a lovely child.

Poor thing! Far better not to be
  Where it can learn and lisp the name
Of her whose guilt it can not see,
  Nor bear through life a mother's shame.

Contented now my thoughts can dwell
  On Newgate cells, their size and form;
Airy in summer, cared for well,
  And kept in winter clean and warm,

But what I value most of all,
  The courtesy which there was shown;
A line obtained from old Guild-Hall,
  And everything was open thrown.

The architect was Sir C. Wren,
  On whom the honor solely falls;
The world has known few greater men,
  Than he who built this and St. Paul's.

The high and low of every rank,
  Princes and nobles, priests and knaves,
Have here their cups of sorrow drank,
  And gone from here into their graves.

Here, just before the convicts' door,
  The gibbet has for ages stood;
The life of him will soon be o'er,
  Who passes that, if bad or good.

'Twas here the gifted Dr. Dodd,
  His last sad days of life did spend;
'Twas on this rocky floor he trod,
  While he his "Thoughts on Prisons" penned.

E'en here his verses smoothly ran,
  While of "Imprisonment" he wrote;
And when his "Retrospect" we scan,
  A prize of verdant bays we vote.

On "Public Punishment" he's just;
In all his views therein we see
That in his "Trial" he has trust,
And hope in his "Futurity."

Of Fontleroy these records tell,
A banker known to fame, who spent
His last sad days within a cell,
And from it to the gibbet went.

Old Baily will hereafter strike
My mind with awe; and pleasure give,
To know that all are there alike
Humanely treated, while they live.

I called to see a valued friend,—
Thomas C. Smith. We used to meet,
And pleasant hours together spend,
When both lived in St. James's Street.

Sunday, June 25th.

We went to-day again to meet
The little church in Camden town;
'Tis pleasant in this world to greet
Those who in humble faith bow down,

And own the Lord, and do his will,
As in his blessed Word 'tis given;
And thus their duty here fulfill,
Rejoicing on their way to heaven.

This is the last and only day
I of their hopes can hear them tell;
For I shall soon be far away,
And now must bid them all farewell.

This afternoon I walked the ground,
Examining till nearly dark,
The zoologic wonders found
Within the famous Regent's Park.

The same good order there prevails,
Among the thousands of that place;
No word or sound the ear assails,
That would a quiet home disgrace.

The fairest flowers that wealth can bring
Are blooming fresh on every hand;
With samples of each living thing
That roams the air, the sea, or land.

Monday, June 26th.

Much business has been done to-day:—
To Paddington we went at nine,
To Windsor Castle, by railway,
At Iver Lodge we were to dine.

To Covent Garden after eight;
And when the opera was done,
To Barry Cornwall's, although late,
Remaining there till after one.

With much regret did we perceive,
Soon after our arrival there,
That Lytton Bulwer soon must leave,
Having engagements, too, elsewhere.

Of Windsor and its pleasant scenes,
Resort of princes, lords, and peers;
The royal home of kings and queens,
For many hundred by-gone years.

All I can say has oft been said,
And yet no just idea gained;
Homes of the living and the dead
Have ever undescribed remained.

The grandeur of the spacious halls,
Of which the "Banqueting" is chief;
With that in which the royal balls
Are given, surpasses all belief.

And then the Queen's exclusive suites,
For family and private needs;
On entering them, the glare that meets
The eye, in splendor, all exceeds.

The pictures, busts, and works of art;
The vases vast of solid gold;
The furniture, in all or part,
Can neither be described nor told.

Judging from these imperial scenes,
Where art and taste and wealth combines;
We think this home of England's queens,
All others in the world outshines.

Saint George's Church with colored glass,
Of all I've seen is far the best;
And, in admiring, one might pass
Hours at the "Altar Piece" of West.

I speak, delighted in behalf
Of what should never be forgot;
It is the sculptured cenotaph
Of England's pride, Princess Charlotte.

The cold and lifeless body lies
Upon a couch, in death profound;
Her spirit is about to rise,
With holy angels all around.

Her little child, in all the charms
Of seraph-innocence and love,
An angel folds within her arms,
Ready to wing her way above.

I never saw, in sculptured art,
A union of such grief and bliss;
And never marble on my heart
Impressions made so deep as this.

Above this work of sculptured charms
We here behold, together brought,
The British and the Cobourg arms
In gilded splendor, richly wrought.

In all the windows in the rear
Are brilliant colors seen through gloom;
Painted on glass six forms appear,
Through which the dim light strikes the tomb.

Windsor the home of kings remains,
In times of peace as well as war;
In each successive royal reign,
Since William's time—the Conqueror.

Approaching England's garnered pride,
The scene our vision overwhelms;
Three miles of trees on either side,
The richest, rarest stately elms.

This avenue of vast extent,
Displays a nation's flag unfurled;
Where countless thousands have been spent,
And has no rival in the world.

And 'tis not likely such a thing
Will e'er again be seen in use,
For wealth and power can never bring
What only ages can produce.

And here imagination fails,
When viewing grandeur so immense;
Embracing all of wealth's avails
In splendor and magnificence.

Whilst journeying on to life's last brink,
And be my journey dark or bright,
Of Windsor Castle I shall think
Always with pleasure and delight.

There now repose the last remains
  Of England's line of queens and kings;
And each rich sepulchre contains
  All that from birth and fortune springs.

To all of which we bid farewell,
  No more to walk this hallowed ground;
And may the land in which we dwell,
  Ne'er in a monarch's chains be bound!

To Iver Lodge from Windsor went,
  The charming home of a loved friend;
And here the afternoon we spent,
  But here another can not spend.

Dear Mitchell! Friend of early days,
  Thy home and children all are dear;
Too much I can not say in praise
  Of one I always find sincere.

There, when I heard from one sweet voice
  A blessing asked, and thanks, too, given;
It made my very soul rejoice
  To hear pure accents rise to heaven.

Ah! lovely child! May thy young heart
  Be spared from life's corroding care;
Be free from guile, from sin and art,
  As pure as thy angelic prayer.

May father, brother, sister—all
  Be kind to thee as in life's dawn;
And when they see life's curtain fall,
  Go with thee where thy mother's gone.

Farewell, dear Mitchell! This has been
  A happy day; but we must part,
All we have had, and heard, and seen,
  Came from thy warm and generous heart.

Tuesday, June 27th.

Went to the Barings, and made there
My cash arrangements—soon to leave—
My letters gave, and told them where
Theirs in return I would receive.

Called on my old friend, Thomas Bell,
Who justly has a wide renown,
For writing on our science well;
Better than any else in town.

The promptitude with which he came,
When first my presence was made known;
By hearing from his man my name,
Was kind regard distinctly shown.

The evening spent with Mr. Tomes;
Met Messrs. Rogers, Beggs, and Rhan,
Who left their families and homes,
In pure respect for such a man.

One who has reached the highest perch
In dental science, stationed here;
And soon, a work of deep research
Will from his able pen appear.

'Tis pleasant, in a foreign land,
To meet the men who nobly fill
The ranks of art; and grasp the hand
Held out by unconcealed good-will.

To know that men of sterling worth
And science, are in practice here
Received with men of rank, and birth,
And fortune, in the social sphere.

Wednesday, June 28th.

Went to that old, stupendous pile,
Westminster Abbey, with its towers,
And saw along each time-worn aisle
All that remains of States and Powers.

Its cloisters, altars, vaults, and naves,
  Its chapels and their sacred shrines ;
Its tombs, its monuments, and graves,
  With sculpture graced, in rich designs.

The effigies of kings and queens,
  Nobles in rank and station great ;
Of poets, authors, bishops, deans,
  And men of high and low estate.

Of heroes who are known to fame
  For valiant acts and deeds of blood ;
And those whose worth has gained a name,
  For services on field or flood.

Here are the finely sculptured tombs,
  Of Garrick, Addison, and Gay ;
Of Goldsmith, Thomson, Southey, Holmes,
  Of Shakspeare, Campbell, Watts, and Gray.

Of Young, of Milton, Spenser, Rowe,
  Of Pryor, Cowley, Chaucer, Hope,
Of Dryden, Beaumont, Camden, Crewe,
  Of Andre, Johnson, Butler, Pope.

Of Baillie, Congreve, Canning, Bell,
  Of Kemble, Buchan, Siddons, Coxe ;
Of Cooke, of Montague, and Gell,
  Of Davy, Howe, of Parr, and Fox.

These are among the honored names
  Familiar to each ear and eye ;
Which, whilst high talent has its claims,
  And virtue lives, will never die.

But far the most sublime of all,
  And which to see no one should fail,
For it will oft this scene recall,—
  The tomb of Mrs. Nightingale.

The lady's in her husband's arms,
Whilst, creeping from a cave beneath,
With dart to strike her in her charms,
Is seen the frightful form of Death.

Aghast with terror and despair,
The husband presses to his heart,
Her lovely form so young and fair,
And would avert Death's fatal dart.

A sad delight the mortal feels,
In walking through this last resort,
To see how time with princes deals
Where Death convenes his royal court.

We here the whole of life can trace.
See all the wealth the richest save ;
Read of the varied charms that grace
Life from the cradle to the grave,

Virtues and vices, follies, faults,
In which whole nations put their trust ;
Their vain possessors, in their vaults,
Lie side by side reduced to dust.

A lesson here we learn of life,
How few and brief man's years below ;
And here we see the end of strife,
The vanity of pomp and show.

Millions who here like me have been,
Bringing such thoughts before the mind ;
Have all now left this earthy scene,
But not a lingering trace behind.

We visited the House of Lords
And Commons, where awhile we staid ;
Then went to see the cells and wards
Where kings and queens were captive made.

Among its sights from sea and coast,
We spent an interesting hour;
And saw of England's pride and boast,
The Lions of the London Tower.

Armor once owned by queens and kings,
Trappings and shields by horses worn;
With swords and lances, spears and springs,
By ancient knights and warriors borne.

The jewels of the crown are there,
Their value seems beyond all bounds;
Of precious stones and jewels rare,
Four millions and a half of pounds.

The single crown of England's Queen,
Worn at the Coronation fête,
Is worth a million, as is seen,
And of a pound three quarters weight.

The dungeon still remains the same
In which Sir Walter Raleigh slept;
And many a cell now bears the name,
Engraved by those within them kept.

There implements of torture stand,
Arrayed in figures, groups, and stacks;
Collars and screws, for neck and hand,
The fatal block, the severing axe.

Beneath are dungeons dark and deep,
With every kind of vermin strown;
Where slimy snakes and lizards creep,
O'er wretched men among them thrown.

The modes of torture were extreme,
Some crushed within the iron chest;
And others fastened to a beam,
On spikes which banish sleep and rest.

Others hung up by thumbs or hands,
With burning foot-weights—direful pain!
And heads were bound with knotted bands,
Constricted till they crushed the brain.

Here Sachenteges I would quote:
"They can not sit, or sleep, or lie;
"With a sharp band around the throat,
"They bear the iron till they die."

Here kings and princes, dukes and lords,
In filthy cells were doomed to stay;
And here within these grated wards,
Were Ladies Boleyn, Howard, Grey.

Here many an earl and lady fair.
Has first the fatal sentence heard;
And here the two young princes were,
When murdered by King Richard Third.

Here, until seventeen forty-five,
The fatal block was kept in use;
And on it, last were seen alive,
The noble Stanly, Wallace, Bruce.

With Mrs. Jameson we took tea,
In Burton Street, her city home;
And had the pleasure there to see,
The world's philosopher, George Combe.

His charming wife was also there,
Possessor of her mother's fame;
A lady graceful, tall, and fair,
Deserving well the Siddons' name.

Thursday, June 29th.

Left home to-day, resolved to find
Some friends whom memory still endears;
Esteemed for worth of heart and mind,
Augmented by the lapse of years.

And rarely have I ever spent
An hour of sweeter, purer joy,
Or known a pleasanter event
Than meeting here with Mrs. Roy.*

Too swiftly did the moments fly
In talking over pleasures past,
Of home and friends in years gone by,
And changes since we parted last.

A sister fond, a brother dear.
I had the pleasure there to meet;
All that are left, it would appear,
Of those I knew in Harper Street.

And those who knew them never can
Their hospitable home forget,
For Jacob Perkins was a man
In whom a thousand virtues met.

And such a fireside one can prize
Who o'er the world's wide face must roam,
Deprived of all the tender ties
That cluster round the name of home

For, thus it was my fate to rove
From home and friends, and kindred dear,
Until I found this home of love,
And friends congenial and sincere.

Friday, June 30th.

Left our good quarters with regret,
In the world-famous London town;
Having naught else but kindness met
From persons there of high renown.

We had a pleasant passage o'er,
The channel smooth by lucky chance;
But, what a change upon the shore,
We found on coming into France!

* Daughter of Jacob Perkins, Esq.

Strange words, strange actions, and strange dress,
And these to see no one can fail;
Compared with ours all things seem less,
And made upon a smaller scale.

We reached Boulogne at half-past four;
Left London Bridge at half-past ten;
And passed directly by the door
Where died one of the best of men.

The noble Montagu, for years,
Lived in this city of Boulogne;
And here affection's warmest tears
Were shed in grief when he was gone.

We left Boulogne at half-past five,
Ten minutes later than was set;
So great a number did arrive,
They could not through the customs get.

The country which we travel through,
With towns and hamlets small is filled;
The work in fields the women do,
And wretchedly the land is tilled.

The cottages along the roads
Are thatched, and but one story high;
They scarcely seem like the abodes
Of men of thrift and industry.

We have a charming social day;
A pleasanter I can not name:
As our companion on the way,
The wife of Barry Cornwall came.

A lovely woman, strong in mind,
Of highly cultivated powers;
With conversation most refined,
Delighting us for full twelve hours.

The afternoon was cold and wet ·
  Our breakfast had been very light;
We on the way could nothing get
  To satisfy the appetite.

At Amiens awhile we staid,
  And found some coffee of the best;
Better I think was never made,
  Nor taken with a keener zest.

Our feelings now were tuned anew,
  And most miraculously changed,
The words that were becoming few,
  From silence were at once estranged.

Found Rossiter at the depot,
  Who took us to the Place Vendome;
Where he and Anna could bestow
  On us the comforts of a home.

And thus we meet with those we love,
  For whom our journey has been made,
All other objects far above;
  How richly are our toils repaid!

Saturday, July 1st.

Called on my fondly cherished friend,
  Charles Toppan, from our native home;
Who had a little time to spend
  Here, on his coming back from Rome.

But sadly did I find him changed,
  Sickness and death of those he loved,
Have crushed his heart, and quite estranged
  The joys that once his bosom moved.

But still it beats with pulses strong,
  As earlier in his manly youth,
Of all that can to man belong
  Of worth and virtue, good and truth.

A two hours' visit I enjoyed
Of kind regard I'm thankful for,
From one whose time is much employed,
The dentist to the Emperor.

One who enjoys distinctions high;
Thus fortune with her favor sports,
For several thrones of royalty
Have made him dentist at their courts.

There must be merit to have gained
The rank and fame that Evans bears,
Which by his practice is sustained,
More than by honors which he wears.

Sunday, July 2d.

Went to the Wesleyan chapel here,
And heard sound preaching from the Word;
By one whose heart seems most sincere,
Who urged the claims of Christ our Lord.

Evans and lady came alone,
Believing we might wish to take
An airing in the Bois de Boulogne,
As far as the Napoleon Lake.

The afternoon was very fine:
We had a two hours' pleasant drive,
Passing one long, continuous line
Of splendid outfits until five.

Awhile we walked the garden round,
Admiring statues, flowers, and trees;
A lovelier spot is nowhere found
Than that within the Tuilleries.

Monday, July 3d.

This morning went to take my leave,
And see the Toppans all depart;
And from their lips once more receive
Expressions glowing from the heart.

I never have, in all my life,
A family more charming known ;
A generous husband, loving wife,
And children dear as are our own.

And they, like us, have sorrows borne ;
The shaft of death has thrice been hurled ;
And thrice have we been called to mourn,
For dear ones vanished from the world.

But God is just, and we submit
Without a murmur, trusting still
That all is right, that all is fit,
Ordained by his eternal will.

Tuesday, July 4th.

Having a letter in my care
For Madame Le Baronne Finot,
I called at Three Cité Gaillard,
Hoping the Baron I might know.

I found him in apartments small,
But everything in order there ;
A man of thirty, graceful, tall,
And she "the fairest of the fair."

A finer form, a lovelier face,
I've never seen beneath the sun ;
More winning manners, ease, and grace,
Than in Stephania Livingston.

And she seems happy, though her health
Is feeble ; for her heart approves
The sacrifice of friends and wealth,
To be with him she fondly loves.

And she is now the loving wife
Of this same Baron ; and may he
Be all she can desire in life,
To make her blest as blest can be !

EVENING AT HEALY'S.

Wednesday, July 5th.

To-day a welcome letter came
From Levi Burridge's own hand,
And glad was I to see his name
Signed at Geneva, Switzerland.

I wrote to-day, that it might go,
As he directed, to the care
Of Lombard, Odier & Co.,
The bankers doing business there.

Thursday, July 6th.

Six letters are received to-day,
The children's, Rossiter's, and mine;
A package coming by the way
Of Liverpool, and Collins' line.

A letter, too, from George Bradshaw,
Who has been good enough to write,
That he, our friends, the Toppans saw,
And will be here to-morrow night.

A pleasant hour with Healy* spent,
Who kindly did us all invite;
And most delightedly we went,
It being their reception night.

Among the parlor pictures were,
Webster's, and several native scenes;
Our friends, the Evanses, were there,
And Mr. Potter—New Orleans.

'Tis pleasant ever thus to meet
With souls artistic and refined;
New friends to make, old friends to greet,
Is pleasure grateful to the mind.

* The distinguished American artist.

PALAIS ROYAL—LUXEMBOURG.

Friday, July 7th.

This evening have a pleasant walk
Along the Rue Saint Honoré;
Well pleased to hear the people talk,
Although unused to what they say.

Saw Palais Royal with its lights,
Its statues, and its fancy stores;
Its caffés with their many flights,
Of mirrored columns, walls, and doors.

Its gardens and its fountains clear,
Its orange-trees and summer flowers;
Make it at evening-time appear
Like fancy's fabled fairy bowers.

In works of art, Parisian taste
Is well instructed to excel;
And genius never runs to waste
Where labor does its work so well.

Saturday, July 8th.

To see the royal works of art,
At Luxembourg, to-day we've been;
Where, of the paintings but a part,
From late repairs, can now be seen.

Of those of which we had a sight,
The most impressive one is this:
Where our Redeemer is, at night,
Betrayed by Judas with a kiss.

For who upon this scene can look
And wish not near it long to stay;
Where Christ, beyond the gurgling brook
Of Kedron, went at night to pray?

Of statues, in the open air,
Within the circle of the park,
Two of the finest that are there
Are Queen of Scots and Joan of Arc.

Such are the treasures of these lands,
Of perfect form in every part;
The workmanship of skillful hands,
And brightest gems of human art.

From thence we drove to call upon
Our worthy Minister, and pay
A visit to the Rue Beaujon,
Near to the Arch of Elyseé.

We there a warm reception met:—
Profoundly hearty, friendly, free;
Judge Mason does not here forget
Virginia hospitality.

Such kindness joined to worth sincere,
Will here our country's fame advance;
In highest favor, too, I hear,
He stands with all the Court of France.

I hope our Ministers abroad
Are not disposed, in evil hour,
To use hypocrisy or fraud,
By cringing to imperial power.

But should they thus their trust betray,
And so disgrace their native land,
Let them be called in shame away
From every transatlantic strand.

Sunday, July 9th.

We gladly visited to-day
The Wesleyan congregation,* where
All who have humble spirits may
Sweetly unite in praise and prayer.

The Lord who hears the sinner's cry,
When overwhelmed with guilt and shame,
The broken heart can sanctify,
Of every sect and every name.

* J. H. Rylance, pastor.

From Lapland snows to Afric sands,
  Wherever erring mortals dwell,
In Christian and in heathen lands,
  He saves the penitent from hell.

Then let sectarian titles die,
  Supplanted by one Christian name;
Acknowledging the Lord Most High,
  And glowing in his Spirit's flame.

So shall the earth be new again,
  As when in Eden man was blest;
Where love shall have her endless reign,
  And man his everlasting rest.

Monday, July 10th.

This morning, having time to spare,
  We saw Napoleon's worn-out men,
"L'Hôtel des Invalides," where are
  Three thousand and three score and ten.

Men who have served in many wars,
  And suffered hardships small and great;
Who wear their wooden legs and scars,
  Rejoicing in their present state.

Their messes still remain the same;
  The same distinctions, too, are rife;
Rations, of every kind and name,
  Are what they were in service-life.

The officers dine here in state,
  Like gentlemen of rank and ease;
From dishes of the purest plate,
  Presented by Empress Louise.

The ample board was richly spread
  With table-cloths and napkins fine;
Where vegetables, meats, and bread,
  Were amply graced with fruit and wine.

We saw the dimly lighted room,
Through grated door—which now contains,
Awaiting their imperial tomb,
The great Napoleon's remains.

Upon a velvet-cushioned seat,
The hat and sword he used to prize
Are seen to lie just at the feet
Of the fine structure where he lies.

I doubt if, in the world, there is
For cost, for splendor, or for art,
A monument compared with this
Now finishing for Buonaparte.

We through the Pantheon's Halls were led,
Its gloomy and sepulchral rooms,
Where some of France's illustrious dead
Are honored by magnific tombs.

Of those who deepest interest give
And highest worldly honors share,
Whose names to latest times will live,
Are those of Rousseau and Voltaire.

By winding steps from flight to flight,
We to the very summit come ;
Four hundred forty feet in hight,
From platform to the upper dome.

Such views as here before us spread,
In beauty nowhere else are found,
Temples of living and of dead,
In grandeur everywhere abound.

We stopped a moment on our way,
To view the consecrated spot
Where brave and valiant Marshal Ney,
For loyalty to France, was shot.

The blood by cruel tyrants shed
  Has cried for vengeance from the ground;
And he by whom the nation's led,
  Has heard and listened to the sound.

A noble statue has been raised
  In honor of the martyr's name,
On which his gallant deeds are praised,
  And Ney consigned to endless fame!

Thou Bourbon race! thy course is run;
  But though thou cursest France no more,
Another dynasty, begun,
  May all thy cruelties restore.

Blest Freedom! when thy flag unfurled,
  With constellated stars ablaze,
Shall float o'er all the western world,
  May France thy sacred altar raise!

Fair France! may curst despotic power
  No more, in all thy borders reign;
Nor popes degrade, nor priests devour—
  But Freedom be thy Charlemagne!

Tuesday, July 11th.

We saw to-day, with other scenes,
  The chapel of Saint Ferdinand;—
Where Phillippe's son, Duke d'Orleans,
  Was killed upon that spot of land.

A lovely little church is there;
  Raised by a parent's love, or pride,
To mark the spot for ages where
  This fondly cherished son had died.

A sculptured monument there stands:—
  The Prince lies dying on a bed;
An angel, modeled by the hands
  Of a loved sister, at his head.

To-day a melancholy scene
Occurred in front of our new home ;
A well-dressed person, not eighteen,
Jumped from the column, Place Vendome.

No reason did the youth assign,
As we could learn from any one ;
But in his pocket left a line
To say what with him should be done.

Went to the column on the site
Where all who visit it must feel
The horrors which have marked the flight
Of ages past—the Old Bastile.

A shaft of bronze of finest mould,
Two hundred forty-three steps high,
On which are registered in gold
The three days' victims of July.

But what a sudden change was wrought
When we obtained our first full glance
As we were to the portals brought
Of that sweet spot—Garden of Plants.

Where every sight delights the eye,
And all the senses pleasure bring ;
For flowers from heaven receive their dye,
And birds to heaven their praises sing.

Each herb, and plant, and flower, and tree,
However plentiful or rare,
All brought together seem to be,
And all in beauty flourish there.

All beasts, and every creeping thing
From off the land and out the sea,
That science, art, or wealth can bring,
Are to the people open—free

Lectures are given in each large hall,
Illustrative of this vast show,
The doors are open wide to all
Of every age who wish to go.

This evening spent at least two hours
With Mrs. Hill, of New York State;
A lady whose descriptive powers
Of scenes and things are very great

She in no measured terms cries out
Against the ostentatious pride
In which our people move about,
And o'er the bounds of prudence ride.

A laughing-stock to men of sense,
Upon our country's page a blot;
Who here, with show and bold pretense,
Assume to be what they are not.

Wednesday, July 12th.

L'Hotel de Cluny, now the last
Unaltered palace that remains;
The rarest works of ages past,
This fine old palace still contains.

The furniture is carved with skill,
Its cost beyond description great;
For here we see remaining still
The chairs of kings and beds of state.

The paintings which adorn the walls,
The curious things exposed to sight,
The ancient armor in the halls,
Fill us with wonder and delight.

I scarce have spent a happier hour
Than that in this old palace spent;
Where scenes of grandeur, wealth, and power,
Surprised us wheresoe'er we went.

An hour at Gobelin Factory staid,
And saw the various ways and means
By which the tapestry is made,
To grace the halls of kings and queens.

The skill the weavers here unfold,
With admiration swells the heart;
And with amazement we behold
The products of this magic art.

The brighest colors, shades, and tints,
In beauty exquisite are laid;
Of flowers and paintings, fruits and prints,
Most perfect imitations made.

So great the labor, it appears,
And so much time the work must take;
A man employed for seventy years,
Could only one rich carpet make.

The cost of one, though never sold,
When with the largest class it ranks;
Amounts at length, as we are told,
To full two hundred thousand francs.

The finest models that are known
Are, by this wondrous enterprise,
Within the looms and hangings shown,
Whatever be their form or size.

At length, through long and narrow streets,
And many winding ways, we came
To where the eye, astonished, meets
The towering walls of Notre Dame.

Its glittering domes, with turrets high,
Present a vast, imposing sight;
The feeling, as they strike the eye,
Is one of awe, but not delight.

While we were there, a funeral train
Came rushing through its portals wide;
A love-lorn girl, who could not gain
Her wish, became a suicide.

This would have been her wedding-day,
If no mischance had interposed;
But here we see the sad display
In which her mournful drama closed.

Thence to La Morgue, the finding place,
In Paris, of the missing dead;
I saw one there with mangled face,
Just taken from the river's bed.

This house the Government provides,
That missing ones may here be found;
The murdered, and the suicides,
Or accidently killed and drowned.

All here are brought, howe'er they died,
Who absent from their dwellings are;
That they may be identified
By friends, and buried by their care.

Alas! 'tis a revolting scene;
The bodies naked lie three days,
Exposed, without the slightest screen,
To every idle passer's gaze!

Went to the Church, Saint Etienne,
A noble structure, spacious, fine;
With old inscriptions, showing when
It first became a sacred shrine.

One tomb, a most imposing sight,
With people kneeling, loath to leave;
And many tapers burning bright,
It was thy shrine, Saint Genevieve!

She is the honored Patron Saint
Of Paris, to whom thousands kneel;
To her they pour their hearts' complaint;
To her their inmost woes reveal.

Its architectural charms are great,
Although in Middle Ages done;
Its origin, or earliest date,
Eleven hundred twenty-one.

Its chapels, altars, desks, and chairs,
Confessional with grated screen;
Its nave, and choir, and spiral stairs,
Exceed all others I have seen.

Thursday, July 13th.

Went to the Hotel des Beaux Art,
Grand in its structure and display;
Erected in Rue Buonaparte,
The Faubourg of Saint Honoré.

The largest picture in this show,
For eye or thought to rest upon,
Is that from Michael Angelo,—
"His Judgment Day," by Signalon.

Near this grand work of genius stands,
Within one of the smaller rooms,
Three casts by the great Michael's hands,
Of Moses one, and two from tombs.

But what must greatest pleasure give,
Which we distinctly realized;
Is Delaroche's, which must live
As long as art is known and prized.

This splendid product of his hands
Consists of figures seventy-five,
Of artists seventy, from all lands,
Whose works all others will survive.

We visit next L'Hotel de Ville,
Whose grandeur language can not name;
Its dazzling brightness brings a thrill,
And wonder whence such splendor came.

We witnessed scenes to us all new,
With admiration as we passed;
Room after room, as we went through,
Seemed each more brilliant than the last.

The splendor of these gorgeous halls
In richness all I've seen transcends;
'Tis here Napoleon gives his balls,
And here he entertains his friends.

From this gay scene our steps were led,
Before expressing half our praise,
To view the city of the dead,—
The Cemet'ry, of Pere La Chaise.

Long streets of tombs we wander through,
Ere to its summit we arrive;
Until it seems that of the two,
The dead outnumber those alive.

Great changes a few years have made,
Since I was here, just thirty-four;
Who then were Paris here are laid,
And will revisit earth no more.

A tender interest then we felt
In names that challenge our regard;
But those where I the longest dwelt
Are Eloise and Abelard.

The tomb in Saxon style is laid,
In form and fashion chaste and neat;
By M. Lenoir the whole was made
Of ruins from the Paraclete.

This Abelard himself designed,
And here their faithful love was tried;
Where Eloise to fate resigned,
Became First Abbess ere she died.

Fine sculptured roses here have been,
Ere time their chiseled leaves defaced;
But still the statues yet are seen
Where, side by side, they first were placed.

One thought a ray of joy contains
To brighten this sepulchral gloom,—
That all which now of them remains
"Is reunited in this tomb."

Their spirits, radiant with love,
On pinions plumed with faith and prayer,
Have flown to nuptial bowers above,
To find immortal pleasures there.

Here, too, are tombs of some few men
On whom the seal of fame is set,
Abbé Sicard, and La Fontaine,
Ney, Du Peytren, and Lavalette.

At six the Evanses provide
For us an entertainment fine;
Besides a charming evening ride,
Returning to their house at nine.

We had the joy of meeting there,
Their nephew and brother-in-law,*
Hewett and wife, and Katie fair:—
A lovelier child we never saw.

Friday, July 14th.

To-day we spent an hour or two
In the great Library of France;
With barely time to wander through,
And take a superficial glance,

* Whole family lost in steamship Arctic.

All works of every name and kind
Are here amassed, as it appears;
From every cast and grade of mind,
Extending back some thousand years.

From generations long gone by,
Ere printing to the world was known,
Here manuscripts unnumbered lie,
Regarded for their age alone.

A letter from Lord Byron's hand,
Directed to the Count D'Orsay;
In language we could understand,
Affords us pleasure here to-day.

We saw a book, the first that came
From London press, now grown so great;
With William Caxton, printer's name,
And Fourteen Ninety is its date.

But English pride must fain confess,
As from the date it here appears
An issue from the Paris press
Was earlier by twenty years.

A print from every plate engraved,
Which can in any way advance
The 'gravers art, is herein saved,
By rigid statute law of France.

We seek the Bourse, where brokers bring
Their stocks, proclaiming them aloud;
Here they assemble in a ring,
Receiving bids from out the crowd.

Though something like Wall Street Exchange,
The two we can not well compare:—
Our merchants would regard as strange
The modes of doing business there.

Thus nations have their different ways,
Whilst each esteems its own the best;
The favorite mode is that which pays,
Alike regardless of the rest.

Saturday, July 15th.

A greater part of this whole day
Was at the famous Louvre passed;
Where one, it seems, a life might stay,
And but a portion see at last.

The entrance is extremely fine:—
The columned staircase, richly grand,
Was wholly formed from a design
Drawn by the artist Fontain's hand.

Its entrance hall—Mosaic floors,
With richly sculptured marble vase;
Its painted ceilings, carved steel doors,
Make us regret to leave the place.

But the next hall does far transcend
In splendor every other part;
And in Apolon we might spend
Whole days admiring works of art.

The vaulted ceiling is arrayed
With emblems skillfully designed,
All by distinguished talent made,
With fancy, taste, and skill combined.

The triumphs of the earth and sea,
The seasons in their proper plight;
The frieze adorned with Fleur de Lis,
And emblems of the day and night.

Among the objects which abound,
The strangest in these gorgeous rooms
Are works of art that have been found
In Egypt's Pyramids and tombs.

Birds, beasts, and mummies, fish and grain,
As sacred relics, here are found;
Cups, plates, and vases, whole remain,
Tools, thread, and cloth entirely sound.

Roman and Grecian relics rare
The visitor will highly prize;
Bronze gems and cameos are there,
And vases of unequaled size.

The jewels, armor, badges, rings,
Of nameless value here we see;
Once worn by ancient queens and kings,
And famous lords of high degree.

One spacious gallery contains
Things of Napoleon the Great;
Of whom the memory remains,
The victim of Old England's hate.

Rooms of engravings and designs
Of value great, preserved with care;
Containing sketches, drafts, and lines,
Of priceless value, rich, and rare.

In the Department of Marine
Models of harbors, towns, and piers,
With fortresses of guns, are seen,
With modeled soldiers' swords and spears.

Models of every naval school,
From those of ancient Greece and Rome;
Down to the frigate La Belle Poule,
Which brought Napoleon's body home.

Sunday, July 16th.

We went to-day again, from choice,
To the small chapel where they raise
With thankful heart and tuneful voice,
To the Redeemer songs of praise.

'Tis joyful thus to change the scene
From earth's alluring toys and shows,
To where, in heavenly peace serene,
The lily of the valley grows.

Redeeming Lord, be mine the joy
To pour my heart in prayer to thee;
For thus my soul would fain employ
The ages of eternity!

Monday, July 17th.

We reached St. Germain, a large town,
Of some twelve thousand souls at least;
The home of men of high renown,
Birthplace of many a king and priest.

A palace of the largest size
Was founded here by Francis' aid;
But now it quite neglected lies,
And is an army prison made.

The garden and the avenues,
Their width, their beauty, and their length,—
The noble terrace with its views,
And massive walls of matchless strength,—

Are, both in beauty and extent,
Beyond all other pleasure-grounds;
Of terraced wall, where'er we went,
The eye could nowhere reach the bounds.

The verdant hills and vales between,
Villas and fields that skirt the Seine,
Together form a brilliant scene
We can not hope to see again.

Its forest roads, its hills and plains,
Are decked in radiant beauty all;
Eight thousand acres it contains,
Surrounded by a splendid wall.

The Atmospheric Railway here,
To which our leisure time was given,
Could but astonishing appear,
As trains are swiftly up-hill driven.

The principle is wholly new,
Discovered in the present reign;
And such a railway train to view
Is worth a trip to St. Germain.

A happier day than this has been,
With useful pleasure more replete,
Since leaving home we have not seen;
Nor can we soon expect to meet.

Besides, the years are twenty-eight,
Which, full of bliss, have passed away
In happy matrimonial state,
And this our annual wedding-day.

Tuesday, July 18th.

Went to Conservatoire des Arts
Et Metier, where we were shown,
Neatly arranged in every part,
The finest works in Paris known.

Here models of the best machines
In all mechanic arts are found;
And every method, way, and means,
Is shown to cultivate the ground.

In science, too, a rich display
Of every instrument in use,
To help the student on his way
In studies hidden and abstruse.

The power of steam for mills and wheels,
With locomotive springs and locks,
And elevators, ropes, and reels,
For raising sunken ships and rocks.

Here, in astronomy we see
  Celestial bodies as they roll;
And, in the one great orrery,
  Our moving earth from pole to pole.

Wednesday, July 19th.

Went to Saint Cloud, whose palace bears
  The records of its ancient fame;
And everything around it wears
  Mementoes of its princely name.

This regal home has been the scene,
  Of great events, as if by chance;
Whose unforeseen results have been
  Of mighty consequence to France.

In fifteen hundred eighty-nine,
  Assassination here occurred;
When Friar Clement, by design,
  Destroyed the life of Henry Third.

And here, in seventeen ninety-nine,
  By daring acts before unknown,
With troops selected from the line,
  Napoleon seized the royal throne.

In eighteen hundred and fifteen,
  'Twas here, as history has shown,
The conquering allies changed the scene,
  And gave the Bourbons back their throne.

And here, among the stately trees,
  Within the palace was a scene
Of marriage with Marie Louise,
  Which widowed faithful Josephine.

Here Charles the Tenth signed the decrees,
  Which fired the Frenchman's heart again;
Three July days* at Tuileries
  Brought in King Louis Philippe's reign.

* The 27th, 28th, 29th, in year 1830.

This place is still the loved resort,
The same as in the ages past;
The persons of the present Court
Make it their home, as did the last.

The park is in perfection made,
Its walks are guarded, raked, and swept;
Its avenues, embowered with shade,
Are rich with flowers and neatly kept.

'Tis like a scene in fairy-land,
Which fancy, with its utmost stretch,
Could never reach without the hand
Of Time to finish up the sketch.

We witnessed there a fine review,
The drilling of a thousand men;
Their exercises all were new,
Or never seen by us till then.

Thus having spent a summer day
Mid scenes we hope to see again,
Wearied and worn we came away,
Upon a boat along the Seine.

The sloping shores most fertile seem:—
In finest culture is the land;
The buildings neat in the extreme,
And mansions most superbly grand.

The guards along the little bays,
Are well arranged in every part;
The bridges, barriers, and quays
Are perfect specimens of art.

Thursday, July 20th.

This has been far the warmest day
That we in Europe yet have had;
Therefore at home we choose to stay,
And save fatigue, which makes us glad.

But cherished friends, of well-known name,
As visitors our pleasures share;
For Evans, Marsh, and Babcock came,
With Charles F. Moulton, millionaire.

The last, a cherished friend of ours,
Proposed a time when we should go
And see, amid the fruits and flowers,
His far-renowned and grand chateau.

Mary to-day to Ehrick wrote,
In season for the daily mail;
Which goes by the next Cunard boat,
Designed on Saturday to sail.

'Tis pleasant thus to talk with friends
Across the ocean, far away;
Even as far as earth extends,
Or genial sunlight gilds the day.

Friday, July 21st.

In forty minutes we are brought
This morning, on the ringing rails,
To the grand scene by thousands sought,—
The Royal Palace of Versailles.

As we were to the court-yard led,
Our guide a little in advance,
We saw inscribed just overhead :—
"A toutes les gloires de la France."

We've visited, for many a day,
Resplendent church and gorgeous hall,
And palace decorations gay,
But this by far exceeds them all.

In fifteen hundred sixty-one,
Where all this splendor now abounds,
Was forest bowing to the sun,
Which Henry Fourth made hunting grounds.

In sixteen hundred sixty-four,
Louis Fourteenth conceived the plan;
When thirty thousand men or more
This mighty work at once began.

The architects of this design,
Monsieurs Le Notre and Levau;
The grounds came in the former's line,
The other to the building saw.

Of all the works which thus commence,
The royal palace, park, and grounds,
The whole amount of the expense
Was forty million sterling pounds.

The late expenses of repairs
Drawn from the last two monarch's banks,
Louis Eighteenth and Philippe's shares
Was twenty million more of francs.

All this has made the noble pile
The storehouse of the wealth of France;
In art, in every form and style,
Which can a nation's fame advance.

Here are the great and glorious men
That Frenchmen give to history's page;
And all the great events, and when
They came to pass, from age to age.

These walls, extensive as they are,
Are covered with the choicest frames;
Inclosing works of talent rare,
Bearing distinguished artists' names.

But those which most the mind arrest,
Near which we would the longest stay,
And are esteemed by all the best,—
The Battle Pieces of Vernet.

Besides, there seems to be no end
Of groups in marble—purely, fair;
For every stairway we ascend
Is full of sculpture, rich and rare.

The scenes and dates all correspond,
And dates are given as scenes occurred;
Portraits of kings, from Pharamond
Down to Napoleon the Third.

Room after room we here can view,
The great events placed side by side;
Napoleon follow from Saint Cloud
To Saint Helena, where he died.

A sad impression here is made
Of glory which ambition gave:—
A monarch in rich robes arrayed,
And in a lonely rock-bound grave.

O'er all this wealth, with all its gains,
Napoleon's banner waves unfurled;
This palace, and what it contains,
Is now the richest in the world.

And here are gathered the remains
Of grandeur from the ages past;
Which have survived successive reigns,
And are collected here at last.

Couches and tables all inlaid
With gold and silver, richly wrought;
Clocks, desks, and chairs superbly made,
By sovereigns used, for sovereigns bought.

Books, prints, and pictures, perfect gems
Of art, of execution rare,
And jeweled crowns and diadems,
Are kept with unremitted care.

The beds where kings and queens have lain,
And furniture supremely grand;
Rich golden spreads, figured and plain,
Are placed now where they used to stand.

Books, charts, and globes, are here displayed,
Confessionals with cross and crest,
Where royal sinners knelt and prayed,
And where their crimes have been confessed.

Thence went into Le Grand Trianon,
Built by that most licentious king,
Louis Fourteenth, for Maintenon,
Who hither did his mistress bring.

A villa in Italian style,
One story high—each side a wing;
In distance, only half a mile
From palace of the lover-king.

The rooms of Buonaparte the Great
Are shown, with every item whole;
Couches and chairs, and bed of state,
Bureau and table, desk and bowl.

All beautiful, well-made, and neat,
And now arranged as they were then;
With taste and elegance replete,
Worthy the greatest of great men.

A present, of pure malachite,
A basin—to Napoleon came.
From Russia's Court, a brilliant sight,
With rings from Herculaneum.

Through grand apartments were we led,
As they were made for England's Queen;
We saw the crimson-velvet bed
Of the loved Empress Josephine.

So much of interest here remains,
The spoils of centuries here appear,
And treasures of successive reigns,
We greatly love to linger here.

Le Petit Trianon's near at hand,
Delighted there we staid awhile ;
The house, the furniture, and land,
Are all disposed in graceful style.

The walks are all superbly laid
Wherever visitors would rove ;
Cascades and gurgling rills are made
In grotto, labyrinth, and grove.

This lovely spot adorned with taste,
With garden grounds and rural scenes,
Was late the home of still the chaste,
Heart-broken Duchess of Orleans.

Again we took our cushioned seats
In splendid cars, to find our home ;
And passing through the crowded streets,
At six we reached the Place Vendome.

Sunday, July 23d.

To-day again heard Rylance preach,
Who sweetly can the Scriptures read ;
The heart his fervor can not reach,
To piety is cold indeed.

'Tis pleasant on these sacred days,
When far away from home we roam,
To join with him in prayer and praise,
And feel the sentiment of home.

And I have hardly ever heard
A preacher who so little deals
In speculations on the Word,
Or for the truth says what he feels;

Save those who take the Word alone
For rule of life, confession, creed;—
Who will no other doctrine own,
No other teach, no other heed,

Monday, July 24th.

There are events in social life
With which our memories would not part;
And acts occur in business strife,
That fondly cling around the heart.

But how much more when friendship beams,
And favors lavishly bestows;
Surpassing all the fondest dreams
That fond ambition ever knows.

And such have been our joys to-day,
Which, as the seasons onward roll,
Will ever in the memory stay,
And when recalled delight the soul.

The outbursts of expressions kind,
Warm from the heart and freely given;
The breathings of a trusting mind,
Which looks beyond the earth to heaven.

And such can never fail to be
The recollections that will spring,
Of her whose worth and purity
Shall memory with her treasures bring.

The scenes, the day, the friends we met,
The hours that like a vision passed,
Our gratitude can ne'er forget,
But fondly cherish to the last.

We met the Browns,* from New York, there,
The wife the daughter of our friends,
With their sweet Alice loved and fair,
The richest gift that heaven sends.

* All lost in the Arctic.

And a fond couple, rich in years,
On whom old age but lightly sets,
A cheerfulness that life endears,—
Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Metz.

Much taste is in this place displayed;
Millions of francs have here been spent;
And by its wealthy owners made
The choicest on the Continent.

Its grassy lawns and beds of flowers,
Its fountains gushing far and near,
Its grottoes and its shady bowers,
Its sylvan waters sparkling clear;—

This scene of grandeur all was planned
The chateau and what it surrounds,
By the same artist's head and hand
Who made the Grand Trianon grounds.

And what a pleasure 'tis to know
The lady who adorns this scene,
As mistress of the grand chateau,—
The lovely, gentle Cesarine.*

Around her spirit brightly glow
The flame of love, the light of truth,
As I remember years ago—
In all her innocence of youth.

As when I saw her sylph-like form
Ere ten bright summers on her smiled;
With face as lovely, heart as warm,
As ever blest a charming child.

And still unchanged, that gentle heart
Beams through her nature as its sun;
And free from ostentatious art,
Her kindness blesses every one.

* Formerly Miss Cesarine Metz, New York.

'Twill pleasure give when we recall,
As oft in after-life we shall,
The kind reception met from all,
At Charles F. Moulton's " Petit Val."

Wednesday, July 26th.

To-day I went again to see
My young and very charming friend,
Baronne Finot—to learn if she
Would any word to New York send.

The afternoon was then employed
In writing what I've heard and seen;
In opportunities enjoyed
When I to visit her have been.

The fiercest storm I ever knew
This afternoon in fury burst;
Of such there are but very few
In Paris, this one is the first.

The rain descended in a sheet,
And loudly did the thunder break;
A river ran in every street,
And every square became a lake.

The gardens of the Tuileries
Became a deeply flooded land;
The flowers and fences, shrubs and trees,
Within a lake appeared to stand.

Water from doors which we passed by
The busy sweepers could not keep;
For over sidewalks it was high,
And in some places two feet deep.

We were afraid we should be late,
For out of doors we could not go;
But we were punctual at eight,
Five minutes after left depot.

We had a car both large and fine,
No better could our hearts desire;
And all the way, upon this line,
We had ourselves one car entire.

This we contrived throughout to keep,
Securing it by first-class fares;
And, having head-rests, we could sleep
Quite well upon our cushioned chairs.

Thursday, July 27th.

The country, miles beyond Chalon,
Is one extended level plain;
The eye delighted rests upon
Large fertile fields of ripening grain.

The crops all look extremely fair,
And promise an abundant yield;
Both men and women reapers are,
All joyous in the harvest field.

No fence is seen on either hand,
As far around as eye can reach;
No marks are seen upon the land,
To show the boundaries of each.

A joyful sight we all have had,
Along the road this pleasant morn;
For often are our hearts made glad
By waving fields of Indian corn.

But when compared with ours 'tis small,
And sowed broadcast, or else in drills;
Its yield will not compare at all
With our own mode of rows and hills.

Its proper culture is unknown,
Or not distinctly understood;
But well I know it might be grown,
So that its products would be good.

The soil is here extremely fine,
And every foot of ground is tilled ;
Field after field along the line
With finest growth of grapes is filled.

But that to which we can not yield,
And what our nature proudly scorns,
Are women working in the field,
And oxen pulling by their horns.

Cradles and reapers are not known,
Which here in labor would be gain :
The sickle here is used alone,
In harvesting all kinds of grain.

The scene that most with pleasure fills
The mind, which here the traveler sees,
Is grove and vineyard on the hills,
And avenues of stately trees.

The road to Lyons is a scene
Of grandeur. Hills on either side ;—
The gently flowing Rhone between
Can scarce the beetling steeps divide.

Villas adorn their rugged sites,
Extremely picturesque and chaste ;
By terracing these rocky heights,
Displaying beauty, art, and taste.

Seats are all taken, and we lose
In Lyons more than one whole day ;
As we for posting do not choose
Eight hundred francs for seats to pay.

We spend the day in various ways :—
Two bridges we have been upon ;
Surveyed the public squares and quays,
And the cathedral of St. John.

This is the largest we have seen
  Since we commenced our present tour;
In largest square in France have been,
  The Royal Square—the Place Belcour.

A multitude was gathered there,
  Around a public music-stand,
Attentive to a charming air
  Played by Napoleon's Lyons band.

Friday, July 28th.

We went to-day to see the rooms
  Where finest silks are made;
Among the spindles, reels, and looms,
  Well pleased awhile we stayed.

The richest patterns, flowers of gold,
  The artists here display;
And yet their wages, we are told,
  Are scarce three francs a day.

We found a recess in a rock,
  And saw a statue there,
Of largest size, cut from a block
  Of marble,—John Flebert.

A tribute to this noble man
  Who moved a hill of stone,
And first conceived the mighty plan—
  A channel for the Soane.

And thence we went to Mont Fourvier,
  From which we can discern,
With atmosphere serene and clear,
  Monts Ardèche and Auvergne.

But with a hazy atmosphere,
  We only faintly saw,
What often perfectly appear,
  Saint Bernard and Mont Blanc.

One scene repays us well alone.
The rushing waters bright;
Where blend the wedded Soane and Rhone,
Now sparkling in our sight.

This is the most extensive scene
We've seen of hills and dales;
And distant mountains drest in green,
With waters, woods, and vales.

There are among these houses high
Three hundred thousand fed;
And forty thousand looms supply
Silk-makers with their bread.

We took within our morning round
The hall of paintings, where
Important gems of art are found,
Both excellent and rare.

Lvons will not forgotten be,
For one most pleasing sight,—
The pretty children here we see
Are objects of delight.

Ladies of gentle mien and voice
Deserve a word of praise;
Ladies of France might well rejoice
If all were Lyonaise.

We leave this city, grand and old,—
Which has much pleasure given
Where richest silks are made and sold,—
By diligence, at Seven.

Saturday, July 29th.

For many miles we travel through
The mountains' high and rocky steeps,
Whereon no verdure ever grew,
Save where the mountain ivy creeps.

By far the most impressive scene,
And always an imposing sight,
Is where a gorge is cut between
Two mountains of surpassing height.

The roads throughout are very fine,
Until we came unto the Pont
At Keisell, where we crossed the line
Into the country of Piedmont.

Where we were stopped and all detained,
Because this is a station called;
And full two tedious hours remained
To have our baggage overhauled.

The houses here no comfort show,
Benches are used instead of chairs:—
The cattle live in rooms below,
The people in the rooms up stairs.

There are some fields here well improved,
But labor is not done with ease;
The implements are far removed
From ours—used by these Piedmontese.

The harvest fields which we pass by
I scan with care time and again;
The women here in work outvie,
And everywhere outnumber men.

The country is extremely fine,
Both hills and valleys rich appear;
Art, taste, and wealth all now combine,
As to Geneva we draw near.

The princely chateaux on each side
Betoken wealth, that here abounds,
And the large means they must provide
To ornament their pleasure-grounds.

Thus passing a delightful day,
We at Geneva safe arrive—
Hotel de l'Ecue, on the quay,—
At a few minutes after five.

And such a scene none can forget,
The lake, the mountains, bridge, and pier,
And much delighted, too, we met
Our nephew, Levi Burridge, here.

We crossed the bridge to hear the bands,
Where, every evening, thousands go ;
And there a work of genius stands,
The statue of Jean Jacques Rousseau,—

Upon an island in the lake,
Enrobed in beauty and alone,
Near where the crystal waters break
Their bounds and form the river Rhone.

Sunday, July 30th.

We consecrate the present day,
As calm and cool as early fall,
To view the grave of Eliza A.
Saint Vincent, near the town of Rolle,

Where I surveyed her lonely tomb,
Beneath the silent cypress shade ;—
One lovely flower I found in bloom,
Near where Eliza's form is laid.

Of her pure loveliness and truth
It is a fit and sweet emblem :—
As broken were her hopes in youth,
Thus do I break it from the stem.

On this plain tomb—the end of strife,
The words of Jesus all may see :—
"I am the way, the truth, the life,
"All come to God who come by me."

These words now dimmed by gathering moss,
With dates of birth and death alone,
Are all, besides a simple cross,
And name engraved upon the stone,—

Which covers now the last remains
Of her to whom I fain would give
This tribute—for her life contains
The sweetest virtues that can live.

Her generous heart and noble mind,
The truths of heaven in love received;
To these the Christian graces joined,
And in their exercise she lived.

Among the poor she's mourned by all,
Because for them she kindly cared;
Her heart was open to their call,
And with them was her living shared.

I tread her bowers with sad delight,
Her gardens and her pleasure-ground;
To Mont La Cote's utmost height,
And gaze upon the scenes around,

On which her eyes have often dwelt
While thoughts afar away would roam,
Thoughts in her inmost spirit felt,
Of friends, of kindred, and of home.

The landscape lying just before;
The lake in its unruffled length;
The Alps which rise above the shore,
In all their grandeur and their strength;

The Simplon's brow, St. Bernard's crest,
Which round them stormy tempests draw;
And towering high above the rest,
The snow-crowned summit of Mont Blanc.

These are the scenes she had in view ;
A home with wealth profusely given,
To which she gladly bade adieu,
And found a brighter home in heaven.

Monday, July 31st.

This morning, at seven, left Hotel L'Ecue,
The hills of Chamouni and snow-peaks to view,
Good horses and carriage, and eight for a load,
A bright sunny morning and beautiful road.

We traverse the mountains o'er bridges and rills;
On banks of clear rivers, o'er well-graded hills,
Along rocky ledges, and hillocks of green,
And down in the valleys, the mountains between ;

The broad flowing Arve, the small gurgling streams,
That flow from the rocks through fissures and seams,
The orchards and vineyards on hill-side and plain,
And hundreds of reapers collecting the grain.

The roads smooth and even are traveled with ease,
And mostly are shaded by forests or trees ;
The dark rocky summits high over us rise,
With peaks sharp and lofty obscuring the skies.

And oft, on our journey, as upward we go,
We see in the distance the mountains of snow ;
The streamlets are gushing from high rocky heads,
And running beneath us o'er clean pebbly beds.

The Arve is seen flowing through rich rural scenes;
The music of brooklets comes down the ravines ;
The region is fertile with harvests of grain,
And spreads out before us a beautiful plain.

The swift rolling Arve now a wild dashing flood,
O'er ragged rocks tumbling adown from the wood,
In billowing tumult no words can declare,
For nothing in nature can with it compare.

To those who have seen, these wonders are known;
For beauty and grandeur they stand quite alone;
And travelers hither, who love the sublime,
May learn how antique are the annals of time.

The brow of Saint Jervais in snowy white wreath,
The sweet smiling valley of verdure beneath,
The chateaux of Passy, the wild wooded shade,
And wide desolation by avalanche made,

Are scenes vast in grandeur and nowhere surpassed,
Where memory will cling, and cling to the last—
The rise of the mountain, the milk-white cascade,
And the valley of pebbles—once lake Du Chede.

All plain to our vision, as nearer we draw
To that glory of nature—majestic Mont Blanc,
Through the valley of Servoss, a beautiful plain,
Embosomed by hills in a wild rugged chain.

Here once, in past ages, a village reposed,
By snow-covered mountains completely inclosed;
A convent where friars their vigils had kept;
The whole by a merciless avalanche swept.

One relic alone its locality tells,—
A church with a steeple containing four bells,
All which are now chiming notes merry and wild,
To publish the fortunate birth of a child.

We here see a chamois the hunters have caught
Adown from the mountains triumphantly brought;
And now, rising o'er us, we see on each side
High steeps round a valley a few acres wide.

The shades of the evening beginning to fall,
The loud mountain echo responds to each call;
The night overtakes us as upward we go,
And our light is reflected from mountains of snow.

And here we are told, twenty persons or more
That morning had started and gone on before,
One night at the Challet intending to stop,
And mount the next day to the uttermost top.

On reaching a bluff we descried very soon
The heart-cheering light of the beautiful moon;
And riding two hours near to Chamouni draw,
And find ourselves safe at the foot of Mont Blanc.

Tuesday, August 1st.

Just fourteen in number we left the hotel,
And all in true courage resolved to excel;
So, taking our places according to rule,
We each took a seat on the back of a mule.

Such windings and turnings as upward we go,
The snow-peaks above us, the glaciers below,
The rough stony passes along the hill-sides,
Deep yawning caverns, and steep mountain slides,—

So frightfully narrow that mules on the ledge
Lean to the mountain while treading the edge,
And fearfully trembling each eye seemed to rise
From caverns below to the clouds in the skies.

The fast-flowing Arve we see at its source,
In dashing cascades flowing on in its course,—
Its gray waters foaming along the hill-side,
Till down in the valley they quietly glide.

And after thus reaching the road's highest pass,
With guides we descend on the clear Mer-de-glace,
Resembling a billowy ocean in form,
Whose billows were frozen when lashed by a storm.

Its hills and its hollows we plainly can see,
Like crests of the waves and troughs of the sea;
The tread on its surface resembles our sleet;
The depth of one fissure was three hundred feet.

By the hand of a guide we were cautiously led
To the top of a billow, with trembling and dread;
For the slightest digression would end in a fall,—
The chance of regaining our place would be small.

Aware of our danger, we promptly propose
That we should no longer our safety expose;
We therefore ascend to the Challet once more,
Our steep rocky path to again travel o'er.

Our feelings to-day have received quite a shock,—
A poor chamois hunter had slipped from a rock;
Our guides, who in climbing the mountains are skilled,
Recovered the man badly bruised, but not killed.

No accident happened to us on the way,
And back to the valley we came the same day;
Fatigued, but delighted with all we have seen,
A day more exciting there scarce could have been.

Wednesday, August 2nd.

The party of twenty this morning we saw
Climbing the steeps through the snows of Mont Blanc;
So clear and distinct was the view to our sight,
That in two hours more they would be at the height.

Our carriages ready, though threatened with rain,
We gladly set out for Geneva again;
And passing the Bossons we had a fine sight
Of the glacier we lately had seen by moonlight.

One glacier resembles, in form very nice,
Niagara frozen in columns of ice;
A feature of striking resemblance is seen,
A rock like Goat Island projecting between.

The pure mountain air with delight we inhale,
The clouds float around us, the sport of the gale;
The rain-drops exhibit their prismatic bow,
And the sunbeams have set all the mountains aglow.

With loud peals of thunder, for nearly two hours
The rain has been falling in plentiful showers;
The streams overflow which we met on our way,
And the rills of last evening are torrents to-day.

The morning was cloudy, and gloomy, and chill,
Until we had dined at the town of Bonville;
And then, the rain ceasing, the clouds vanished soon,
Which left for our journey a fine afternoon.

One end of a rainbow, resplendently bright,
Now rests on a mountain delighting our sight;
With colors more vivid than fancy can frame,
The whole now appearing a mountain of flame.

Of all the disclosures of nature or art
Which pleases the eye and rejoices the heart,
The brilliance and beauty of this, 'tis confest,
By all who have seen it, surpasses the rest.

A country more charming for picturesque scenes,
Of high, hoary mountains and wooded ravines,
For rich cultivation and crops on the ground,
We nowhere in travels have hitherto found.

On reaching Geneva, delighted we take
Our rooms at Du Bergue, looking down on the lake,
And though to Mont Blanc we may never go more,
May memory its glories full often restore.

Thursday, August 3d.

This beautiful morning a visit we made,
To see where the body of Calvin was laid;
A square piece of marble designates the bed,
With J. C. initials, in gold, at the head.

Without some inquiry, no person would know
Whose body had crumbled to ashes below;
And here, in Geneva, of science the pride,
The glory of England, the great Davy*, died.

* Sir Humphrey Davy.

The name, which will ever to science be dear,
Is graved on the tomb of its votary here ;
Where friends of his country, as well as his foes,
Shall honor the spot where his ashes repose.

And now, loved Geneva, we bid you farewell,
The place, of all Europe, in which I would dwell ;
If seeking a home on the face of the earth,
I ever should quit the proud land of my birth.

The crystal streams flowing from mountain and brake,
The Alps overhanging thy pure mirrored lake,
Will cling to my memory while pulses shall beat,
Or reason unshattered remain in its seat.

The fine cultivation the people provide
From terrace to terrace on each mountain side,
Still clad in the freshness of spring's richest green,
Surpasses in beauty all yet we have seen.

We rode with dear Levi the city around,
Admiring the beautiful scenes that abound ;
And then, on the steamer, by name William Tell,
With hearts full of sorrow, we bade him farewell.

The last words he uttered, with quiv'ring lip given,
"My friend you have been, may we meet in heaven."
Of a heart that is warmer no one is possessed,
And may he, in blessing, forever be blest!

Now parting the waters unruffled and clear,
We come to a villa to memory dear ;
The home of Eliza upon the hill-side,
Where she had lived, and at length where she died.

The pavilion and challet, with groves in the rear,
High on Mont Lacoté, before us appear ;
The little church steeple mid branches that wave,
And tall trees that scatter their leaves on her grave.

In the boat's rapid progress they fade from our view,
At length they are gone, and I bid them adieu;
But memory will often revisit the scene,
And lingering stay where her presence has been.

The Castle of Chillon before us now lies,
And high peaks above it in grandeur arise;
The Tooth of the Midi, and white peaks in row,
Forever are covered with ice and with snow.

All these in the water unruffled and clear,
As if in a mirror, reflected appear;
Their richness and beauty no words have expressed;
Their wildness and grandeur exceed all the rest.

Around the old castle we lingered awhile,
And traversed its caverns,—a dark, gloomy pile;
We entered its dungeons, its vaults, and its cells,
And thought of the horror its history tells.

One ring in a column all rusted remains,
To which once were fastened its inmates with chains;
And here in the rock, too, the footprints remain
By naked feet worn, at the end of the chain.

The ring and the staple are there still retained,
Where the good Bonivard* was six years enchained,
For bravely defending the rights which belong
To the people he loved, from oppression and wrong.

In the same massive pillar, which ages may stand,
Is the name of Lord Byron, cut by his own hand;
And near it is one which we honor and know,
The loved and the loving humane Beecher Stowe.

The rack and the gibbet are seen as they were:—
The pillar of torture and hangings are there;
Where limbs crushed and broken, flesh mangled and torn,—
The passage through which the expiring were borne.

* Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon."

The shrine of the Virgin just over the slide ;
The trap that would open sufficiently wide
To gather the kneelers, from which they would fall
On knives, spikes, and edges, o'er which they must crawl—

To a passage that offered to them no retreat,
But the depth of the lake, which is eight hundred feet
And in its recesses there still may be found
The bones of the victims thus mangled and drowned.

From scenes of past horrors, our courteous guide
Next led to the mansion upon the hill-side—
The Hotel of Byron, in distance one mile
From the castle, all furnished in sumptuous style.

For quiet enjoyment, for pleasure or rest,
Of all we have seen this hotel is the best ;
At the base of the mountain, its walks are all laid
On the lake's pebbly margin, enveloped in shade.

Rooms airy and spacious, well furnished, and clean ;
Alps rising before us in grandeur are seen ;
With villas and hamlets, and picturesque ground,
A scene more inviting can rarely be found.

The host of the mansion no luxury spares
To render it worthy the title it bears ;
Like Byron's wide fame, shall this scenery last,
In wildness and beauty alike unsurpassed.

Friday, August 4th.

A lovelier morning I never knew break,
Not a ripple is seen on the face of the lake ;
So again to the castle we went to renew
Its wonderful scenes ere we bade them adieu.

No traces of memory e'er longer will stay,
Arrayed in delight, than the scenes of to-day ;
Their richness and beauty are greatly increased
As the sun o'er the Alps rises up in the east,

And tinges the landscape with silver and gold,
In brilliance and splendor that can not be told.
Our road has been pleasant the whole of the way,
Since we left Villeneuve and the town of Vevay.

Long turns in the mountains our journey must take
Ere a farewell we bid to the beautiful lake,
Through a country abounding in hill and in plain,
With flocks and herds grazing, and rich fields of grain.

And hundreds of reapers, whilst with them are seen
Little children with baskets the grain-heads to glean;
The woodlands and forests to-day, for long miles,
Remind me of scenes in my own native wilds.

The lofty Green Mountains must be through all time
The loved Switzerland of America's clime;
The home of my childhood, how dear does it seem,
Each hill-top and valley, each mountain and stream!

The clear flowing brooks, in the valleys that glide,
The pure gushing springs from the rocky hill-side,
In memory wakens some pleasures of mine,
When barefoot I wandered with fish-hook and line.

At Bulle we took dinner, and started again;
Reached the catholic city of Freyburg at ten;—
Our hotel is cheerless—we find little rest,
The poorest we've found, tho' in Freyburg the best.

Saturday, August 5th.

The Cathedral of Freyburg, its rocks and ravine—
Its two lofty bridges that span the Sarine,
Its once mighty towers of grandeur bereft,—
The Jesuit school now deserted and left,

Give evidence stronger than men can gainsay
Of a populous town going down to decay;
The hotel, though reckoned the best that is kept,
Is the poorest in which we have eaten or slept,

The Catholic College—where hundreds were brought
From ev'ry far country each year to be taught
The doctrine esteemed by the people as fraud,—
Both teachers and pupils are scattered abroad.

But one thing they have, as all Europe must own,
An organ unrivaled in compass and tone;
Its notes are as sweet as the Æolian Lyre,
Its rich combinations a musical choir:—

The rain's gentle patter, the mild evening breeze,
As heard when it rustles the leaves of the trees;
The drums' noisy rattle it loudly performs;
The roaring of cannon, and howling of storms;

The rush of a torrent, the jet of a fountain;
The thunder that echoes from mountain to mountain;
With the scream of the eagle its notes will compare,
And the voice of the lion that roars in his lair.

From this firm conclusion I can not depart,
The organ of Freyburg's the triumph of art;
The bust of great Mosser, the builder, is there,
With finely formed head, in proportions all fair;

The organs of music are massive and full,
With brain that would fill a Websterian skull;
The organist, too, is a man of great skill,
Or else his great task he could never fulfill.

I give you his name, as I certainly ought,
Musician of Freyburg Cathedral, Jacque Voght;
To hear this grand organ we four hours remained,
But the time was repaid in the pleasure we gained.

Saw a Cit of New York, with three daughters, there,
But whose freezing hauteur does not well compare
With our New York ladies we've met here of late,
Who have all things to love, but nothing to hate.

At twelve we left Freyburg, still journeying through
A country with scenery delightful and new ;
The soil is much richer than where we have been,
And grain more abundant than any we've seen.

An unpleasant feature, wherever we range,
And one to us all very painful and strange,
Are beggars and rags which near Freyburg abound,
Except in Savoy, the most we have found.

Disease in all forms here the traveler assails,
And in all the cantons where priestcraft prevails,
On the roads, in the fields, and in mountain or glen,
They work cows and women, as we oxen and men.

But the country is lovely, wherever we turn,
And the views full of charms, round the city of Berne ;
Where awhile with delight we protracted our stay,
For the pleasure of calling on Theodore Fay,—

Our minister there, and a man of great worth ;
As trusty a friend as I've known on the earth ;
Then, leaving Berne City, we came to the Aar,
A swift-flowing stream from the mountains afar.

Whose waters are used, as they come from the hills,
Along the rich margin, for turning the mills ;
Illumed on our way by the light of the moon,
At ten we arrived at the village of Thoune.

Sunday, August 6th.

A lovelier mansion can rarely be found
Than the Hotel Bellevue, with its beautiful ground ;
A spot most delightful, to spend the Lord's day,
Where the beauties of nature dispose us to pray,

And offer our thanks to the Ruler above,
Who blesses us all with the gifts of his love ;
And comes to our hearts in a mercy serene,
To shield us from dangers both seen and unseen.

We here found a chapel enveloped in shade,
Where offerings and prayers are wont to be made;
And the rich and the poor their Saviour may meet,
And humbly submissive bow down at his feet,—

And give unto him, with the incense of love,
The thanks which are due to our Father above;
And happily thus the Lord's day we employ,
Mid scenes which remembrance will cherish with joy.

Monday, August 7th.

Delightful it is, in a far-distant land,
To see a loved face, or to press a warm hand,
Of one we have tenderly cherished for years,
For virtues which mem'ry records and endears.

The joy has been mine a few moments to spend,
With one who is cherished by many a friend;
With a heart just as warm and gentle, as when
I first knew, in childhood, sweet Caroline N.*

And still other pleasures our footsteps await,
In meeting T. Ludlow and D. Henry Haight,
Whose warm-hearted welcome, so far from our home,
Their memories will endear wheresoever we roam.

Our dear Mrs. Evans and Mary, to-day,
Both feel inclination to quietly stay
At home, having traveled in distance a length
Entirely too great for their health and their strength.

It being quite stormy, with cold and with rain,
It is better for all that at home we remain;
So in this grand mansion, the cleanest and best
We find on our journey, we welcome a rest.

We have the good fortune acquaintance to make
With good Doctor Birney, of London, who'll take
Them both under treatment, and plainly can see
That early to-morrow they better will be.

* Miss Nevius, New York.

Tuesday, August 8th.

This morning from Thoune, at eleven, we started;
From a place so delightful, reluctantly parted;
We saw the lake's ripple while threading the valley,
And many a neat little hamlet and challet.

The lake's glassy surface the sun's rays are flashing;
And torrents adown the rude mountain are dashing;
The road that we follow is pleasant and cheerful,
Though rocks overhanging are savage and fearful.

Though steep after steep o'er each other is rising,
Attaining a height altogether surprising,
The ardor and zeal of our party don't slacken,
Till we come to the valley of sweet Interlaken.

Thy scenes, Interlaken, thy clear flowing fountains,
Thy high towering cliffs, thy green, lofty mountains,
Surpass in their beauty the richest and rarest,—
Of Chamouni Valley the proudest and fairest!

The emerald verdure on highest peaks growing;
The river Le Noir from Grindelwald flowing;
In streams from the mountain, bright colors blending,
And a rainbow appears on the water descending.

The mountain before us, with sun-glory shining,
The great Vetterhorn, with cloud-wreathes entwining
Above and below, as the vapor is hoary,
The sunlight appears in magnificent glory.

As evening approaches, we hear from the challets
The great alpine horn, as it rings through the valleys;
From vapors above the mist-drops are sprinkling;
And bells of the flocks all around us are tinkling.

Thy vale, Grindelwald, in beauty exceeding;
Thy fields covered o'er with flocks and herds feeding,
With taste, art, and industry quietly blending,
Have an air of contentment all others transcending.

GLACIERS AT GRINDELWALD.

Wednesday, August 9th.

This morning at five, ere the bright sun arose,
We walked to the glacier from which Le Noir flows,
And entered its caverns,—like fine spacious halls,
With roofs sprung in arches, and clear crystal walls.

Some fissures which here on this glacier we meet
Descend to the depth of full ten hundred feet;
And during last night new ice froze so thick,
It cracked at the touch of my new Alpine stick.

The Jungfrau, Mönch, Eigher, Schreck, and Vetterhorn,
Appear in their glory on this cloudless morn;
Went to Interlaken, the old village, where
We took a small boat to go up river L'Aar.

The charms of the scenes will, in full, recompense
A sail through the beautiful lake of Brientz;
We left the old town and its curious made wares,
And went up the mountain in saddles and chairs.

Some passes were narrow, so frightfully so,
That the head became dizzy in looking below;
Mount Brunig we scaled to its uttermost height,
Where, seeking for rest, we resolved to alight.

And while we were waiting, more travelers arrive:—
Dr. Watts* and his comrades, a party of five;
But a brief salutation was all we could say,
For down the descent we were soon on our way.

We discern from this summit the snow that supplies,
And the gorge from which issues the Aar at its rise;
Descending the mountain on horses and chairs
Resembles the going down stone steps and stairs.

Left Lungern at six on a fine carriage track,
Through the valley of Sarnen, and town of Alpnack,
And a more level ride, or more beautiful ground,
In all our excursions we nowhere have found.

* Dr. Robert Watts, New York.

Thursday, August 10th.

This morning we chartered a small boat with oars,
And two girls as "oarsmen," both very fine rowers;
Each one with her comrade in rowing took turn,
And went in four hours thro' the Lake of Lucerne,—

To the beautiful city from which we can take
A view of the mountains surrounding the lake;
Which, by far, is the finest that yet we have seen,
Embosomed by villas and mountains of green.

With scenes ever changing from sunlight to shade,
With crystalline rivers from mountain streams made;
With grand waving forests and gulfy ravines,
Uniting to form the most exquisite scenes.

And those which in grandeur all others excel,
Are around the old home of brave William Tell;
In the midst of these mountains majestic and green,
On the site of his cottage a chapel's now seen.

The visits of thousands still add to its fame,
Of those who still honor and cherish his name;
Whose breasts with emotions of rapture are filled,
As they visit the fields which his labor has tilled.

It was here that the people with terror and dread,
Saw the dart split the apple upon his son's head;
The rock, too, is shown from which issued the dart
That crimsoned its feather in Gesler's hard heart!

Though cursed by posterity Gesler must be,
The arrow that slew him set Switzerland free;
'Twas here in these waters, in generous strife,
To save a young infant, that Tell lost his life.

Of the sights of the city, their beauty and cost,
In the grandeur of nature, their value is lost;
But one I would name which the traveler retards,
The monument made to the valiant Swiss Guards,

Who, in ninety-two, were so basely cut down.
While nobly defending their king and his crown ;
An event which is past, seventy-two years this morn,
Designed by Thorwaldsen, and carved by Ahorn,—

A magnificent lion, from one entire block,
Exquisitely carved in the side of a rock ;
Is pierced by a spear sticking fast in his side,
His eyes partly closed, but his mouth open wide.

In agony lying, the victim of death,
In this dying posture, and panting for breath ;
From Bourbon's bright shield he's loath to withdraw,
With the famed Fleur de Lis lying under his paw.

A tribute of valor the noble Swiss raised,
Which all who have seen it have properly praised ;
The officers' names every visitor sees,
Who fell in defending the famed Tuileries.

We find ourselves here much delighted to see
Some friends from New York, who happen to be
At the Hotel des Suisse, where is excellent fare ;
Ogden Haggerty, lady, and daughters are there.

A lovlier lady nowhere do we find,
In person and manner, in feeling and mind ;
The daughters distinguished for beauty and truth,
Possess all the sweetness of innocent youth.

A country more lovely there nowhere can be,
Than the hills and the dales of the Lake of Sursee ;
Not a foot of waste land on the road have we seen,
And the landscape is clothed in midsummer green.

On the side of the hill the road has been laid,
As smooth and as level as road can be made ;
Not far from Lucerne we passed on the way,
C. A. Davis, lady, and daughter, to-day.

We reached Zoffingen in the midst of a storm,
All snug in a carriage convenient and warm ;
And happy were we from our seats to withdraw,
Within the wide gate of the good Cheval Blanc.

Friday, August 11th.

We started at seven. In parlor or hall,
By A. was forgotten, a small delaine shawl.
The fortress of Aarbourg we passed on a rock
When eight was the hour, as we read on its clock.

This fort is the largest in all Switzerland ;
Cut out from a rock, it forever must stand ;
We saw, too, a building of very large size,
Which the country around with cotton supplies.

We went up the mountains on foot,—the strong ones,
Through clefts in the rocks, where the only path runs ;
But within a few years, by blasting and piles
Of rocks, a new roadway is made through for miles.

On which heavy loads, with teams are now found,
Ascending the mountains by winding around,
Through passes so narrow and ledges so steep,
That mountains of bowlders now fill up the deep.

The roads cross at Alton, a town on the Aar,
To Lucerne and Basle, Zurich and Soleure ;—
Our journey to-day is exceedingly fine,
A beautiful ride on the banks of the Rhine.

Of all the Swiss mountains majestic and grand,
Mont Blanc in its glory forever must stand ;
Of all the rich valleys from Basle back to Berne,
The richest and widest is that of Lucerne.

At Basle the tumultuous Rhine may be seen
On its course to the sea in its garment of green ;—
Its current so strong, and so rapid its flow;
That boats are compelled to drop anchor below.

And here, after dinner, we took cars again
For Strasbourg, arriving precisely at ten ;—
A city well known for its elegant taste,
And where upon art highest value is placed.

Saturday, August 12th.

This morning, at sunrise, we traveled to see
A church, which is thought by all Europe to be
As fine a production, as grand and as chaste
As ever was fashioned by genius and taste.

Its nave is much longer, is wider and higher,
Than any in France, with a loftier spire,—
The Pillar from Egypt below it far falls,
And 'tis seventy feet higher than that of St. Pauls'.

To Strasbourg's grand organ, for richness of sound
And beautiful finish, no equal is found ;
Its clock is esteemed, as mechanics all own,
A work as surprising as ever was known.

The times are all struck by automaton powers,
Small boys strike the quarters, and old men the hours;
Thus hours when completed prefigure life's span,
And symbolize plainly the stages of man.

A figure whose beauty no art can surpass,
The end of each quarter turns o'er the hour-glass ;
The course of the seasons, the midnight and noon,
Equation of time and the changes of moon,—

Are all represented in matchless display,
With planets that trace their aerial way ;
With precision that science alone could control,
Not even surpassed by the planets that roll ;

A cock on a pillar three times crows aloud,
And thrice claps his wings to the listening crowd,
When all the apostles successive appear,
And bow to the Saviour whose image is near.

The great Guttemberg,* inventor in part,
Of single type printing, who practiced the art,
Has here a great statue, with emblems entwined,
As proofs of the blessing he gave to mankind.

The Protestant Church, for his brave valiant acts,
A monument raised to the great Marshal Saxe ;
A tomb is presented with figures before,
And death, slightly vailed, appears near the door.

The Marshal advances, but one who would save
Is striving to hinder his march to the grave ;
'Tis the genius of France, who, for services done,
Would shield from the fiend her immortalized son.

Embalmed in a coffin with white satin lined,
His heart in an urn, Marshal Saxe is enshrined.
Among valued treasures this tomb is not lost,
For twenty-five years of hard labor it cost.

The famous Pigalle† established a name
By giving his life to the old Marshal's fame ;
While in the same church, in another small room,
Are two embalmed figures removed from a tomb.

The Count of Nassau and his daughter are seen,
The one aged fifty, the other fourteen ;
The dresses and jewels are perfect to-day
As when they were buried a century away.

The rings with their pearls, on the fingers remain ;
The gold without tarnish, the pearls without stain ;
The bodies their forms and their fullness retain,
Though one hundred years entombed they have lain.

From the cars, at eleven, on a beautiful plain
Saw large herds of cattle and fine fields of grain ;
As a country for farming, with meadows of green,
For flocks and for herds, 'tis the best we have seen.

* Printer of the first known printed book, 1445.
† Celebrated sculptor, who designed and made the tomb.

Arrived at a Café, confronting me stood
Mrs. Rogers, the daughter of friend Silas Wood,
Who now is returning to rest for awhile,
From the waters of Jordan and banks of the Nile.

The distance from Strasbourg to Paris may be,
When measured by hours, about three times three.
A country more beautiful as we advance,
We nowhere have seen in our journey thro' France.

The cars were as roomy, as easy, and clean
As any we ever have anywhere seen;
At eight we alighted, two miles from Vendome,
And one hour after found our Anna at home.

Sunday, August 13th.

At the chapel we learned Rylance was away,
But might be expected the coming Lord's day;
Besides a fine sermon, we heard a good prayer,
Saw Mrs. McCurdy and daughter both there.

The preacher, a scholar as needs must appear,
Had come from New England to preach for us here;
Thus go where it happens, this busy world o'er,
You will find that a Yankee has gone there before.

In Lapland, you find him a hunter of deer;
In Persia and Egypt a Mussulman seer;
In China a rebel, though loyal at home,
A merchant in London—an artist in Rome.

They say he has been on Chepultepec's height,
And seen in Peru the zodiacal light;
In northern Pacific he chases the whale,
And fills the whole world with his notions for sale.

This is the true Yankee who conquered, they say,
The roaming red savage, and drove him away;
And having on hand then but little to do,
He fought the proud lion and conquered him too.

'Twas then he enlisted as Africa's friend,—
The slave-trade he brought to a definite end ;
His foes he will scatter by land and by sea,
Resolved that his country shall ever be free.

Monday, August 14th.

The triumphal arch on the Champs Elysee,
By steps for the purpose, we mounted to-day,
And then had a prospect most gorgeous and fine,
Of three miles of soldiers, all troops of the line.

We these in one body surveyed at a glance,
Sixty thousand picked men of the army of France,
Napoleon's guard, his reliance for power,
Whose summons could call to his aid in an hour.

The object of calling together so great
A body of soldiers, is Napoleon's Fete,
To take place to-morrow, intended, they say,
To be in its grandeur a brilliant display.

The heavy artillery, with well-burnished guns,
Appears at a distance like so many suns ;
The cavalry troops in new dresses appear,
Each man with a helmet, a breastplate, and spear.

Imperial dragoons are assembled again,
Emblazoned with armor, both horses and men,
As when in his glory their brilliancy burst
On the world, when commanded by Napoleon First.

Immense preparations are carefully made,—
The festoons and garlands are widely displayed,
Suspended from ceilings in parlors and halls,
Attached to the trees, and adorning the walls.

From pillars and columns "etages et rues,"
Bright lamps are suspended of beautiful hues ;
Of men thirty thousand engaged for the night,
Who, three million lamps must in ten minutes light.

Ascending this pillar—high, chilly, and dark,
We found our companions at sea, Misses Clark,
And lovelier persons we nowhere have met,
Whose social attractions we ne'er shall forget.

Tuesday, August 15th.

The firing of cannon begin the day's deeds,—
One hundred and one from the old Invalides;
The weather propitious displays not a cloud
To mar the enjoyment that gladdens the crowd.

The "Champs de Mars" plain is a battle-field made,
The siege of Silistria will there be displayed;
The army advances and form the breastworks,
In front of the fortress possessed by the Turks,—

And making an effort the barriers to cross,
Are all driven back with a terrible loss;
They rally again to another attack,
Again by the Turks they are all driven back.

The Russians retire mid fearful alarms,
And soon are compelled to surrender their arms;
The roar of the cannon resounding afar,
Is the pomp and the pride of inglorious war.

The whole is conducted by well-settled rules
Of killing now taught in Napoleon's schools;
We saw the whole process, attack and defeat,
A battle begun, a pursuit and retreat.

The dead and the wounded removed from the field,
One army victorious, and one forced to yield;
The brave Mussa Pacha expressing his love
And thanks to the Ruler of armies above,—

For gracious protection and prowess sustained,
For freedom established and victory gained;
While thus at devotion the Mussulman fell,
A victim of death by the burst of a shell.

His wife and his children were soon at his side,
All fondly embracing the chief as he died;
Thus ended the siege where so long we had been,
In waiting to witness a sham battle scene.

Without the ambition again to repeat
Attendance on troops in success or defeat;
One sight was amusing, the crowd gathered round,
Full three hundred thousand were then on the ground.

The city is sought for the sights it affords,
On every corner were horsemen with swords;
Near where we were standing a splendid balloon
Went up with three ladies this same afternoon.

Symbolical dresses the pageant enhance,
Descriptive of England, and Turkey, and France;
The boats on the water, the stairs and footways,
Are covered with lamps, which are now in a blaze.

At church and cathedral, in palace and hall,
In galleries of pictures, rope-dancing and ball;
From hundreds of thousands we hear not a word,
And naught but the tramping of footsteps is heard.

The cause is worth knowing what magical skill,
Keeps full half a million so quiet and still;
With all Paris moving, I hear not all day,
The din that confuses one hour in Broadway.

The Place de la Concorde, through all its arcades,
Is brilliant with colors of exquisite shades;
Fine models of sculpture in arcades are seen,
With large Grecian vases, and flowers between.

The fountains of water at Ronde Point are stayed,
And over its circle a hemisphere made;
With golden stars studded, the work of men's hands,
And on its blue summit a spread eagle stands.

This beautiful structure was fair to the sight,
Where all colors mingled in one blaze of light;
Immense chandeliers of a hundred lights each
On wreaths were suspended where vision could reach.

Along the Elysee through which we all pass,
With side decorations and globes of rich glass;
Surrounded by wreaths and by fanciful curls,
As brilliant as diamonds, and whiter than pearls.

The fountains are covered with lamps in glass balls,
Which shine through the water that over them falls;
In each crystal fountain, as streams gush and flow,
Are the colors that blend in the bright solar bow.

Some lamps representing large ships of the line,
Whilst others like sapphires and emeralds shine;
Carnelian and topaz in spheroids and cones,
Like millions of billions of bright precious stones.

Of fireworks so gorgeous no words can declare
The magical splendor, the dazzle and glare;
At the Hotel de Ville many flags are unfurled,
The banners of nations through all the wide world.

All these decorations remain through the night,
One grand blaze of glory, one halo of light;
These yearly amusements, though costly they be,
The Emperor gives to the populace free.

Wednesday, August 23d.

To-day heard the reading, while sitting again,
Of Ritchie's* own life, from her own racy pen;
A life more eventful we scarcely can meet,
With interest more full, and with beauty replete.

Had an afternoon ride in the Bois de Boulogne,
With Evans and lady, the rest being gone;
And all, in the evening, an hour went to stay,
To see Palais Royal's most brilliant display.

* Mrs. Anna Mowat Ritchie.

HEALY'S STUDIO—LOUVRE.

Thursday, August 24th.

We visit, in his studio,
A very genial man;
Such as we always love to meet,
But very rarely can.

In him appear no glaring faults,
For any one to find;
Worth, wit, and genius, virtues rare,
In Healy are combined.

We had the pleasure there to see
Likenesses which none surpass,
Of Hawthorn, Piatt, Ashburton,
Of Mason, Ogden, Cass.

Of Everett and of Peabody,
Whose names our land adorn;
Of Mary,* elegant and fair,
Daughter of Colonel Thorn.

And there was one of graceful mien,
Most beautiful indeed;
A lovely girl from Britain's Isle,
The elegant Miss Sneyd.

There's something charming in the art
That all but life can give;
Thus faces loved, from age to age,
In all but life do live.

Saturday, August 26th.

Two happy hours I spend to-day,
At Louvre, in one room,
Where first and last the Saviour lay,
In manger and in tomb.

* Lady of Honor to Empress Eugenie.

Within a stall in Bethlehem,
  Mary with upraised eyes;
Stands by a little bed of straw,
  On which the infant lies.

A lamb is lying at his feet,
  An ox is near his head,
As wise men from the East approach,
  The Saviour's manger bed.

They gaze in wonder on the sight
  Presented to them there;
But Mary is the only one
  In attitude of prayer.

At Cana's feast the Saviour's seen,
  And proves his power divine,
When from the pots the water's poured
  Which he has changed to wine.

And his command is there obeyed—
  "Draw now therefrom and bear
Unto the ruler of the feast,"
  Who called the Bridegroom there,

And said, that every man doth set,
  At beginning of repast,
The wine that's best; but thou hast kept
  The good wine till the last.

But oh, the scenes that follow soon,
  When earth bemoan's her loss;
And vails her face in ten-fold night,
  As He hangs on the cross!

Ah! who can gaze upon the scene,
  The Cross and the Descent;
And feel no rending at the sight
  Which rocks and mountains rent!

Here is the garden Sepulchre,
The Tomb by Joseph made;
Hewn in a rock, the Christ is seen,
In linen shroud arrayed.

Called with our Consul here, McRae,
Eugene Warburg to see;
A colored artist having skill
Of very high degree.

One modeled bust and plaster form,
The two extremely fine;
The head from nature, but the cast
Was wholly his design.

All executed with the skill
Of those who highest stand;
A credit to the realm of art,
And to his native land.

A pleasant party we have had,
And all American;
Shermans and Lymans from New York,
Ogden from Michigan,

With Evans, Taylor, Hewitt, Bond,
Who merit highest praise;
And other two we value much,
Miss Sterling and Miss Hays.

Monday, August 28th.

Our friends, the Shermans and Miss Hays,
Who spent with us some pleasant days,
This morning all left town;
But one came in whose virtues shall
Long be the charm of Petit Val,
With daughter, Mrs. Brown.

Bringing from richly shaded bowers,
Her own sweet emblems, nature's flowers,
To place in Mary's hand ;
Where'er such cherished friends we meet,
Our memory of them will be sweet
In our own native land.

Another called, in whom we find
A richly cultivated mind,
Teacher of heavenly truth ;
And may that truth his heart engage,
Till he has gained through ripened age,
In heaven immortal youth.

A teacher I have rarely found,
Whose views of Scripture are so sound,
And so with truth accord ;
By firm conviction he is brought,
And by the Spirit's word is taught
To follow Christ our Lord.

And thus may Rylance ever be
A teacher, in simplicity,
To find the narrow road ;
Beholding still before his eyes
The Gospel sent to make us wise,
And lead our hearts to God.

Tuesday, August 29th.

To-day I sat an hour or two,
To see what Healy's art can do
From such a face as mine ;
And Mrs. Moulton there I met,
Who also would a portrait get
At his artistic shrine.

Of such a fine, expressive face,
Replete with tenderness and grace,
And beauty's glowing flame ;
If he, successful in his art,
A truthful likeness shall impart
'Twill much increase his fame.

Our anxious feelings to relieve,
Two welcome letters we receive :—
  From Aunt Lavinia, one,
The other, grateful to our sight,
Which always gives our hearts delight,
  From our beloved son.

Believing we at least may stay
In Europe till the coming May,
  Julia has written home,
That winter clothing may be sent,
As all the winter may be spent.
  In Paris or in Rome.

Wednesday, August 30th.

This evening heard a fine discourse,
  A better scarce could be ;
On "Search the Scriptures, they are they
  "Which testify of me."

These are the words of Him who came
  The lost to seek and save ;
Who when about to leave the earth,
  His last commission gave—

To his apostles : Go and teach
  The wandering and the lost ;
Baptizing in the Father's name,
  And Son, and Holy Ghost.

If men believe and are baptized,
  Salvation comes to them ;
But those refusing to believe,
  The Saviour's words condemn.

Thursday, August 31st.

Healy, one day in every week
  Gives all who wish to come,
To see the pictures he has made,
  The freedom of his room.

RECEPTION DAY AT HEALY'S.

This is the exhibition day,
As all appear to know;
But I can sit at intervals,
Whilst others come and go.

One picture all delight to see,
Which doth his fame advance;
'Tis Franklin, in his Quaker dress
Before the King of France.*

A greater contrast, more complete,
At courts one can not find;
But still a greater one was there
Between the two in mind.

A day of interest it has been
To all who gather here;
For much delighted with the work
The visitors appear.

Our Chargé, Mr. Don Piatt;
The well-known Dr. Swaim;
Ike Marvel of "New York Tribune,"
Are widely known to fame.

Others well known as men of wealth,
Of station, rank, and birth;
Artists and ladies all unite
To honor Healy's worth.

Saturday, September 2d.

There is no place in Paris of which I can learn,
Whither feelings and footsteps so willingly turn,
As they do to the Louvre, whose galleries and halls,
Whose portals and stairways, and ceilings and walls,
Are covered with products of exquisite art,
From which the spectator is loath to depart.

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* Louis Sixteenth.

Of paintings which here so enrapture the sight,
And open new sources of mental delight,
Murillo's Conception of Mary must stand
The grandest production of art in the land.
'Tis seen with a feeling that makes the breast thrill
With joy at attainments of unequaled skill.
The sense of delight which the picture imparts
Delights every eye and enraptures all hearts,
Entrancing the soul with an ardent desire
To see one in life it could so much admire.

Monday, September 4th.

Of all the fine villas on mountain or mall,
The Chateau des Sussy and grounds Petit Val,
In quiet retirement for beauty and taste,
To a heart that loves nature, to a mind that is chaste,
Has charms that are greater than any I've seen ;
Its bright gushing fountains and meadows of green,
With walks of great beauty wherever one roves,
In gardens of flowers and sweet-scented groves.

Through arbors and bowers in beauty all made,
Through grottoes where sparkle the falling cascade,
In woodland and forest, through pathway and dell,
In richness and beauty each scene does excel ;
From her whose kind nature delights to impart
Words and actions both kind and warm from the heart,
We get the rare welcome that true hearts incline,
To give without fashion their neighbors to dine.

A day more delightful to me was ne'er known,
The moon in its fullness most brilliantly shone ;
The evening was pleasant, a delightful ride home,
And reach at eleven the world's Place Vendome.
Such proofs of kind friendship around us will cling,
And will in life's future sweet memories bring ;
In the temple of friendship with pleasure we shall
Inscribe on the altar the name Petit Val.

DINNER PARTY AT BREWSTER'S.

Tuesday, September 5th.

At a party at dinner at Brewster's to-day,
We found, as is usual, a brilliant display ;
A pleasanter gathering can rarely be found,
Than friends which the banquet of Brewster surround.
At no entertainment where yet we have been
Was less ostentation or more fitness seen ;
The guests which assembled at dinner we met
Are such as we would not and can not forget.

Messrs Ogden and Draper, Mrs. Butler and son,
Made the evening as pleasant and happy a one
As we could desire ; besides, with surprise,
We met, with his lady, the brave Captain Wise—
The daughter of Everett whose fame is well known,
Whose talents were here as Ambassador shown,
Whose virtues his memory to thousands endears,
For Everett is loved in both hemispheres.

I am sure that no lady fills better her place,
Or presides at a party with happier grace,
Than did Mrs. Brewster, whose manners declare
The true English lady, as lovely as rare.

Friday, September 8th.

At evening, the family all went to take tea
At the Butler's, and there some Americans see ;
With pleasure we met, at the Hotel du Rhine,—
McIntosh, from New York; from Charleston, Godine.

Mrs. Childs and Miss Healy ; and the whole to amuse,
They engage for the evening the famous De Luze ;
Who, as a pianist, all hearers admire,
And none in the city is known to stand higher.

Thursday, September 14th.

This day and its terrors no language can give,
For hours it seems doubtful if Anna can live,
The ablest physicians in Paris are here ;
But slight seems their hope, while great is their fear

That she has not health that's sufficiently strong
To endure the agonized suffering so long,
As to aid their best efforts their office to fill,
As will be required by most consummate skill.

But, oh, what relief to our agonized hearts,
The joyful announcement now to us imparts,
After twelve hours suffering since early this morn,
Two beautiful children to us have been born!
And by greatest skill have saved the two lives,
And more precious still the fond mother survives;
For which our hearts, thanks are gratefully given
To Him, who controls in the earth and in heaven.

A small boy and girl we hail with delight,
Enraptured are all in beholding the sight;
But our deepest anxieties painfully fall,
On our beloved Anna, now dearer than all,
So weak and exhausted she now seems to be
Our fears and our dreads are intense when we see
Her motionless lie, and watch every breath,
As on her we gaze in the paleness of death.

Sunday, September 24th.

Oh! how delightful 'tis to hear,
Once more the blessed Gospel taught;
Glad tidings to the sons of men,
Through which, to Christ we may be brought!

None of this Gospel are ashamed,
Who have its living truths received;
For to salvation 'tis the power,
Of God, to all who have believed.

And God to all hath given the power,
To poor and weak and sorrowing ones
Of earth, if they believe his Word,
To be his loved and chosen sons,—

And being sons hath promise made
His Spirit shall to them be given;
To dwell within their hearts alway,
Their guide on earth their bliss in heaven.

Not to make, but because they're sons,*
Christ's Spirit God to them imparts;
The Comforter, and steadfast hope,
Crying: Abba, Father, in their hearts.

'Tis thus salvation full and free
Is proffered to a fallen race:—
Jesus invites all men to come
And share the blessings of his grace.

None are excluded by his Word,
Who love his precepts and obey;
And they who come with humble trust
Are never empty sent away.

On this our Rylance made to-day
Of his discourse the glowing theme:—
"Come ye to Christ, his Word obey,
"And put your humble trust in him."

Monday, September 25th.

Apartments with Healy, for trifling avails,
In friendship we have, while he stays at Versailles;
But we must now leave, as Healy soon will
Remove back to Paris appointments to fill.

So we all the morning are looking about
To find new apartments when forced to go out;
But some are too gorgeous, rooms, stairway, and hall,
And some are too narrow, too low, and too small.

The task is extremely perplexing to find
Such rooms as are suited to every one's mind;
In price, too, they vary as tenants can pay,—
Sixty thousand a year, or a few francs a day.

* Galatians iv., 6.

For such are the wants in this "World's Paradise,"
All tastes must be suited according to price;
Although the gay splendor of France pleases some,
Oh! give me the bliss of our own quiet home,—

Where Sabbaths, remembered, their quietude bring,
Our God is acknowledged the Saviour and King;
But here desecration few seem to condemn,
The Lord's Day the same as all others to them;
In all occupations the populace share,—
The din of the workmen is heard everywhere.

Tuesday, September 26th.

This has been a trying day,
As dear Anna still remains
Very weak, the nurses say,
Suffering with internal pains.

Twelve full days have hurried by
Since the little twins were born;
No relief as yet seems nigh,
Pains recurring night and morn.

Sinking slowly hour by hour,
Day by day she weaker grows;
Medicine has not the power
To secure a night's repose.

Every effort seems to fail
To relieve our suffering child;
And to see her deathly pale
Turns my shattered reason wild.

There is nothing we can do,
But to watch in hope and fear;
And most agonizing, too,
For a daughter loved and dear.

Called to see my suffering friend
Dr. Tucker, when I learnt,
That to-day he had to send
For a surgeon, to be burnt.

Some six places on his cheek
With hot iron were burnt through;
Pain so great he could not speak,
From the Fiend—Tic Douloureux.

Wednesday, September 27th.

Anna languishes in pain;
Higgins* knows not what to do:—
We shall call Du Bois* again,
Feeling safer to have two.

But their consultations prove
Ineffectual, they confess;
All their efforts to remove
Only add to her distress.

Darling child! what pain I feel,
But can give her no relief;
Tears which I can not conceal
Fill my soul with bitter grief.

But the little ones are well,
Throwing round a gleam of joy;
And our bosoms fondly swell
For the little girl and boy.

Anodynes have served to keep
Down her pain this afternoon;
And an hour of quiet sleep
Is to her a precious boon.

Faithless and disheartened all
At the treatment that seems strange,
Fearing Anna can not live,
She desires to make a change—

And call Perry,* who is first
Here in practice on the plan—
That's proved wondrous in effect—
Introduced by Hahnemann.

* Eminent Surgeons and Physicians of Paris.

TO MRS. CHARLES F. MOULTON.

October 22, 1854.

With thee, Dear Lady! we have mourned;
In sorrow we have wept;
To heaven have breathed our heart-felt prayer
That thou may'st still be kept
In that pure faith that can sustain
Thy loving heart o'erwhelmed with pain.

If sympathy could quell thy fears,
And ease thy aching breast,
Thy stricken heart would find relief,
And be once more at rest:
Thy soul's keen anguish, too, we feel,
As to our God for thee we kneel.

We ask that He will calm thy mind,
And bid thy sorrow cease;
That He will soothe thy bitter grief
With heavenly joy and peace,—
With love thy throbbing bosom fill,
And gently whisper: "Peace, be still!"

For God alone can heal thy woes,
And comfort bring to thee;
He who controls the raging storm,
And stills the troubled sea,
Will those who in its depths are cast—
The 'pure in heart'—receive at last.

Then may we seek, while strength remains,
"The truth, the life, the way;"
Learn from his word the Saviour's will,
And his commands obey;
And through the grace that he has given,
With him and loved ones meet in heaven.

"Let not thy heart be troubled," then,
But dry thy flowing tears;
Our moments swiftly fleet away,
And soon will pass our years;
Oh, joy supreme! if Christ shall own
Our spirits kneeling at his throne!

October 25th.

'Twas in September, fifty-four,
At noon, upon the twentieth day,
The Arctic, with her valued freight,
From England took her homeward way.

And, on the twenty-seventh, at noon,
Upon the Banks, the Vesta* crossed
Her ocean path, and stove her side,
Whereby the noble ship was lost.

She sunk, in all her stately pride,
With richly laden treasur'd store,
When precious lives and lovely forms
Went down with her to rise no more!

The scene is oft before my mind,
And seems to check my very breath,
When full of terror each one saw
The sure approach of instant death.

Four hundred souls were trembling there,
Without one cheering hope in view;
Parents and children, husbands, wives,
Taking the solemn, last adieu.

No more to see, no more to hear;
For breaking were life's fondest ties,
No more to meet in warm embrace
Till reunited in the skies.

The piercing cries, the bitter groans,
Seem now my very soul to thrill;
When, in a moment, all was hushed,
And every pulseless heart was still.

And, then, the thousand rushing thoughts
To each in such a moment given,—
Of life, of death, of tender ties,
Of friends and kindred, home and heaven.

* Name of the French steamer.

And fancy often brings the scene,
When every hope from them had fled,
When ocean waves were sweeping o'er
The still warm relics of the dead.

A few were struggling still for life,
On fragments floating from the deck ;
Or chairs together strongly bound,
Or rafts constructed from the wreck.

But, soon exhausted, one by one,
O'ercome by fright, benumbed with cold,
No longer able to resist,
Gave up of life their slender hold.

And sank amid the eddying waves,
Leaving to sorrow still a few,
Clinging to life a little while ;
Then bidding all a last adieu.

And then the mighty waves rolled on,
Ingulphing all in deeps beneath,
Leaving no trace to mark the spot
Where full three hundred sank in death.

Where hearts were buried, fond and warm
As e'er in friendship's circles beat;
With feelings and affections pure
As ever in life's walks we meet.

A kinder parent, truer friend,
In social life I've never known,
A more companionable man
I never saw than Asaph Stone.

Who, with his wife and one loved child,
In hopeful life and healthful bloom,
Has, in this sad and direful hour,
Descended to an ocean-tomb.

And ne'er has man in any land,
In cities gay, or forest wilds,
Seen nature in a lovelier form
Than in the person of Miss Childs.

Who, in a mother's fond embrace,
Sunk in the ocean dark and deep,—
Where, folded in each other's arms,
They rest in death's unconscious sleep.

And thou, dear Clara,* loved and prized,
Thy husband fond, thy cherub one,
Full oft do I recall to mind
When we, beneath the summer sun,

Traversed the groves, the grateful shades,
The grottoes, avenues, and mall,
The gardens rich, and pleasure grounds,
Of thy loved home, sweet Petit Val!

And thou, sweet Alice, in whose form
And lineaments we used to trace
All that in innocence we loved,
Or fancied in an angel's face.

And Hewitt, Benedict, and wives,
Springer and Pearson, Newbold, Wood,
Friends long endeared by social ties,
And cherished by the wise and good.

All these beneath the ocean rest;
On them no tears of love are shed,—
No monument denotes the spot
Where sleep the undistinguished dead.

No funeral songs for them were sung;
No friends assembled at their graves;
Their prayers were borne by sighing winds,
Their requiem sung by roaring waves!

* Daughter of Charles F. Moulton.

But while their forms unburied lie
In ocean's deep and oozy bed,
Their souls undying upward soar,
Resurgent spirits from the dead.

Saturday, December 9th.

Went again to the Louvre, and spent the whole morn
With pictures its walls and its galleries adorn;
And many there are that in memory will stay
Till reason and thought shall with life fade away.

The pictures of Rubens, where Jesus is seen—
An infant of beauty,—in the temple, between
The prophetess Anna and Simeon of old,
By whom his life's mission was plainly foretold;
And the one when he hung on Calvary's height
Will carry in memory the heart-thrilling sight;
For, like those who witnessed the scene on the spot,
Which once having seen it, could ne'er be forgot.

The two forms of beauty reclining in sleep,
As a demon of evil comes up from the deep,
And raises the vail that conceals them from view,
Are to life, form, and color, surprisingly true;
And as the most perfect productions of art
That mind can conceive or genius impart,
As works of high art, they forever will stand
As the greatest achievement of Correggio's hand.

LAST DAY OF THE YEAR.

Sunday, December 31st.

The morn that now breaks is the last that will dawn
Of the year which, to-morrow, we then shall call old;
A few moments more, and the whole will be gone,
Like the rest of our lives, "as a tale that is told."

Few records are left of events that are passed,
Which mem'ry with pleasure can call up to mind;
But blessings before and around us are cast,
And daily abundance we thankfully find.

LAST DAY OF THE YEAR.

In the year now departing, what changes we've seen!
  Our home of affection and peace we have left,
Across the broad ocean protected have been,
  And not for an hour of God's mercy bereft.

Howe'er from the pathway of duty we swerved,
  Our Father in heaven has favored us still;
In health, peace, and comfort we all are preserved,
  By gracious control of his merciful will.

On the sea and the land is his mercy the same,
  And oh, that we may, ev'ry day, ev'ry hour,
Put our confident trust in his excellent name,
  And for safety rely on his infinite power.

What perils have come since the year first began!
  How many of those we have pleasantly known
Has death overtaken,—so feeble is man!
  And yet his assaults have not left us alone!

Yet great has the loss been of fast fleeting life,
  In city and country, in village and town,
For thousands have died in the perils of strife,
  Whilst thousands by sickness and age have gone down.

But that which the greatest heart-sympathy cost,
  To which our unceasing compassion extends,
Was when the good vessel, the Arctic, was lost,
  And carried down with it so many good friends.

IMPERIAL RECEPTION.

January 20, 1855.

At a royal reception to-day we have been,
  More brilliant than any of which we have heard;
And foremost in this imperial scene
  Saw the Empress Eugenie and Napoleon Third.

In a marriage so proper whole millions rejoice!
  In the hearts of the people still may they advance!
And long may they reign by the popular choice
  Over happy, united, and prosperous France.

The right princely bearing, the fine manly face,
The dignified air which the Emperor possessed;
The delicate sweetness, the ease and the grace
With which the young Empress saluted each guest.

Will leave the impression on thousands the same,
That generous natures inhabit each breast;
The kind recognition, on hearing my name,
With warm salutation, and kindly expressed,

Will long in the future be something to prize:
Nor will the one sentence from memory depart,—
"In you an acquaintance I now recognize."
In accents familiar and warm from the heart.

In words proving clearly a sensitive mind,
Much grief he expressed for a friend we had lost,
By whom, in our city, with feelings most kind,
He had been received; 'twas Monsieur La Coste.*

The words kindly said by Eugenie will live;
Her wishes, too ardent and warm to be feigned,
Were hopes that her soirees to each one would give
Much pleasure, while we in her city remained.

Of Americans present, in number fourscore,
Who to his advances did freely respond,
Were Eaton and Deming, Powers, Kirby, and Moore,
Collins, Fowler, Kyle, Withers, Biddle, and Bond.

These all, much delighted with overtures made,
The good will expressed, and the courtesies shown,
Will ever remember the kindness displayed,
And own that a monarch can honor a throne.

This reception will long be a luminous spot,
Which can not by sorrow's dense clouds be o'ercast;
The kind salutation will not be forgot,
But still round the memory will cling to the last.

* Consul General, by whom I was introduced to the Prince.

The carpets and curtains, the tables and chairs,
The couches of splendor, and cushions of ease,
The statues and paintings, the halls and the stairs,
Are exquisite works in the French Tuileries.

DEATH OF A BELOVED FRIEND.*

"He who with noble heart and mind,
"Affections pure and soul refined,
"With virtues rare and judgment just,
"A steadfast hope and humble trust
"In Him who life and talent gave,
"Lies cold and silent in the grave!"

'Tis thus the faithless Muse might sing,
And all our hopes to ruin bring,
Were not the truth divinely told,
That neither grave nor tomb can hold
The soul, to whom its God has given
Immortal life—the boon of heaven.

Our friend is seen on earth no more,
Which parents,* crushed with grief, deplore.
He, in his childhood's early day,
Gave promise of a bright display
Of talent, which his name endears,
Now drenched in sorrow's bitter tears.

Sunday, January 21st.

To make us a visit our beloved Anna came,
Who strength is now gaining as fast as one can;
From the treatment of Perry, we reverence the name
Of the world's benefactor, the great Hahnemann.†

* Ludolph Parmly; died in Mobile.
† Author of the System of Homeopathy.

IMPERIAL BALL AT L'HOTEL DE VILLE.

Monday, January 22d.

By cards sent imperial inviting us all
To the grandest display of the season in France,
When the Emperor and Empress will open their ball,
And join in the first, "The Imperial Dance."

Of all exhibitions at which I have been,
The splendors of wealth and of artistic skill,
The brilliance of this most magnificent scene
Transcends all the others at L'Hotel de Ville.

In number eight thousand, selected and drawn
From circles in Europe distinguished and grand;
Descendants from nobles and ages now gone,
In rank, wealth, and honor the first in the land.

The jewels of nations seem all gathered here,
Their brilliance and splendor now dazzle the sight;
Pearls, diamonds, and rubies that round us appear
Make each wearer shine as a pillar of light.

Here courts are presented in costly array,
With titles the highest in Europe now known;
But personal beauty and brilliant display
Unrivaled will stand at th' imperial throne.

Of marked recognitions with which I have met
From persons before in our city I've known,
So valued are some that I would not forget
The kindly respect they have signally shown.

And of them oft shall I with pleasure recall
The kind salutation, the warmly grasped hand,
The lady-like greeting, surpassing them all,
Of one* highly prized in our own native land.

And such are the splendors exhibited here,
To feeble description no words can attain;
They only in memory can around us appear,
For witnessed in life they will ne'er be again.

* Mrs. C. L., of New York.

PALACE RAMBOUILLET.

Saturday, February 9th.

At eight I left my home to-day,
By cars for Palace Rambouillet,
Baronne Reubell, our friend, to see,
A New York lady, too, was she.

Reached at eleven the palace gate,
Guarded by soldiers of the great
Napoleon First, who still retain
Their posts in this imperial reign.

No feature could this place enhance,
Most picturesque I've seen in France.
The avenues of stately trees,
The artificial lakes like seas,
Their grandeur, beauty, and extent,
The millions that have here been spent
With pleasure grounds and forests vast,
Make it in splendor unsurpassed.

This long has been for manly sports
The loved resort of kings and courts;
The lakes with fish and fowl abound,
The choicest fruits grow on the ground.
And in the forest kept with care,
Full thirty thousand acres are
With every kind of every name
Of beast and bird that's sought for game;
And here the hunting season brings
The friends of emperors, princes, kings;
Napoleon First, for health and rest,
Of all his homes loved this the best.

Saw here near by the palace door
A wolf they'd killed but just before,
Of wondrous size; in length complete,
Head, neck, and body, just six feet;
The largest said that e'er was slain
In this vast forest's dark domain.

PALACE RAMBOUILLET.

I was shown through the palace well
By the loved daughter of Reubell,
A charming girl of thirteen years,
With every gift that love endears,
Bright, beautiful, intelligent,
As e'er to parents fond was sent;
A manner sweet with winning grace,
As fine a form, as loved a face,
With feelings gentle, pure, and mild,
As e'er I saw in any child.

The mother, one of sisters four,
As lovely persons as e'er bore
The name of woman; who once led
Fashion's bright circle as its head.
A family with virtues rare,
With which in life but few compare;
Where grace and beauty did unite
To captivate and please the sight;
And great refinement each possessed,
Which gave a charm to all the rest;
And warmer hearts and nobler minds
In social life one never finds.

And she, the father's * joy and pride,
Majestic, noble, dignified,
As lady-like as e'er was seen
At any court of king or queen.
And now within this palace hall
Receives all stranger guests that call,
With the same elegance and grace
That marked her mansion in Park Place.

---

* A. H. Lawrence, Esq.

Sunday, February 10th.

Friend beloved! thy days are ended;
Bright the hopes thy being gave;
Hearts by thine so oft befriended
Weep now at thy early grave.

Dear the ties that death has broken;
Now from friends and kindred borne;
Leaving many a fadeless token
To the stricken hearts that mourn.

Tokens now of richest treasure,
Memories sweet of virtues rare;
Hours of joy and purest pleasure,
In our souls remembered are.

Full of hope, and ready ever
Willing favors to extend;
On life's journey we have never
Known a warmer, truer friend.

Called away in life's beginning,
Summoned early to depart,
With a nature ever winning,
Qualities of mind and heart.

Sweet and peaceful be thy slumber,
From the ills of life now spared;
Happy they who of the number
In thy love and friendship shared.

Happy now in retrospection,
Hallowed will thy virtues be;
Happy now in recollection,
Having known a friend like thee.

Firm in truth and warm in feeling,
In decision calm and just,
Fair and upright in all dealing,
Faithful to each promised trust.

These are thoughts we love to cherish;
  These are feelings that we prize,
Which from mem'ry will not perish,
  'Till, with reason, mem'ry dies.

With thy warm and tender-hearted
  Parents, on thy wakeless sleep,
Gushing tears for thee have started,
  And with them we fondly weep.

Weep for thee, whose noble nature
  Was beloved by youth and age;
Weep for thee, whose every feature
  Brightly lives on memory's page.

Weep for thee, whose love endearing
  Won our love in childhood's days;
Weep for thee, whose youth appearing
  Full of promise, love, and praise.

Weep for thee, whose manly bearing
  Proofs of high distinction gave;
Weep for thee, whose bliss we're sharing
  Now in hope beyond the grave.

Soon our days, now swiftly fleeting,
  Will have finished life's design;
When the hearts now warmly beating
  Will be still and cold as thine.

Then will vows in friendship plighted,
  Pledges fond in virtue given,
Loving souls be reunited
  In the blissful bonds of heaven.

Then with angel-voices ringing
  Through the realms of bliss above,
We shall hear God's praises singing,
  Him whose voice we used to love.

NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL.

LEAVE PARIS FOR ITALY.

Thursday, February 22, 1855.

'Twas just five minutes after eight,
Upon the Lyons train,—
Birthday of Washington the great,—
We Paris left again.

"Boats are uncertain," we are told,
As we to Lyons go;—
The night is dreary, wet, and cold,
The ground is white with snow.

The roads are smooth and very fine,
We feel not wind or storm;
The cars upon the Lyons line
Are kept completely warm.

We have a party of tried friends,
Whose hearts to ours respond;
His sister, Thomas Norris, 'tends
Mister and Mistress Bond.

And pleasanter we never can
Meet in the walks of life,
Than Thomas H., true gentleman,
And his most charming wife.*

Friday, February 23d.

Arrived at Lyons,—left at seven;
Were to the steamer shown,
And left the wharf at just eleven,
For Valence on the Rhone.

* Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Bond, New Haven.

All seem delighted—every one,—
  At this most rapid stream;
Full thirty miles an hour we run,
  By current and by steam.

The hills are high on every side,
  With wild and ragged steeps;
And snow-crowned peaks and valleys wide.
  Through which the river sweeps.

And all along on either shore
  Are towns at which we stop,
And rocky steeps are terraced o'er
  For vines, from base to top.

And many a hill and mountain here,
  With rocks and wild ravines,
And many a steep both far and near
  Look like North River scenes.

And many a fort and castle wall
  In crumbling ruins lie;
And many a tower and turret tall
  Meet here the passer's eye.

Scenes more magnificent and grand
  I've nowhere ever known;
More picturesque on every hand,
  Than those upon the Rhone.

A day more pleasant with events
  I scarce expect to see,
Until we reached the town Valence
  In time,—just half-past three.

And here we are in sunny spring,
  A most delightful scene;
We hear the birds around us sing,
  And all the fields are green.

We leave Valence at half-past four,
  Delighted to be gone;
A first-rate road we're running o'er,
  To far-famed Avignon.

At L'Hotel Europe we arrive
  At eight, well pleased to rest;
Where host and hostess plainly strive
  To make their house the best.

Good rooms, good beds, and all kept clean,
  And with the kindest care;
A nicer table we've not seen,
  And nowhere better fare.

Saturday, February 24th.

Sweet Avignon! Thou cherished spot,
  Thy scenes will long remembered be;
Scenes that can never be forgot,
  Till reason fades with memory.

The lofty heights from which we view
  The hills and valleys all around;
Thy palaces, both old and new,
  Thy rocks and cultivated ground.

Thy monument of Mons. Altaine,
  Standing in grandeur and alone;
Arches by torrents rent in twain,
  And windings of the rapid Rhone.

Altaine, a man of Persian birth,
  Discoverer of the crimson dye
From roots extracted, which the earth
  And country gave in large supply.

The left hand of the statue holds
  A bunch of roots together bound;
The other, pointing down, unfolds
  The treasure hid beneath the ground.

It was the growth of this alone,
And its avails in ages gone,
Its worth before Altaine unknown,
That made the wealth of Avignon.

The marble virgin of Prideau,
The ivory Christ by Guillemine,
The finest work of art I know,
Made sixteen hundred fifty-nine.

Of all the sculptured works of art,
In statues great or figures small,
This one, in form, in every part,
And beauty, far exceeds them all.

The mild expression of the face,
The look of anguish and despair;
No time from memory can efface
The agony depicted there.

No work of art have I e'er seen
So perfect e'en in part or whole;
Here resignation calm is seen,
With agony beyond control.

One sacred spot we went to see,
And broke a bough in early bloom,
From off the Laurestinus tree,
Whose boughs o'ershadow Laura's tomb.

The goddess of a Petrarch's rhyme,
Lauded for beauty and for worth,—
The loved and lovely of her time,
To him the fairest on the earth.

We left this charming place at three,
With sun and sky both warm and bright;
A place which will remembered be
By all, with unalloyed delight.

And what a change now each one sees,
From winter cold, from frost and snow;
We're passing groves of olive trees,
And almond orchards full in blow.

A tunnel of exceeding strength,
As we approach to near Marseilles,
And full five miles it is in length,
With well-built arch and solid rails.

Sunday, 25th.

Around the bay we walked to-day,
And saw the ships as they advance
Into the docks along the quay,
In this the largest port of France.

Vessels from countries far and near,
From largest to the very least,
And thousands now are shipping here,
For the French armies in the East.

This afternoon we took a ride,
As fine as any ride could be,
To see the sails of commerce glide
Along the Mediterranean Sea.

And there remained till four o'clock,
Admiring the delightful view;
A road cut in the solid rock,
Around the harbor, nearly new.

John Hodge, our worthy Consul here,
With us a pleasant evening spends;
A man of worth and truth sincere,
One of our country's warmest friends.

He fearlessly defends the fame
Of Young America, his pride;
And guards the honor of her name,
Whatever danger may betide.

For no official met abroad
  Assumes a higher, nobler stand;
And all his acts we must applaud,
  As Consul from our native land.

Monday, 26th.

We left Marseilles at just eleven,
  A most delightful day;
The sea was glassy smooth and even,
  As we went out the bay.

Passed Chateau d'If at twelve o'clock,
  A fort of curious shape;
A prison on a naked rock,
  From which there's no escape.

And thousands here have met their death,
  Within its vaulted caves,
Where, plunged in caverns underneath,
  They found their watery graves.

Our boat is best upon this line,
  The Vatican by name;
And Coberfigue, our captain fine,
  Full well deserves his fame.

The table is superbly dressed,
  And all is new and clean;
The fare is of the very best
  On ship-board we have seen.

The waiters all attentive are,
  And know their duty well;
Each, in polite, respectful care,
  The others would excel.

Tuesday, February 27th.

A beautiful morning, as lovely and bright
As ever from darkness came forth to the light;
Now looks o'er the hills where the sun's early rays
Are firing the woods, which are all in a blaze.

We came to Genoa at half after eight,
The home of Columbus, the good and the great;
We entered the city, and saw there the land
With dwellings erected where his used to stand.

The gardens are gorgeous—the palaces fine;
The churches in splendor all others outshine;
Their ceilings are wrought with incredible skill,
Though centuries old, are most exquisite still.

We rode on the ramparts which give a fine view
Of the city and buildings, the old and the new;
The long promenade with its gardens of flowers;
The bridges and arches, the steeples and towers,

Are far the most splendid of all we have found;
And villas most tasteful on hill-sides around.
One church we ascended from base to the dome,
On the summit above the old mariners' home,—

The gallant Columbus whose statue is near,
Recording a name to America dear;
Around us are scattered, on hill-sides and plains,
The millions of wealth which Genoa contains.

Surveys more enchanting, of mountain and coast,
Can nowhere be found than Genoa can boast;
The streets are all narrow and rude to the eye,
But houses are spacious,—some eight stories high.

The palace, whose graces the muses would sing,
Is the palace called Royal, of Sardinia's king;—
The floors are of wood, many colors inlaid;
The cushions and chairs of silk velvet are made.

The furniture sumptuous in every part,
With pictures and statues of exquisite art;
At seven we left, and enjoyed a fine sight
Of the Island of Corsica near on our right,—

The home whence the famous Napoleon came:
At ten we passed Elba, still bearing his name;
And homage is paid, throughout every land,
To the genius and power of "Napoleon le Grand."

Wednesday, February 28th.

At seven we reach, on this beautiful morn,
The elegant city and bay of Leghorn;
So placid and quiet the weather has been,
Not a wave or a ripple is now to be seen.

We visited shops with their rich merchandise,
And the grand reservoir which the city supplies,
The jewels which elegant churches adorn,
And the great synagogue of the Jews at Leghorn,

The largest in Europe of this ancient race,
There being eight thousand or more in the place;
The trade and the wealth which they do not refuse
Are now in the hands of these mammonist Jews.

We rode through the city and grand promenade;
Saw the cannon and forts and the soldiers' parade;
Had a drive quite delightful along the bay-side,
Where citizens gather to walk and to ride.

We went to the church of the Baptist Saint John,
And saw there the chain they declare he had on
When his murderers entered his prison, to take
His life for the cruel Herodias' sake.

There also is seen in the same little room
A stone which they say is St. John's marble tomb;
To ladies a sight of this stone they deny,
Because it was woman who caused him to die.

We saw there the stone on the grave which contains
Of the great writer Smollett the mortal remains;
He died in this city—the date we here see,
Sixteenth of September, seventeen seventy-three.

From Leghorn we started a quarter past four,
A smooth, glassy sea we are now passing o'er;
Since leaving Marseilles it so quiet has been,
That a wave on its surface has scarcely been seen.

Thursday, March 1st.

At Civita Vechia, this morning at eight,
We learn that till two our steamer must wait;
So we went to the city and walked it around,
But a dirtier city we never have found.

We passed the east gate through the part that is best,
And so round the city came in at the west;
In no other country in which we have been
Are so many beggars in rags to be seen.

The walls are all lofty and very well made;
A cohort of soldiers we saw on parade;
One church with its ceilings presents a fine show,
But sadly contrasts with the misery below.

The candles were lighted, the priests were in state,
It being some festive, episcopal fête;
What seemed to us mockery gave us such pain,
We were glad to return to the steamer again.

The country around us neglected we find,
With no cultivation to gladden the mind;
No garden is seen, or a building of taste,
But a generous soil is now running to waste.

At two we departed—a beautiful day—
And glad were we all when again on our way;
A great many strangers on deck now appear:
Mr. Center and party, from New York, are here.

At five, in the distance, we saw the fine dome
Of the lofty St. Peter's Cathedral at Rome,
To which millions look for the favors there given,
As nearly approaching the blessings of heaven.

NAPLES—TOMB OF VIRGIL.

Friday, March 2d.

The harbor of Naples we entered at five,
Where all were exceedingly glad to arrive;
The flags of all nations were round us unfurled,
In a bay, the most beautiful port in the world.

The city is built in a crescent-like form,
With walls to protect from invasion and storm;
And beautiful buildings encircle the beach,
As far in the distance as vision can reach.

I never beheld a more beautiful scene,
With mountains uprising and valleys between;
Vesuvius now rises in grandeur before,
Its lava streams running quite down to the shore.

Saturday, March 3d.

We went up the mountain, with thickets o'ergrown,
To visit the tomb of a poet well known,—
The elegant Virgil, whose labors outshine
That marvelous empire, great Cæsar, of thine.

To visit this tomb, in the centuries fled,
Untold were the thousands who hither were led;
And still in the future, the ages in line,
Their pilgrims shall send to the Mantuan's shrine.

In rambling to-day in the squares, streets, and lanes,
We see many laborers loaded with chains,
Political convicts, with ball, block, and ring,
Because they have hated great Bomba the king.

A stout-hearted citizen dared to exclaim
That freedom no longer with them had a name,
'Mid friends who were dining together and heard,
But spies were among them to catch every word.

These words, when they came to his Majesty's ears,
To chain-gang condemned him for twenty-five years;
At work in the city since that he has been,
As Bomba declares, "As a terror to men."

The churches are splendid—of wealth perfect mines,
In statues of silver, and rich jeweled shrines,
Till one might imagine the wealth of the place
Was gathered and kept in these "temples of grace."

The Museum of Naples we visit to-day,
Of treasures antique a most brilliant display;
But things in which riches most largely abound
Are jewels in long-buried Pompei found.

Huge engines of torture are brought to the light
By late excavations, appalling the sight;
In whose deadly grapple poor wretches were bound:
In one were the bones of two skeletons found.

These must have been there when the avalanche came,
Which left of the city no trace but its name;
Utensils of every description are shown,
And tools of all trades to Italians then known.

Of all the devices that man can conceive,
And every invention his genius can give,
The things in the toilet where woman displays
Her jewels were richer than those of our days.

With pins, combs, and brushes, and salts for the faint,
And pure crystal boxes for rouge and for paint;
With ivory carvings, in every part,
Perfection of beauty and triumph of art!

And this vast collection can also now show
The tools of the farmer long ages ago,
As rude and as poor as are made at this time,
Unchanged by the genius of this sunny clime.

A rude mortar-mill in which breadstuffs were ground,
And large loaves of bread in an oven were found,
As perfect in shape, in dimensions as grand
As they were thrown from the bread-maker's hand.

There are vessels enameled, of workmanship fine,
For holding their fruit and preserving their wine,
As sound as when filled with the juice of the grape;
With pitchers and goblets of exquisite shape.

In the church San Severe a statue we saw,
Which drew from our souls admiration and awe;
A work rarely equaled in all of this land,
Cardini's "Dead Christ," from his own master-hand.

This no one can gaze on with feelings unmoved,
If he but remember that Jesus so loved
Mankind, that to save them he yielded his breath,
And lay in the tomb in the stillness of death.

I've gazed on the forms of the living and dead,
With mingled emotions—love, sorrow, and dread;
But never before did my whole being share
The thought that the image of Jesus was there.

There, too, is another of wonderful power,
At which in amazement we gaze by the hour—
A man wholly wrapped in a net-work of cord;
The skill of the artist claims highest award.

A funeral passed by on its way to the tombs,
A richly-clad hearse, with its high, nodding plumes;
The mourners and priests, and of coaches the best,
The former all hired, and in white mantles drest.

The voices exceeded, in piteous moans,
Unnatural sobs and unmerciful groans,
All sounds I e'er heard from the voices of men,
And such as I hope I shall not hear again.

Monday, 5th.

The glories of Pompei delight us to-day,
With time-honored temples and palaces gay;
No mind can conceive of the talent displayed
In these elegant structures by genius arrayed.

The fine vaulted ceilings, the mosaic floors,
The grandly arched windows, the rich paneled doors,
The fountains with beautiful shell-work inlaid,
The baths of white marble with sculpture arrayed.

The bath-chambers furnished with exquisite art,
Embellished with shell-flowers in every part;
The altars in temples where victims were slain,
In fine preservation allowed to remain.

Tribunal of justice, with dungeon beneath,
Where prisoners met for the sentence of death;
The floor of the forum, to cherish his fame,
Has Sallust's mausoleum still bearing his name.

His own private dwelling was recently found,
With beautiful fountains and elegant ground,
By far the most tasteful and splendid estate,
Exhumed from the Pompeian ruins of late.

The city was built on an uneven plain;
The streets, though not level, still perfect remain;
The pavements are good over which they were borne,
And deep grooves remain by chariot-wheels worn.

The sidewalks are solid and perfectly clean,
And smooth stepping-stones at the crossings are seen;
And carved indications on corners one meets,
Of uses once made of particular streets.

Here houses are built along street thoroughfares,
And opening in rear upon beautiful squares,
With fountains of water convenient to all,
And elegant porticoes gracing the wall.

In ruins the great Amphitheatre lies,
In proportions superb, and enormous in size;
The seats, of which many still perfect remain,
Could full fifty thousand spectators contain.

We see the fine villa of Diomed here;
The rooms in great beauty and freshness appear;
The painting in fresco, on ceiling and hall,
Is perfect to-day as when placed on the wall.

The finish so nice, is a proof that the art
Of fine decoration, in whole or in part,
Was known to the world when Vesuvius' wave
Rolled over the city and made it a grave.

But the place which to visit we chiefly desired
Is the vault where for safety the household retired,
Who carried their jewels to rooms underground,
Where jewels and bones intermingled were found.

The avalanche came with so crushing a fall,
It buried the people, their treasures and all;
The splendor and riches which formerly gave
Distinction to Pompei, found in it a grave.

Returning to Naples, we take on our way,
Herculaneum City, and tarry the day;
One street has been opened. A fine colonnade
For family dwellings appears to be made.

Now every pillar most perfect appears,
Though buried in lava some two thousand years.
Rude steps we descend in a shaft dark and steep,
To a building imbedded full eighty feet deep;

A theatre once of immensely great size,
Now under a mountain of lava-rock lies,
Where new excavations disclose works of art,
Which prove its completeness in every part.

Here statues of exquisite finish abound,
In lava submerged eighty feet under ground;
Amazed we contemplate the wonderful sight,
By torch-light surveying its width and its height.

To judge from its columns, this house must have been
The grandest and richest of all we have seen,
Exhumed from a city by lava laid waste,
Still bearing the marks of artistical taste.

For over this city the lava-flood came,
Engulphing the whole in a river of flame;
Which rolling and rising still higher and higher,
Imbedded the whole in a liquified fire.

In rooms here discovered the lava beneath,
Were instruments dental once used for the teeth;
Of very fine patterns—employed in our days
As novel inventions deserving high praise.

These old Herculaneans, therefore, in part
At least, were proficients in our dental art;
To whom, not its medical service alone,
But higher departments of practice were known.

Here are finely-wrought gems and treasures of plate,
Rich armor and helmets only worn by the great,
Rings, brooches of gold, and all skillfully chased,
In forms of great beauty and exquisite taste.

Tuesday, March 6th.

Puteoli, Serapis, we visit to-day,
Sybil's Cave, Solfitari, and city of Baié,
Where dwelt Virgil, Maro, and Horace, we're told,
Macænas and Tully, and Pliny, of old.

The spot of most interest since leaving our home
Is the dock where Paul landed when coming to Rome,
To answer to Cæsar the charge of the Jews,
And preach to the Romans the gospel's "good news."

Here a city has partly been sunk in the earth,
But little is known of its size or its worth;
Yet mountains uplifted by volcanic might,
Show buildings above of incredible height.

Magnificent temples we pass on the way,
Pursuing the shore to the city of Baié ;
Though nothing but ruins, each mouldering scene
Shows what in their glory they once must have been.

The Prison of Nero the bravest would shock,
A hundred rooms cut in a mountain of rock ;
So deep in extent do the numbers descend,
That visitors rarely proceed to the end.

There is rock for the floor, and rock for the bed,
With rock, too, projecting to pillow the head ;
A fit habitation for Death and Despair,
For no ray of sunlight has ever been there.

I look from the window of this grand hotel,
With joy which description can never excel,
On landscapes of beauty wide smiling around,
Whose equal can elsewhere but rarely be found.

A right princely palace this house used to be,
Its base being washed by the waves of the sea ;
Delighted we all on the balcony stand,
To see urchin-groups as they dance on the sand.

The city is busy ; the streets always full ;
Chained men, and not horses, the loaded carts pull ;
All mercantile traffic, without shops or stores,
Is done by the people that live out of doors.

The gaunt lazaroni, a prolific brood,
Their clothing but rags, macaroni their food,
All squalid and lazy along the streets lie,
And beg for bajoccho* macaroni to buy.

Wednesday, March 7th.

On this lovely morning, by guides well attended,
On donkeys and mules, from Resina ascended
The famous Vesuvius, the terrible mountain,
O'er lava-straits thrown from its deep, fiery fountain.

* Roman pence.

Some twenty in number our party all counted,
With ropes, straps, and chairs th' rugged steeps mounted;
The effort, it seemed, could have hardly been greater,
Till reaching the summit surrounding the crater.

We gaze to the depths of the chasm surprising,
And witness the smoke from the caverns uprising;
And hear from the blasting of rocks that fall under
The terrible peals of volcanic thunder.

We saw in its darkness, though bottomless seeming,
Sulphurous smoke from a thousand flues streaming,
Where late a young traveler, rashly too curious,
Fell down where the fires were resistlessly furious.

The friends of the lost one, by whom he was cherished,
Have offered great wealth for him who thus perished;
But alas! from the gulf there was no returning,
For down he had sunk to the terrible burning.

We walked on its top, thro' heated clefts rushing,
And saw from its fissures fumes sulphurous gushing;
We gazed on the scene till our time was expended,
When down from the mountain we slowly descended.

Thro' ashes like snow-drifts, near to guides keeping,
From hillock to hillock were constantly leaping,
To where with our donkeys and mules we had parted,
And thence to Resina, the place whence we started.

The way of ascending these heights is appalling;
One pushes behind, while another is hauling;
The straps around guides we tightly are grasping,
While ladies in terror conductors are clasping.

Surveying the mountain, from base we discover
A shining black mantle completely spread over;
There seems not a crevice, a jog, or a rending,
Where foothold the slightest is found in ascending.

But guides with edge-mauls for lava-rock breaking,
Advance, and these foot rests are rapidly making;
Yet with the best and most skill'd in their calling,
Dire accidents happen from slipping and falling.

We saw at Portici the king's habitation,
A palace well worthy the fame of the nation;
The grounds to no other the palm will surrender,
And all the apartments are furnished in splendor.

The house was erected by Carlo Borhoni,
But now it is thronged by the vile lazaroni;
We never were elsewhere so densely surrounded
By beggars in rags who so largely abounded.

And glad are we all now our coaches to enter;
But a day more replete with thrilling adventure,
With donkeys and mules, and guides each a baton,
We nowhere have known since leaving Manhattan.

Thursday, March 8th.

Farewell to thee, Naples, for I never more
Shall visit the scenes on thy beautiful shore;
Thy bay in its grandeur, so rich and so rare,
No thought can conceive and no language declare.

Thy palaces grand, and thy lofty church towers,
Thy beautiful gardens and flower-scented bowers,
Thy numberless dwellings encircling the bay,
Delight us while here and entice us to stay.

These scenes in the future will bring us delight,
As charming to memory as pleasing to sight;
And ne'er will impressions so vividly made
Grow dim in the heart or from memory fade.

The dark-crusted peak of Vesuvius still stands
An object of wonder to men of all lands;
I've gazed on its splendors at even and morn,
And th' heights of Sorento, where Tasso was born.

To snowy-white dwellings, and grass-covered hills;
To valleys resounding with murmuring rills;
To beautiful landscapes enchanting to view;
In all but in memory I bid you adieu!

On a very small steamer, on this pleasant eve,
Of beautiful Naples we now take our leave
For Porto d'Anzo, where Nero was born—
Midway between cities Gaeta and Leghorn.

The evening's delightful, the sea like a lake;
Not a breath is now felt a ripple to wake;
The passengers many collect in a crowd
On deck, making merry and talking aloud.

At twelve a fierce storm of wind and of rain
Broke o'er us, while we no shelter could gain;
The cabin too small e'en for ladies to stand;
And every one sea-sick who came from the land.

And the poor little steamer, so fragile and light,
Whose rolling in waves made a terrible night—
The worst we have had since, to cross ocean o'er,
We left our loved home and our dear native shore.

Friday, March 9th.

We leave Porto d'Anzo—whose ruins proclaim
A city once splendid and lofty in name,
And it was once Nero's, the great tyrant's home—
For wide world's famed city, imperial Rome.

In full five hours' riding a fine country through,
We reach the great city precisely at two;
By St. John of Lateran, the portal well known,
We entered the city of the great Papal throne,

Whose baths, coliseum, basilicas, towers,
Tombs, vatican, temples, ports, arches, and bowers,
Where the glories of sculpture and art are unfurl'd,
Make Rome in attraction unsurpassed in the world.

Monday, March 12th.

The first occupation to which we're inclined
Is a suite of apartments this morning to find;
Although at "The New York"* we all like it well,
Quiet rooms we prefer to the grandest hotel;
Avoiding the show of our people in Rome,
We wish to live here as we live when at home.
In Via Felice, a clean central street,
In a mansion that's lofty we luckily meet
With rooms nicely furnished, a family refined,
With every convenience to suit every mind.

After lunch a good carriage at very small pay,†
We take by the hour for the rest of the day;
And by our good driver we quickly are whirled
To a ruin the grandest that's known in the world,—
The great Coliseum, whose arches and halls,
Whose fastenings of iron, whose columns and walls,
Whose matchless arena, where victims were borne,
And Christians by wild beasts killed, mangled, and torn,
Are wasting and falling corroding with rust,
And hard granite columns are crumbling to dust;
And all its gay splendors are wrapped in decay,
And like the world's glory now passing away.

The grand Arch of Titus we take in our way,
The grandest triumphal e'en known in this day;
Of pure Grecian marble still polished and clean,
And o'er it the figures of victory are seen.
On tablets of sculpture that still are seen here
A procession of warriors in grandeur appear,
And bas-relief figures on panels inlaid
Retain all the freshness as when they were made.

Now on our return we the Forum pass by,
Whose splendors in ruins neglected all lie;
Save a few noble columns in grandeur that stand
To mark once the glory of this fallen land.
For of the world's nations the highest in fame
Were those who once bore the proud Roman name.

* Celebrated hotel in Rome. † About forty cents an hour.

NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66.]

LIVERPOOL.

Monday Morning, June 16, 1862.

THE scenes presented here before our view,
In Liverpool, are all entirely new ;—
The streets and people, carriages, and drays,
The shops and houses, shipping, docks, and quays,
The water rising five and twenty feet,
The vessels lying dry along the street,
While far below the ships appear to stand
In countless numbers down upon the sand.

Places of public business, too, seem strange—
The Custom-house, the markets, and Exchange ;
Though diligent they seem, yet quiet all,
From lowest walks up to the great Town Hall,
Which, for magnificence and grand display
In furniture expensive, rich, and gay,
Will vie with any hall, however grand,
In all Britannia's highly favored land.

To public institutions here, I raise
A stranger's voice, in unaffected praise.
Among them all, both elegant and rare,
Is Nelson's monument, in Exchange Square,
Which represents him dying ; but his name
Shines in a wreath of never-fading fame.
His sun, which flamed thro' many a naval war,
Went down in blazing fire at Trafalgar.

Our visits over, all our business done,
We left Hotel Adelphi, just at one,

For Birkenhead, and took the cars at two,
And in one hour to Chester steamed it through.
A one-horse carriage, taking four in all,
Gave us a pleasure-ride to Eaton Hall;
A fine domain, in princely grandeur great,
Of Westminster, the Marquis's great estate—
The richest man in England, counted here,
With half a million sterling pounds a year.
No language can describe the beauties rare;
Amazing splendor meets you everywhere.
The buildings are, beyond description, grand;
The pleasure-grounds, the gardens, and the land
Are all in perfect order nicely kept,
The walks and lawns with greatest care are swept;
The woods with every kind of game abound,
And in the parks large herds of deer are found.
Some three hours there we spent with rare delight,
Returning to old Chester for the night.

Tuesday, June 17th.

The old Cathedral, once superbly grand
One of the oldest in this ancient land,
Where daily worship of the Power divine
Preserves the uses of this sacred shrine.
The famous Phillipse, great among the great,
Once owner of the Yonkers vast estate,
A man of wealth and soldierly renown,
Whose firm adherence to the British crown
Led him to lose his wealth rather than yield
To Freedom's sway, when Freedom won the field;
Returning to his native land again,
Bequeathed his ashes to this Gothic fane.

The armory grand, with all its works complete;
The town where Charles the First sustained defeat
Of all his army on the plain beneath,
Where thousands met inexorable death.
High from this tower the battle-ground we see,
Washed by the waters of the river Dee.

All these the memories of the past inspire,
And bid us study, wonder, and admire.

Buildings there are with strange devices made,
Carved on the doors, along the walls inlaid.
Adam and Eve are in the garden seen;
A well-formed tree is interposed between
The two; a snaky monster twining round
The trunk, where he the apple found
With which he tempted Eve; and thus began
The fatal fall of poor, misguided man.
The tale proceeds; for here again we see,
Along the thread of sacred history,
Good Abel on the ground, already slain
By a huge club still in the hands of Cain.

All this rude carving, from the date, appears
To have been done about three hundred years;
But since that day Emanuel* has arisen,
Released the WORD from out its cloud-wrapped prison;
A higher truth for Bible language claims,
And holier meaning gives to Bible names;
As will be seen by careful scanning o'er
The teachings gathered from the "New Church" lore,
Which now proclaims that Adam and his wife
Are sacred symbols of the inner life;
And sees in Abel by his brother slain
More than a fact on nature's lowest plain.

If this be so, you ask how man could know
In ancient times—three hundred years ago—
That Adam is the *Truth* that lights the mind,
And Eve the goodness with that truth combined;
That Cain is *Faith alone*, which leads astray,
And Abel, sweet celestial *Charity*.

But then, as now, the multitude preferred
The literal meaning of the sacred Word;

*Emanuel Swedenborg.

Thus, in that day, the pious hands did make
Adam and Eve, the apple, tree, and snake,
As though all these, in time's remotest year,
Had thus appeared in nature's outward sphere—
Adam and Eve, a mortal man and wife;
The serpent, prone to breed domestic strife,
A mundane snake; the apple and its tree
The growth of some terrestrial nursery.

At twelve, from Chester town we took the rails
For Menai Bridge, at Bangor, Northern Wales;
And after luncheon we, at half-past three,
A carriage took;—went from the George to see
The bridge, a most stupendous work of art,
And scanned its majesty in every part.
Returning to The George, a house of note,
We met New Yorkers at the "table d'hote"—
Peters* and lady, with two Misses fair,
Comstock and Harbeck, in their special care.
Good Mistress Roberts shows to every one
The room once occupied by Wellington.
She has, hung in her hall, a handsome frame
Around a scrap on which he wrote his name;
And by permission which the hostess gave,
I took a copy of the good and brave
Old hero's tribute, written by his hand,†
By which The George is known in every land—
And well it may be, for, without his name,
Her kind attentions would secure its fame.

Wednesday, June 18th.

At nine, from Bangor took again the rails,
And to Caërnarvon went, the pride of Wales.
We walked the Castle in and out, around,
The largest one in all the country found,
And spent within its walls a pleasant hour;
Ascending to the top of Eagle Tower,

* Samuel T. Peters, Esq., New York.
† "I passed the night of the 21st of August, 1851, at the George Inn, at Bangor, and was well accommodated.—WELLINGTON."

From which we gazed upon a large domain
Of mountain, valley, water, hill, and plain.
Thence we enjoyed a pleasant phæton drive
Of some eight miles, in order to arrive
At Dol Bedarn, where all must saddles take,
Ascending from Llanberis' placid lake,
Which lies at Snowdon's foot, and then to see
Its towering top in all its majesty,
Lifting its cloud-embosomed head so high,
It seemed to reach even above the sky.
Mile after mile our ponies bore us on,
Till five long miles of rugged steep we won;
And there, upon the mountain's utmost height,
Our gazing eyes are ravished with delight,
As mount on mount above each other rise,
Until their tops are blended with the skies!
Below the towering summit of this steep
Yawns an immense abyss, both dark and deep.
You ask its height. The measure I repeat:
Thirty-five hundred, one and seventy feet.
This you will find, if it be worth your while,
About two-thirds of a full English mile.
The Peaks of Otter, old Virginia's boast,
Are only twice as lofty, at the most;
The Himalayas, beneath Hindostan's sky,
Are said to be at least seven times as high.
Though Snowdon's summit-area is but small,
And measures scarce a hundred yards in all,
Large flocks of sheep are scattered on its sides,
With fleeces white as ocean's foaming tides.
As we ascended many lakes were seen,
In placid quiet, the green hills between.

Two lofty mountains rise on either side,
With towering peaks, and valleys deep and wide.
My dear Lulu has more delighted been
Than with all prospects which we yet have seen.
And joyous now our downward course we take
To Llanberis, the sweet, unruffled lake.

Ascending, we were not inclined to stop
Till we had gained old Snowdon's utmost top,
Whose splendid scenery is nowhere surpassed,
And will in memory forever last.
Then back again we to Caernarvon rode,
And for the night in quiet rest abode.

WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER OF NAMES KEPT AT THE SMALL HOUSE ON THE PEAK.

To Snowdon's top, this eighteenth day
Of June, we made our winding way;
And well rewarded we have been
In viewing this majestic scene.
Encircling mountains, lakes, and vales,
The grandeur and the pride of Wales;—
A rich reward, and even more,
For crossing the Atlantic o'er.

And may the stranger-traveler find
As much to please an ardent mind
In Young America, when on
The summit of Mount Washington;
Or where the Rocky Mountains show
Their hoary heads in endless snow;
Or where the Peaks of Otter soar
Above the thunder's deafening roar!

Thursday, June 19th.

We left Caernarvon, this once famous town,—
Whose walls and towers old Time is crumbling down,
With pleasing thoughts and memories reckoned o'er
Of all we heard and saw the day before;
The Castle, with its lofty towers and walls;
The chapel dungeons, banquet-rooms, and halls;

The state apartment time has made forlorn;
The royal bedroom, where the Prince was born—
First Prince of Wales, who Edward First became,
From whom descends the title and the name.

At Conway next we spent three pleasant hours,
Among the ruined palaces and towers;
The Castle, built six hundred years ago,
With all the skill a nation could bestow,
Has walls that in some strange cement are laid,
As perfect as they were the day when made;
And men of varied skill in all the arts
In vain have tried to analyze its parts.
'Tis harder, and resists a greater shock
Than does the limestone or the granite rock.

Then to old Chester back again we went;
And a delightful afternoon we spent
Upon the cars, and saw on every hand
A country rich in cultivated land;
The farmers plowing, all along, the fields,
For Russia turnips, whose abundant yields,
On which their sheep and other cattle live
In winter, and on which they better thrive,
Are stronger, and in firmer health remain
Than when sustained by either hay or grain.
A lovely country; but, 'tis strange to say,
A single fruit tree we've not seen to-day;
We miss the noble orchards on each hand,
So frequent in our own beloved land.
Go north or south, or travel east or west,
Our native clime in fruit is richly blest,
Of choicest kinds, improved with prudent care,
And found in great abundance everywhere.

But now another prospect comes in view;
A stranger country we are passing through,
Where furnaces and fires are all around,
And coal and cinders cover all the ground.

For miles on miles we see the blazing fires
Rush from the top of tall and blackened spires—
An iron region vast in depth and size,
Which all the railroads of the world supplies.
These mines are endless in their depth and worth,
Thousands of feet beneath the surface earth.

At half-past six we all were suited well
With rooms at Birmingham—the Queen's Hotel.
Letters we write, to send by evening mail
To steamer Scotia—Saturday to sail.

Friday, June 20th.

At Birmingham we round the city went,
And several hours in manufactories spent.
Electro-plating, in its every state,
Is truly wonderful—beyond description great;
We saw the means by which the ware is made
From the crude metal, till in silver laid;
The most complete, extensive, rich, and rare
Of all collections gathered anywhere.
And to a friendly nation all is shown
With satisfaction elsewhere rarely known
Among the men who thus supply the trade
And show the methods new by which 'tis made.

From thence to Gillott's, maker of steel pens,
Which to all nations in the world he sends;
The best that art and genius can produce
For those who have a fancy for their use.
Five hundred persons do these works engage,
And mostly all are girls of tender age;
Ranging along their ages seem to run,
From ten and upward, far as twenty-one.

Now to another useful art we turn—
"Papier maché,"—an elegant concern.
We saw how all the work was carried through,
Composed of paper mashed, and flour, and glue,

Until each article before us stood
In all its beauty, representing wood
Of finest texture, upon which is laid
Pearl and enamel, every tint and shade;
Then to a surface brought by stone and sand,
And lastly, polished by the naked hand.

From Birmingham we go, just after five;
At half-past six at Stratford we arrive,
Where, much fatigued, by inclination led,
We seek the grateful solace of a bed.

Saturday, June 21st.

Our object first, on this delightful morn,
Was Shakspeare's house, in which the bard was born.
Here names, on every pillar, room, and hall,
Are closely written on the whitewashed wall,
On window, ceiling, mantlepiece, and door,
Window and door frames, wainscoting and floor,
That not a place, in all the house around,
Can, large enough to write a name, be found;
And thousands written o'er each other are,
Till not a vacant spot is anywhere.
If travelers should hereafter wish to pen
Their titles, to be read by other men,
A place to write them can be found no more,
Except upon the sand of Avon's shore.
But, if they hesitate to write them there,
Let them inscribe them on the unfixed air;
'Tis just as well—for if on fame they call,
The name of Shakspeare will survive them all.

Then to the church, where Shakspeare's body lies;
Above the grave, a bust of common size
Of the great poet sits within the wall,
The likeness excellent, as said by all.
In the church-book the ancient records are—
His birth, his baptism, and his burial there.

We saw the font, a relic highly prized,
In which the infant Shakspeare was baptized.
The school-house still is there to which he went,
And the same desk on which the school-boy leant
And wrote his copy in his boyhood's days,
With the same hand that wrote his matchless plays.
Above his grave, upon a crumbling stone,
This epitaph of his is seen alone:

"Good frend, for Jesvs' sake, forbeare
"To digg the dvst enclosed heare;
"Blest be y^{e} man y^{t} spares thes stones,
"And cvrst be he y^{t} moves my bones!"

He had two daughters. Both are buried here
On either side their father, Will. Shakspeare.
He had no sons; and why, let none inquire;
Perhaps they might disgrace an honored sire.
But he was not alone without a son;
So, too, was Milton, Franklin, Washington.
Think not that nature's order is to blame,
Since each has left his country all his fame;
Around the church-yard, and among the graves,
We watched the gentle Avon's rippling waves;
Like thousands who in solemn sadness come
To see the shrine which holds the Poet's tomb.

To Kenilworth we in the evening went;
At the Red Horse a quiet season spent;
But found the weather so extremely cold,
That we our pretty little waitress told
That in our parlor it was our desire
To have the comfort of a little fire.
June twenty-first; and we are sitting here,
The longest day it is of all the year,
By a good fire, and closely gathered round,
From which much satisfaction we have found.

Sunday, June 22d.

We seek the home of a beloved friend
With whom a little time we hoped to spend;
But, on inquiry, find she is not here—
Louisa Cotton, long to memory dear,—
But is in London, where we hope she'll be
Till we arrive; for none we wish to see
So much as her, with whom in early years
A friendship grew that memory still endears;
For to such tenderness our friendship came,
A darling daughter bears her cherished name.
We sought the church, and in attending there
Enjoyed a good discourse, with praise and prayer;
And happy was I, in this place of rest,
To tread the aisle her feet so often prest;
There also secret satisfaction felt,
To kneel in worship where she too had knelt.
Returning from the church a chilling rain
Made doubly welcome our good fire again.

Monday, June 23d.

Breakfast dispatched, we sallied forth to see
Kenilworth Castle, famed in history;
More noted for its beauty, and its taste
In architectural grandeur far more chaste
Than any ruined castle we have seen,
In all the places where we yet have been.
A splendid ruin, now with ivy crowned,
Once as a royal palace more renowned
Than any ancient European court
Which regal splendor made its gay resort.
Its arches, windows, battlements, and towers,
Its lakes and gardens, tournaments and bowers,
Where Queen Elizabeth was entertained
By those o'er whom in dignity she reigned.
She ruled her subjects with a queenly hand,
And made her nation powerful, rich, and grand,
So that through many intervening reigns
Its glory with Victoria still remains;

And long may she imperial purple wear,
And, with her people, every blessing share!

Now taking leave of these delightful scenes,
Well knowing what a ruined castle means,
For Coventry, at twelve, we took the train,
To see what few will ever see again.
So great a mass of people, it appears,
Has not assembled for one hundred years.
To see Godiva, lady of renown,
In naked beauty riding thro' the town.
A legend, handed down from centuries past,
Which doubtless will for many centuries last,
Tells of a sov'reign prince of Coventry,
Whose noble princess set the people free
From crushing taxes by her lord imposed;
The whole transaction may be thus disclosed.
Godiva begged the prince to grant relief,
And thus was answered by the lordly chief.
"If through the city's streets from side to side,
"You on a horse's back will naked ride,
"I will concede the boon you deign to ask;"—
Not thinking she would undertake the task.
But, for the people was her love so strong,
And to relieve them from oppressive wrong,
Godiva, prompted by affection warm,
Resolved the undertaking to perform.
Heroic virtue! which alone could make
A modest lady such a course to take
In open day, alone and unattired;
Her noble heart with resolution fired,
The task was done. The prince was there to see,
And straight from taxes set the people free.
Thus, to commemorate the centennial day,
The people made the most august display
That on the city's annals now remain,
Or will be for a century again.
Heralds on steeds with gayly nodding plumes,
Princes and pages in their bright costumes,

Soldiers arrayed in ancient armor bright,
The Black Prince acting as a templar knight,
The ancient orders of the land, were there
To join a festival so grand and rare;
While horses decked in elegant array
Gave interest to the pageant of the day.
In ornamental trappings, all complete,
Four camels drew a carriage through the street;
An elephant a castle huge upbore,
While boys with noisy tumult ran before;
And pretty children, charmingly arrayed,
The loveliest part of the procession made.

Now mounted on a milk-white charger gay,
Lady Godiva, princess of the day,
Dressed in silk-fleshing, and so well attired,
Though true to nature, all who saw admired.
For all appeared so elegant and chaste.
That nothing could offend the purest taste.

The various arts and trades were shown with care;
The thousands in procession gathered there
Gave proof of manly vigor, health, and strength,
And formed a cavalcade one mile in length.

Lady Godiva, as the legend goes,
Commanded all the town their doors to close,
And windows also, and that they should stay
Within their houses quiet all that day,
A tailor, wond'ring what 'twas all about,
Peeped through a crack, and both his eyes fell out.
The house still stands which he was peeping from,
And the poor tailor's known as Peeping Tom.

We visited next a fine town on the Leam,
A beautiful place on a calm flowing stream;
The loveliest town we have seen since we came,
And from the small river deriving its name.

A home of the wealthy, their summer retreat,
Surrounded by many a fine country seat;
For beauty and splendor will Leamington stand
In memory the finest we've seen in the land.

Tuesday, June 24th.

The Castle of Warwick we saw on our way,
And in it we witnessed the grandest display
Of painting and sculpture of this old estate;
Of armor once worn by the valiant and great;
The wealth here collected in three hundred years,
In varied departments, before us appears;
And years full eight hundred have now fleeted by
Since the castle was built by the great giant Guy.

A warrior was he, to whom great strength was given;
In stature was known to be eight feet eleven;
The armor worn by him, as now 'tis here shown,
Is exclusively kept in a room of its own,—
And all bearing proof of herculean strength;—
A sword-blade of steel of full six feet in length;
A helmet and breastplate of size huge and strong,
Which unto a giant could only belong.

For Oxford, at twelve, we now take the train,
Delighted to be on our journey again.
And there having dined, we started at two,
And then until six walked the city well through.
Its colleges nineteen with time-wasted walls;
Its libraries grand, and its five spacious halls,
To learning devoted, and its sacred claim
Which gives to old Oxford its exalted name;
Where young men of talent may, without regard
To birth or to station, meet their just reward;—
Thro' gardens of flowers and neat pleasure grounds,
And avenues long, with which Oxford abounds,—
The great dining-hall where the young nobles meet
Distinction of tables where they come to eat.

The courses are served with great show and style,
Waiters standing behind their lordships the while,
And strictest decorum and order with all
As e'er would be seen in a nobleman's hall;
And here the professors, each and every one,
Appear with the badges their learning has won.
But that which awakens in highest degree
An interest far greater than all else to see,
Is that sacred spot of which we've all learned,
Where Latimer, Ridley, and Cranmer were burned
For holding and preaching God's most Holy Word
Revealed by Christ Jesus, our Saviour and Lord.
Their monument grand, which religion now rears,
Will their glory transmit through all coming years.

To stay one more day we all deemed it best,
And retired at an hour quite early to rest.

Wednesday, June 25th.

The Angel Hotel we all left at eight,
And passing through Botanic Garden Gate
Of St. John's College, here of high renown,
The best endowed of any in the town,
Saw ev'ry plant and shrub, and flower and tree,
That e'en the curious could desire to see,
From all the continents and ocean shores
On which the sun his radiant glory pours.
Thence through the various colleges we passed,
Leaving St. John's, the largest, to the last.
The groves and grounds are most extensive here,
The park contains at least one hundred deer;
The fields and meadows, avenues and rides,
Through which the river Cherwell calmly glides,
Seem vast and almost boundless in extent,
On which for ages treasures have been spent.
From thence through winding avenues we strayed,
Trees which for centuries have furnished shade;
But over all, in grandeur those excel,
Of Lady Montague and Doctor Fell.

Great Western Railway then we took at one,
Well pleased with all, in Oxford, we had done,
And in two hours, by fleet express, were hurled
To London, greatest city in the world!
And in the hope that we again should meet
With lodgings, drove direct to Regent Street.
But we in vain our good old quarters tried
With Mrs. Simpson who had lately died;
So all was changed;—no lodgings for us there;—
Close by, in Brewer Street, near Golden Square,
We found good rooms, small, but extremely neat,
And furnished well, with every thing complete.
Thus lucky were we at such time to find
A pleasant home so suited to our mind.

Thursday, June 26th.

This morning early to the city went,
To get the trunks from Liverpool we sent.
On Baring Brothers, bankers, did we call,
To get our letters;—thence to London Wall,
Where our good William Newman had a friend,
To whom, with his, our baggage too did send.

For half an hour we roamed about St. Paul's,
Among its statues, chapels, aisles, and halls,
And thence to Banker Lovegrove, Dowgate Hill,
To learn if Mrs. Cotton lived there still,
That her address from him I might obtain,
Hoping to see my cherished friend again.

At intervals, all day, we here have rain;
Therefore at home we mostly do remain.
To station, London Bridge, Jabial's gone
To see his friends, the Williamsons, start on
Their journey to the Continent to-day,
Who first some weeks in Paris mean to stay.
At four, with Lulu, to Post-office went
To leave our letters, that they may be sent

By way of Queenstown, by the ocean mail,
By ship this day from Liverpool to sail.
Dinner dispatched, I started with Lulu
To Bedford Square, where Basil Montagu
Once lived,—my early, firm, and steadfast friend,
With whom some happy hours I used to spend.
With joyful recognition saw once more
The house, and clasped the knocker at the door.
Lulu was pleased that here, in manhood's dawn,
I found dear friends, although they now are gone.

Thursday, July 3d.

At Madame Tussaud's, matchless art display—
Figures in wax—we mostly spend the day.
As works of skill, of labor, and of art,
Most wonderful they seem, in every part,
And far more perfect than I yet have seen
On either continent where I have been.

Of men are some of every rank and grade,
As true to nature as were ever made;
Of kings and queens, in all their robes of state;
Men that are known among the good and great,
And those who have, for beauty, talent, fame,
In ages past, attained the greatest name,
Who seem alive, with life-blood flush and warm,
Perfect in attitude, and face, and form.

Napoleon's articles are here displayed,
The best collection that was ever made.
His traveling coach, complete in every part,
Distinguished as a work of highest art;
A room well furnished, and in order kept,
E'en to the bed in which the Emperor slept,
Convenient all for what one has to do—
Transported, as they say, from Waterloo;
With countless things the monarch once possessed,
To all of which his title stands confessed.

And he by whom our liberties were won—
The good, the great, the noble Washington,
Who for Columbia freedom's flag unfurled,
And gained the admiration of the world.

A frightful "Room of Horrors," too, has she,
Which few with feeble nerves desire to see.
There stands the first "Infernal French Machine;"
And there the first invented "Guillôtine,"
The axe, which every man of feeling dreads,
That severed two-and-twenty thousand heads
From living bodies near the Tuileries,
Atrocities which make the life-blood freeze.
This axe of death is formidably great;
One hundred pounds is given as the weight
Of this infernal blade, which downward slides,
And as the victim falls, the head divides
From off the body, making it straightway
Ready the headsman's mandate to obey;
And scarce the blood of one is gushing warm,
Ere it receives another trembling form.
So prompt this cruel engine's motive power,
That scores may fall beneath it in an hour.
Such is the instrument we just have seen,
The Frenchman's loudly-vaunted Guillôtine,
Whose sole inventor went among the dead,
Because his guillôtine took off his head.
Then let no other man such folly show,
But recollect the fortune of Guillôt.

For King and Queen we drop the ready tear,
But none for the red butcher, Robespierre;
He, too, beneath the trenchant weapon fell,
And demons dragged his spirit down to hell,
There to remain, in everlasting chains,
While God, the universal Ruler, reigns.

In perfect likeness there one also sees
Assassins, murderers, too, of all degrees,

And traitors vile, who would their country sell—
Ignoble Mason, and the wretch Slidell.

But woe to him who left his native home
But to escape the just and direful doom
Of those who seek, by chance or by design,
To invade the rights, both sacred and divine,
Of homes where wedded love and truth had given
The attributes of paradise and heaven,
And sought a home on Mississippi's shore
To bathe a tyrant's lash in human gore!
Such are the "Chivalry" that cross the sea
To blight the world's last hope of liberty.
And shall such fiends revisit freedom's shores
To claim their justly confiscated stores?
If so, let freemen meet them on the strand,
And dig their graves beneath the ocean's sand.

And when they left, had Tussaud been there then,
She might have added groups of kindred men,
Such as Jeff. Davis, whom rebellion dooms,
Benjamin and Wise, Breckinridge and Toombs,
And others who in treason did agree—
Stephens and Johnston, Beauregard and Lee,
The robber Forrest, Polk, the mitred fool,
With hundreds more of treason's bloody school.

Lulu and I, at evening, took a ride
To Newington, upon the Surrey side,
Straight to the church, of which so much is heard,
Where Spurgeon preaches and expounds the Word.
He gave a sermon of at least an hour,
And in it, with a calm, unrivaled power,
Explained the judgment and its just award
To those who shun and those who seek the Lord.

The sermon over, some who realized
The force of truth and duty, were baptized—

Nineteen in all, who thus their faith confessed,
Setting a bright example to the rest.

The church contained a densely crowded throng,
The people joining in the sacred song
Of praise to Him from whom all blessings flow,
And with a zeal that seemed to feel and know
That, of a truth, the Lord was in the place,
And all who would might realize his grace.
The church is larger than one elsewhere sees,
And will five thousand seat with perfect ease.
A baptistry it has, of ample size,
Where all who come the preacher will baptize,
Regardless of their sect, or church, or name,
So that immersion at his hands they claim.

Friday, July 4th.

Our nation's glorious festival to-day
Was celebrated by a grand display
Of men and women from our native land,
Who gave to each and all a friendly hand.
Three hundred true Americans, in all,
Sat down to dine in Crystal Palace Hall.
A fonder union feeling could not be
Of hearts and hands than that which here we see.
Attachment stronger could not well be shown
To that dear land we proudly call our own.

The dinner done, some brilliant speeches came
From men on whom the chairman called by name;
And all, with one united heart and voice,
Spoke to the cause, which made our hearts rejoice,
To find that men not natives of our land
Were joined with us in union, heart and hand.

And here the noble Rylance did set forth
The glorious object of the loyal North,
And well maintained its justice and its claims,
And lauded high its labors and its aims

For human good, the noblest work of man,
To make a nation free as when the race began.
Proclaiming ours to be a righteous cause,
And that our Constitution and our laws
Should be preserved by all the nation's strength,
By every means, and to the utmost length,
In hope, ere long, that all the world will see
Our Stars and Stripes proclaim a nation free,—
Free from the curse it quite too long has borne,
And slavery's chain from every limb be torn.
Such were the thoughts expressed, in language free;
And grant, O God, that such the issue be!

Now from the table where we sat to dine,
The station, Sydenham, we left at nine.

Sunday, July 6th.

This morning joyfully we left, at ten,
For church at Newington, to hear again
The preacher Spurgeon, wonder of the age,
Read and discourse upon the sacred page.
A man more eloquent, sincere, and sound
In Bible doctrine I have never found.
Clear and distinct was every word in prayer,
And audible to all assembled there.
Though full eight thousand had together met,
And hundreds who no standing-place could get
Within the church or galleries, on the floor,
Along the aisles, or even at the door,
All eager seemed to hear the well-known voice
Which made so many pious hearts rejoice.

An invitation at the close was given
That all who loved the Lord, in hope of heaven,
Should the communion, in the evening, take
With brethren there, and, in remembrance, break
The loaf which represents the body slain,
For sin and sinners, that the world might gain

Eternal life through Him who is their guide,
And on the cross for them was crucified;
And also take with them the cup of wine
Which of his blood was the symbolic sign;
That blood which for remission ran so free
From hands and feet and side on Calvary.

He said, all those who in the Lord believed,
And were baptized, would be by him received,
As members in good fellowship to stand:
"Believe and be baptized," is God's command.
But to the table come ye, every soul,
For this no living mortal can control;
It is the Lord's, and come whoever may,
Man has no right to judge or turn away
Those who themselves examine, and proclaim
Their faith in God, their trust in Jesus' name.
And all believers who desire to be
Baptized by him, are left entirely free
To join with any church their feelings might
Prefer, after the sacred, solemn rite.

He who with Baptists only thus accords
Sits at a Baptist's supper, not the Lord's;—
That which Episcopalians only join
Is but Episcopal, and not divine.

Again the evening brought together there
A crowd immense, to offer praise and prayer.
More than two thousand members there belong;
Strangers and guests the crowded table throng;
All rushing forward, like a living flood,
To taste the symbols of Christ's flesh and blood.

When all were seated, silence most profound
Reigned thro' the church, and all we saw around,
As if sincere devotion filled the soul,
Hushed by the Lord's omnipotent control.

There also came to take the sacred feast,
Two from Nestoria Syria in the East,
Who elders were in their own native land,
Whom Spurgeon gave, in fellowship, his hand.

After the wine and bread they drank and broke,
One, for awhile, to the assembly spoke
In Syriac, the language of their land,
No word of which could any understand,
Till an interpreter arose to prove
That all he said of Christ was truth and love.

Thursday, July 10th.

Of the World's Exhibition no pen can declare
The numberless treasures, expensive and rare;
Its glories no language or tongue can unfold;
A tithe of its splendors can never be told;
For works are here gathered from every land,
Conceived by the head, and wrought out by the hand.
Humanity labored for six thousand years
To gather the wealth which around us appears.

A gallery of paintings all visitors own
The rarest and best to the world ever known;
For fine execution, for beauty and worth,
The grandest display ever seen on the earth.
One painting is here from a great master's hand,
A scene on the Jordan, within Holy Land—
Of value immense, as it also would seem—
Where John is immersing the Christ in the stream.

For exquisite finish and graceful design
The sculpture description can never define;
Or single or grouped, from the first to the last,
Their work, in perfection, was never surpassed.
American sculptors, as seems to be clear,
Are ranked among highest exhibitors here.

The products of nations both distant and near
Compete for the prizes awaiting them here.

The fine silks of France make a brilliant display;
Unequaled in texture and richness are they.
The splendor of some is a sight to behold,
Where silk intermingles with threads of fine gold.

The beautiful carvings of wood by the Swiss
Stand foremost in all exhibitions like this;
And India in vain on her laborers calls
For equals in ivory carvings and shawls.

Whilst Germans are wholly unrivaled in toys,
Or works the most pleasing to girls and to boys,
American mowers and reapers disarm
All other pretensions to work on the farm.

Mechanical arts, as exhibited here,
Give medals to English experts, it is clear.
In making machines, it is freely confessed,
Here artificers English are known to be best.
Their work is most perfect in every part—
The triumph of labor, of skill, and of art.
In cutlery, also, it strikes every mind
That England leaves all other nations behind.

Of musical instruments here we can find
All patterns that ever were known to mankind,
From the organ majestic, whose masterly tone
Fills every part of this building alone,
Quite down to the jewsharp, through every grade,
And all with artistical workmanship made.

Of laces superb the amount is immense,
And ladies their loud admiration dispense;
While gentlemen gaze at the watches and chains,
Pipes, firearms, and sabres, umbrellas and canes.

No mind can conceive of the elegant show
Of pyramid-cases, in row after row,
Well filled, and provided in every part
With treasures of genius and models of art.

The fountains are playing in green leafy bowers,
With waters perfumed with the odors of flowers.
From one whose construction resembles a throne
A thousand streams sparkle with "Eau de Cologne."
Spectators who witness this wonderful scene
Pronounce it the grandest that ever has been;
And all who are able distinctions to draw
Regard it successful, without any flaw.

In plate and in jewels wealth largely abounds,
In value amounting to millions of pounds,
With diamonds and rubies and all precious stones,
Which ambition craves, or which royalty owns.
Here blazing with splendor is many a thing,
From a crown to a cross, from a cross to a ring,
For even the treasures, so brilliant and rare,
The wealth of the Tower, are taken from there,
To give the World's Fair a fame and renown,
Well worthy the nation, the people, and crown.

The largest department of these varied scenes
Is the wonder of wonders, the group of machines.
In this grand collection, superbly arrayed,
There seem all inventions by man ever made.
Yet these great productions imperfectly span
The breadth of the mind—the invention of man;
And none can survey the results that we find,
And feel not a love for the Giver of mind.

Saturday, July 12th.

A splendid department, most pleasing to sight,
In which I have taken admiring delight,
Comprises fine cattle which largely abound,
And which but in England alone can be found.

The horses are fine for the plow or the chase,
As ever I saw of that spirited race;
And all kinds of cattle, for labor or food,
In England are found unmistakably good.

No pleasanter day can be spent anywhere
Than one on the grounds of the World's London Fair.

Of friends we have met from our own native States,
Palmer, Toppan, and Bacon, Roy, Perkins, and Bates,
Whose friendship in memory we ever hold dear,
More valued and prized in the flight of each year.
Of many from whom I've been called here to part,
Few only remain now to gladden the heart;
To all I am grateful for kindnesses shown,
Which led to successes in life rarely known.

Of those who here gladdened the youth of my life,
Are Mitchell, and Cotton, Barry Cornwall* and wife,
And grateful 'tis now, in this love-cherished land,
To get from the heart a warm grasp of the hand.

Sunday, July 13th.

This is a summer morning, bright and warm,
Without a cloud to indicate a storm;
A day unusual in this humid clime,
E'en in the warmth of this midsummer time.
No day has passed since we have tarried here
That was not dark and chilly, damp and drear;
Of all these days there scarcely has been one
Which in an azure sky revealed the sun·
But mists and haze and clouds all intervene
To cast a gloomy aspect on the scene.

To-day again, from choice, we went to hear
The gospel preached, in accents warm and clear,
By Spurgeon, great proclaimer of the day,
Who causes for the time to flee away
All doubts about the Saviour's willing mind
To save th' obedient of all human kind,
Who come submissive to his sacred laws,
Expounded by himself; and hear his cause

* B. W. Procter, the celebrated poet and author.

By those commissioned by himself to teach
The truth to every creature, and to preach
A free salvation in a Saviour's name,
And to the earth's remotest ends proclaim
Redeeming grace to all who him receive,
And in his mercy lovingly believe.
All such his statutes carefully obey,
Who is himself the life, the truth, the way!
Repenting, they believe and are baptized,
When all their fondest hopes are realized;
For when impenitence forsakes the soul,
Man yields his spirit to the Lord's control;
And then the Saviour scatters all his foes,
And the heart's Sharon "blossoms like the rose."

Most fervently did Spurgeon pray to God
For our loved country, weltering in its blood,
That he would palsy Treason's gory hand,
And slavery drive forever from the land;
Direct the bolt at red rebellion hurled,
And drive accurst oppression from the world.

Again the church was crowded to excess,
And there were present not in number less
Than full eight thousand persons gathered there,
To join in giving thanks in hymns and prayer,
To Him who rules in all the heavens above,
And to the earth extends his boundless love;
All who instructive lessons came to seek,
Rejoiced to hear the great proclaimer speak
Of God's extending his almighty hands
To all the nations, peoples, tribes, and lands.
Who love his word, and Christ the Saviour own,
By paying homage humbly at his throne,
Where they, as angels, will through endless days
Exalt the Lord their God in hymns of praise,
For that salvation which he came to give,
To death submitting that mankind might live.

Tuesday, July 15th.

At London Tower, how many a startling thrill
Of horror comes the saddened soul to fill!
The gloom of death the dismal place pervades,
As we go through its gloomy cells and shades.
Its arching vaults, its dungeons dark and deep,
Its solid walls, its bulwarks high and steep,
A sickening gloom o'er all the spirits bring,
The scene of death to prince and lord and king,
Of queens, and women noble in their day,
Like Anne Boleyn and the good Lady Grey.
The heart grows sick, the soul receives a shock,
To see the iron shackles, axe, and block,
By which they suffered torture, pain, and death,
The victims of detraction's poison breath.

All these are shown by the official guide,
Together with the block on which they died;
The very box which caught, as we are told,
The severed heads as from the block they rolled.
The dungeon where, with scarce a ray of light,
Sir Walter Raleigh spent a lengthened night
Made up of years. We sadly entered there,
And thought of cruel suffering and despair
Which he endured, until the hour when led
Out to the block where severed was his head.

The kings of England here, both good and bad,
Are mounted all and in their armor clad,
On noble steeds, with trappings rich and gay,
Their polished weapons all in rich array,
A gorgeous sight, and well deserving praise,
The records thus preserved of by-gone days.
Here is a store of wealth immensely great,
Containing the crown jewels of the State;
Shields, swords, and sceptres, coronets, and rings,
The priceless treasures of the queens and kings,
Made up of pearls and gold and precious gems,
In ornaments inwrought, and diadems

Of all the monarchs in successive reigns,
And treasured here among the nation's gains.

When Queen Victoria first assumed the throne,
The royal jewels in her crown alone
Were worth a million,* mostly diamonds bright,
Among the largest that have seen the light.
Here, in these treasures, wealth immense abounds,
The value is four sterling million pounds.
From reign to reign these gems are handed down,
Belonging wholly to the British crown,
And have for centuries, as is well known,
Been worn by monarchs on the British throne.

A room is here in which the world has heard
Of princes massacred by Richard Third,
Whose vile assassins in night's darkness crept
Into the chamber where the children slept,
With murder in their hearts both dark and deep,
While they in innocence were wrapt in sleep
Their life-blood strangled—sealed their early doom
By sending both the brothers to the tomb;
Then threw their bodies through an iron grate,
Of a recess behind the entrance gate.
Dark deeds were these, too terrible to tell,
Which sent the butcher Richard "down, down to hell,"
By Richmond's flashing sabre double steeled,
In mortal combat on the battle-field.

All these, with countless records valued more,
Are treasured up in this exhaustless store
Of England's wealth amassed in ages past,
And through all coming time designed to last.
Thus, with astonishment, we spend an hour
In seeing wonders of the London Tower.

Thursday, July 17th.

To Windsor now, the home of queens and kings,
The love of novelty our footsteps brings.

* Five million dollars.

Her gracious Majesty, the reigning queen,
Permits, while she is absent, to be seen
Her royal palace, most superbly grand,
The finest home of kings in any land.
Its spacious rooms are filled in every part
With paintings, sculptures, of the highest art,
From ablest hands, and genius which shall give
The meed of fame while by-gone records live.

Among these names to learned critics known
Is one Americans can call their own ;
If not the foremost, yet among the best,
The noble man, the noted painter, West.*
His two great pictures in the chapel here,
Are to the critic and the Christian dear.
His "Resurrection" and his "Altar-Piece,"
While art is loved and prized, will never cease
To gain for him a great and lasting fame,
And to the ages consecrate his name.
With Alston, Trumbull, Inman, he shall shine
A citizen of that dear land of mine,
Whose future sons their glory shall impart
To all departments of the realms of art.

Rise, young Americans! to greet the day
When gory treason shall have passed away,
Rebellion punished in its gushing gore,
Secession gone, to curse your land no more,
And genius on your glorious realm bestows
Other Raphaels and Michael Angelos!

The sculptured beauty of the marble tomb
Of Princess Charlotte, in life's early bloom,
Exceeds in elegance and grand design
All I have seen in the mausoleum line.
The spirit rising from the form of death,
Which lies enshrouded on a couch beneath ;

* Born in Pennsylvania, October 10, 1738.

The little infant in an angel's arms,
Ascending in seraphic beauty's charms,
Strikes the beholder's fancy with surprise;
And while he looks he sees the group arise,
To find the world to happy mortals given,
Who seek on earth the shining way to heaven.

And thus may we, when mortal toils are past,
And earth's allurements all behind us cast,
With bright attendant angels upward soar
To happy realms, to sin and sigh no more!

From Windsor Tower the scene, on every hand,
Of woods and waters, cultivated land,
Gardens and parks, and villages and streets,
Of mansions grand, and rural country seats,
Of forests vast, and varied pleasure-grounds,
Where beauty blushes, and where wealth abounds,
Combining all the charms of light and shade,
To be imagined, must be first surveyed.

That which has made this charming day replete
With purest joy, is once again to meet
With friends* beloved from our dear native land,
Long, long endeared in friendship, heart and hand,
Whose memory in my heart, for virtues rare,
Is deeply fixed, to be forever there!
Besides, it was, in life's unvarying way,
The sweet return of that ecstatic day
On which those legal, sacred acts were done
That bid two loving hearts unite in one;
When we, in youthful hope, together went
To Catskill mountain summit, where we spent
A few brief days, to all but memory gone,
Ere life was clouded by affliction's dawn.
And I, through more than six and thirty years
Of mingled joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,

* Charles Toppan, Esq., and family.

Afflictions bitter, sorrows sore and deep,
Have learned to mourn, to suffer, and to weep
O'er buried hopes, and in the grave to find
My darling treasures to the dead consigned.

Yet, by the aid of Him who rules above,
I hold them still in purest, holiest love.

These friends whom we have met have been bereft;
And yet three fondly cherished ones are left
To glad their hearts, and fill the lost ones' room,
While on the shortening journey to the tomb.
Alas! the changes that have marked my way
Since the enjoyments of that nuptial day,
When I, thrice blessed by matrimonial cheer,
Pledged faith to her whom love had rendered dear!

But she has gone to dwell with saints in light,
An angel now, the brightest of the bright!
The holiest loves had purified her heart
Before the stroke of death's unerring dart;
And well she knew that Jesus Christ could save
Ere we consigned her body to the grave,
And that affianced hearts will meet above,
As surely as that God himself is Love.

Thursday, July 24th.

Left London this morning a quarter past ten,
With the earnest desire to visit again,
And once more enjoy the pleasing delight
Of the beautiful scenes of the loved Isle of Wight.

A country most charming our road passes through,
And brings us to Portsmouth exactly at two,
Where an hour we await, not the wind or the tide,
But a steamer expected to take us to Ryde.
When it came 'twas a matter of wonder to all
That travelers can go in a steamer so small;
Compared with our Hudson boats 'twas but a speck,
A few narrow seats on a very small deck;

No space left for walking or moving at will,
And scarce enough room to keep perfectly still;
With cabin no larger, nor would it hold more
Than market-boat coming from New Jersey shore.

In thirty short minutes we reached the long pier,
At least half a mile, as they all tell us here;
And now comes the pleasure of grasping the hand
Of friends we have loved from our own native land.
Mr. Peters and lady, after leaving the deck,
With charming young ladies Comstock and Harbeck,
Whose social attractions contrast with delight
With all we have seen in the Island of Wight.

On making a journey we all now decide—
Around the whole island, beginning at Ryde;
An excursion more lovely can nowhere be found
In the world than in going this island around.
The scenes are most charming of hill-side and dale,
Of parks and of forests, of upland and vale,
Of avenues shaded by elegant trees,
With branches that dance to the harp of the breeze,
Encircled by ivy of bright living green,
Imparting delight to the magical scene.

See rich-mantled hedges o'erspread far and wide,
With wild flowers blooming on every side;
The roads most delightful, both smooth and complete,
The beautiful mansions well ordered and neat;
The old church at Brading, majestic and grand,
The oldest, they tell us, now known in the land,
With pillory and whipping-post still standing there,
Of a barbarous age all that's left anywhere.
But the scenes of wild beauty which others outshine
Are falls, rocks, and ravines at famed Shankland Chine.

Friday, July 25th.

The hotel at Ventnor, a most charming spot,
With its well-ordered household must not be forgot;—

Its scenes of wild grandeur behind and before,
The huge billows breaking along its smooth shore;
The ocean spread wide as the vision can reach,
The chalk cliffs uprising the pure pebbly beach;
Small boats on waves dancing with white sails unfurled,
Are beautiful scenes unsurpassed in the world.

The bathing-house fixtures exceedingly fine,
On patent wheels moving, arranged in a line.
The triumph of art, and most skillfully made,
Is the beautiful crescent, its grand esplanade.
The high-mantling rocks seem arranged by design,
And the undercliffs varying all beauties combine;
The numberless cliff birds that build their nests there,
With musical twitter make vocal the air.

The tiny church structure of century eleven (1197),
On the ground of Lord Yarborough, built ninety-seven;
The smallest church building we ever have seen,
Embosomed in beauty and mantled in green.

How pleasant the travel along the whole way!
Where'er we've occasion to stop or to stay,
The same marked attention, obliging and kind;
And all that we ask for is just to our mind.
E'en "mine host at the inn" in this did abound,
"A good bit of water as in England is found."

Affections endearing the heart's core entwine,
While here again stopping to see "Black-Gang-Chine,"
When in former and brighter and happier years
These scenes I beheld which now memory endears.
And the spot so delightful I once traveled o'er
With one who is gone to be seen here no more,
To walk the same ground and to see the same room,
Though memory enshrouds them in sorrow and gloom.
An ardent delight now beyond all control,
Its pleasure imparts to the depths of the soul;

The memory of one to whom Jesus had given
The wisdom and goodness that bore her to heaven.
Loved Shade, now departed, thy image is here,
The dear one remaining my lone heart to cheer.

What beautiful scenes we are passing again,
The fields are all covered with tall waving grain;
And fine agriculture the best we have seen
In all the rich regions through which we have been.
And never before have I anywhere known
Such fields of fine barley so evenly grown;
In richest luxuriance the crops now all stand,
Without the least lodgment all over the land;
And nice farming knowledge is everywhere shown
In fitting the ground for the seed which is sown.

The Garden of England this island is called,
And by the Almighty himself was it walled;
The high rocky cliffs and the deep rolling sea,
Forever unchanged its protection will be.
In richness of culture, its arbors and bowers,
Its walks and its drives, its fields and its flowers,
These banners that nature waves o'er it unfurled,
Makes the Garden of England the pride of the world.
Thus pleasantly spending a bright summer day,
At six in the evening we reached Alum Bay.

A spot most inviting, a house most complete,
With every convenience well ordered and neat;
A hostess obliging, knows how to prepare
All things that are best—most excellent fare.

Among the grand features with which it abounds,
A long range of hills which they call here "The Downs,"
On which in the twilight of evening we strolled,
And saw the white cliffs where the sea billows rolled
In from the broad ocean, expanding before,
And listened awhile to its far-distant roar.

Saturday, July 26th.

On this sunny morning we all went to spend
An hour in reviewing the farthest land's end;
The place called the Needles, to sailors well known,
A point around which many wrecks have been strown.
These Needles are chalk towers, and just seem to be
Tall icebergs uprising from out of the sea.

The light-house beyond seems in water to stand,
By a fort being built at the point of the land,
Its far outer end where the waves and the spray
Will wash by degrees its foundation away;
For within a few years it is very well known
The Needles have changed, and much smaller grown.
Regretting that now we no longer can stay
To view all its beauties, we leave Alum Bay.

Returning, we come on the opposite side
Of the island, here said to be thirteen miles wide.
The same cultivation is everywhere seen,
The fields and the woods highly mantled in green;
No words can express, and no tongue can declare
The exquisite charms of the land, sea, and air.

We visit old Yarmouth, of fame in its day,
When the war fleet of England was moored in its bay;
Its harbor is fine, in which vessels can ride
Unharmed in its moorings at all times of tide.
So narrow its streets, and so quaint is its style
This city seems oldest of all in the isle.

The city of Cowes is the largest one here,
A place of some commerce e'en now would appear,
From the number of vessels that lie alongside
Its piers and its quays, both extensive and wide.
'Twas a large port of entry for many a year,
When the consuls of nations were resident here,
And one of great note, as its history allows,
When ships of all nations cast anchor at Cowes.

Its streets are all narrow, its houses all high,
And bear all the tokens of ages gone by.
The town on the hill-side is thickly built o'er,
As the land rises gently on leaving the shore.
The view of the city is equally grand
As the traveler approaches by sea or by land.

The scenes around Osborn, the home of the Queen,
Are grand and imposing as aught we have seen;
The gateways are modern, and all in good taste,
In artistic beauty exceedingly chaste.
The Castle is hid from our view all around
By shrubbery and trees, which in clusters abound.
But what, to my taste, was the principal charm,
Were Prince Albert's cattle and fine model farm;
Likewise model houses, which rightfully claim
The Prince as designer, inscribed with his name.

Thus joyfully spending three beautiful days,
Seeing lowlands and valleys, cliffs, highlands, and bays,
The trees in full foliage, the thick creeping vines,
The world's admiration, the two famous chines,
The fine cultivation, the rich waving grain,
The orchards and woodland, the upland and plain,
The parks and the gardens, the cities and towns,
The waters and shipping, the wastes and the Downs,
The castles and hamlets, the church old and small,
The broad ocean's grandeur surpassing them all,
The hedges and wild flowers along the roadside—
With their memories sweet, we came back to Ryde.

Sunday, July 27th.

Ascended this morning a steep grassy mound
Of circular shape, rising up from the ground,
A hill all surrounded by rich farming lands,
And high on its top Castle Carrisbrook stands,
A noble old fort, built by Saxons, we're told,
And from its foundation, twelve hundred years old.
'Tis the only one left now of that early date,
And the only one kept in its primitive state.

A well spring of three hundred feet we there saw,
Where an ass turns a wheel the water to draw,
As pure and as sparkling and sweet to the taste
As e'er gushed from spring on Green Mountain waste.

'Twas here Charles the First, as records are given,
Took refuge from Hampton, sixteen forty-seven,
And closely confined in a chamber well known—
A window of which to all travelers is shown—
Until execution; when his young Princess
Elizabeth died of heart-broken distress;
And now in this Castle clothed in ivy green,
The coffin of this lovely Princess is seen;
And her story of death is written above
This coffin of innocence, beauty, and love.

Tuesday, July 29th.

Left London this morning at eleven o'clock,
From below London Bridge—St. Catharine's Dock,
On a boat of the London and Rotterdam line,
With passengers mostly set out for the Rhine.
The Thames and its borders, long subjects of song,
We admire all their beauties in passing along.

A very good dinner was served up at two
On this royal steamer, by name Waterloo;
But poorly provided are passengers all,
The cabins and berths are exceedingly small.
Besides, chairs and settees we hardly can keep,
And there are no beds on which we can sleep.
I do not remember, in years that are past,
A night of less comfort than here was the last.

Wednesday, July 30th.

In our steamer, called Royal, we safely arrive
At Rotterdam, Holland, this morning at five;
And having left London at eleven o'clock,
Were just nineteen hours from dock unto dock.

An excellent house on the beautiful quay,
Where breakfast was served in an unusual way;
The table in neatness no thought can excel,
And in richness I ne'er saw in any hotel;
Everything of the best and at most costly rate,
Of beautiful china and elegant plate.
The charges for all this attention and care
Were small when compared with plain London fare.

The quay, with its mile length of elegant elms
Along the broad Maas, the spirit overwhelms
With wonder to witness the power at command,
The change made from ocean to beautiful land;
And the quay, with its shipping and banners unfurled,
Makes a street unequaled in all of the world.
And an hour spent in riding the city around,
By canals and o'er bridges which largely abound,
We're all of opinion, wherever we've been,
'Tis a city the cleanest we ever have seen.

Arrived at the Hague and a charming hotel,
In all its appointments involving high praise;
In neatness and comfort they all here excel,
A people delightful seem these Hollandaise.

The gallery of paintings is remarkably full,
By Dutch artists chiefly, or in greatest part;
But the grandest achievement is Paul Potter's Bull,
And seems the perfection of artistic art.

The houses are massive, in purely Dutch style,
Designed by the builders forever to stand;
While canals deep and broad run mile upon mile,
And exceedingly flat is the arable land.

A natural forest of magnificent trees,
As nature in wildness designed them to be;
And thousands among them now gathered one sees,
Both making and sipping their excellent tea.

Here large family gatherings are seen on each hand,
Divested, 'twould seem, of life's griefs and its cares;
And now in their midst is the king's royal band,
Performing most charmingly exquisite airs.

And here oft among them delighted are seen,
Who ride through the forest for pleasure or air,
The good King of Holland and his gracious Queen,
Saluted by each and by all gathered there.

But the chief pleasure felt on this charming spot
Is meeting with one whom our bosoms hold dear,—
My own beloved nephew, who'll ne'er be forgot,
Our Henry Clay Parmly, now resident here.

Sunday, August 3d.

From Bruxelles we started precisely at one;
The day was illum'ed by a bright summer sun;
A fine rolling country we made our way through,
In a drive of twelve miles, to the famed Waterloo,—
A name to be noted on history's page
Till Time, in its march, shall be hoary with age.

The first thing of moment, as shown by our guide,
Was a monument raised to adorn the wayside;
Within an inclosure, embowered with the shade
Of beautiful trees, was a sepulchre made
By Anglesea's Marquis, to mark the place where
Amputation was made of his leg buried there;—
And this did the valiant, the noble, and brave
Young Marquis erect o'er his leg and its grave.

There are, in a chapel of Catholic faith,
Of tombs eight and twenty, recording the death
Of men who had perished in Waterloo's fight,
When Buonaparte's glory was shrouded in night.
These tributes of valor are all that remain
Of hecatombs piled on the fields of the slain;
But genius has marked them with neatness and taste,
And here, by affectionate gratitude placed,

They stand in remembrance of those of the dead
Who bravely for glory at Waterloo bled.

A fine marble bust of Wellington there
In beauty of sculptural art will compare
With the finest and rarest; and it is believed
A more perfect semblance has not been achieved
Among all the trials where genius and art
To marble have labored warm life to impart.

This church the regard of posterity claims,
Where England inscribes her illustrious names;
Her nobles and heroes, the high and the low,
Have here all the national heart can bestow
On patriot duty and valorous deeds,
When love is ablaze, and loyalty bleeds.
Thus all who have left on these tablets a name
For ages will live on the records of fame.

The places are shown where the hosts were arrayed,
And fierce shocks of battle successively made;
The hills and the valleys where martially stood
The armies prepared for the banquet of blood;
The ground where the lines were full two miles in length,
Sustained by reserves to redouble their strength;
The upland, the lowland, the woodland, and plain,
Where numbers were greatest and most were the slain.

The troops of the Allies that gathered there then
Were sixty-eight thousand and eight hundred men;
The French were, of thousands, in all seventy-two;—
All these were arrayed on thy field, Waterloo!
They stood in close columns, and fought side by side,
Two miles in extension, and half a mile wide;
The generals commanding the armies that won
Were Field-Marshal Blucher and Lord Wellington,
Who Prussia's and England's proud banners unfurled,
And vanquished the terror that spread o'er the world.

On the sixteenth of June this fierce battle began,
And through three whole days of mad slaughter it ran;

On the eighteenth it closed, as in history seen,
In the year of our Lord eighteen hundred fifteen.

The people of Belgium have raised there a mound
Where the young Prince of Orange retired with his wound—
One hundred and fifty and five feet in height.
Its summit affords a magnificent sight
Over grain-fields and hamlets, and vast wooded lands;
And high on its summit a huge lion stands,
Colossal in size, and full twelve feet in length,
With a platform of granite of great size and strength.
'Tis built on an area half a mile round,
And near to the midst of the old battle-ground.
To-day, from its top, I have taken a view
Of all that comprises the field Waterloo.

The hills there o'erlooking the valleys between,
Where full thirty thousand dead warriors were seen,
And carnage too great to be witnessed again
Of horses by hundreds strewn over the plain;
The varied positions in which they all stood,
And where they were sheltered by hillock and wood;
And where the Grand Army, the glory of France,
With Buonaparte leading, first made its advance;
The road where he suffered his utter defeat,
And his remnant of soldiers made good their retreat,
After fighting three days, still reluctant to yield,
Until they were driven with loss from the field,
When Buonaparte's planet, so brilliant before,
Went down, to astonish the nations no more.

This scene of high purpose, of honor and shame,
Produced for the Allies a harvest of fame;
The meteors ascending, the dark falling stars,
All make it the field of the mammoth of wars.

Thus pleasantly spending full three happy hours
In viewing the landscape where Europe's great powers
Contended for conquest, we bade our adieu
To scenes of red carnage—thy fields, Waterloo!

EMBARK ON STEAMER VICTORIA,

TO GO UP THE RHINE.

Friday August 8th.

We had a pleasant hour's ride
  Around the town of Bonn,
And to the hotel called Bellevue
  Returned again at one.

Our passage in Victoria took,
  (Best steamer of the line,)
To go as far as to Biberich,
  Upon the river Rhine.

The scenes to us are wholly new,—
  Seven mountains rise before;
A tower surmounts a rocky cliff
  Uprising from the shore.

The hills along the eastern bank
  Are clad in mantling vines,
Which grow in rich luxuriance
  Along the terraced lines.

The sloping hills are terraced all,
  From base to utmost top;
And every spot seems now to bear
  A most abundant crop.

'Tis only on the eastern bank
  The vines appear to grow;
For on the west we do not see
  A plant, where'er we go.

The scenes are all magnificent,
  In words not well expressed;
Hills clad in vines upon the east,
  And woodlands on the west.

Now towering cliffs and rugged rocks
  Hang o'er us as we pass;
We can not see a living thing,
  A leaf, or blade of grass.

Bluffs rise, with black and broken sides,
Hundreds of feet in height,
Whose overhanging, shelving tops
Are fearful to the sight.

At times, along the mountain slopes,
Rich fields of waving grain
We see, and farms extending wide,
Composed of hill and plain.

High mounted on the towering hills
Castles in grandeur stand,
Of which the lofty battlements
Look down upon the land.

A pleasing incident to-day
Did pleasure great afford,
When Dr. Chapin, of New York,
Was seen to be on board.

I rarely ever in my life
Have witnessed such delight
As our dear friends appeared to feel
When first he came in sight.

And not expecting here to meet,
Upon the river Rhine,
The loving friend who ministers
To them in things divine,

They rushed into each other's arms,
Upon the steamer's deck;
And there was salutation warm
Of our sweet friend Harbeck.

Mr. and Mrs. Peters, too,
In friendship's warm embrace
Gave vent to their delighted hearts,
Regardless of the place.

They spoke their overflowing love
  Amid a listening crowd;
Embraced a good and noble man,
  Of whom our country's proud.

On this long journey may he find
  The health for which he came,
To consecrate to usefulness
  His talents, zeal, and fame.

Arrived at Coblenz half-past seven,
  At grand Bellevue Hotel,
The finest house that we have seen
  Since leaving Aix Chapelle

Saturday, August 9th.

We in a carriage rode around,
  And liked the city well;
We saw the fertile banks along
  The charming blue Moselle.

We saw the home of Prussia's King,
  His royal palace there,
Within a square of shrubs and flowers,
  Of beauty rich and rare

'Tis open to the public free,
  Either to walk or ride
Among its fragrant plants and flowers,
  Blooming on every side.

At half-past ten we took again
  The steamer, Prussian Queen,
A larger and a better boat
  Than any we have seen—

Among the many on the Rhine,
  For they are very small;
The largest of them don't compare
  With Flushing boats at all.

The scenes surpass in grandeur far
  Those of the day before ;
Castles are high on mountain tops,
  And towns along the shore.

The river changes in its course ;
  The sun on both sides shines ;
And all the steeps on either bank
  Are covered o'er with vines.

Thousands and thousands are the miles
  Of terraced walls here made,
And some estates of vast extent
  In mason-work are laid.

The Castle grand of Stolzingfels
  Upon the mount is seen,
Where Prussia's King once entertained
  Prince Albert and the Queen.

A noble structure it appears,
  And seems in order fine ;
The only one we see thus kept
  Upon the river Rhine ;

For all are ruins, save this one
  Which we have passed to-day,
And with their massive towers and walls
  Are crumbling to decay.

The one at Marksburg, on our left,
  Stands high upon a peak
Of rock, and was a prison once,
  Of which historians speak—

As one of terror, where they used
  The tortures of the rack—
A dungeon deep, which men received
  Who never have come back ;

But, in a passage dark and steep,
Extending to the shore,
They mingle with the waters there,
And then are seen no more.

The landscape here, throughout the day,
Of mountains, rocks, ravines,
Compares in grandeur, miles on miles,
With our North River scenes.

But there we pass them quickly by,
While steaming on our way;
And here, in beauty unsurpassed,
We see them all the day.

No pen has ever yet described,
No pencil can define,
The grandeur and magnificence
Of scenes upon the Rhine.

No mind has ever yet conceived
These river beauties rare;
And he who seeks to know their charms
Must see them as they are.

At six we reached the little town
Of Bingen, on the right,
Which, with the landscape smiling round,
Was pleasing to the sight.

Here forests, groves, and rolling lands
Are spreading far and wide,
And fields of grain of vast extent
Abound on every side.

When, passing through enchanting scenes,
As far as sight extends,
We reach Biberich at seven o'clock,
Our river journey ends.

From Biberich, in an omnibus,
Quite loaded down with freight,
We slowly drove to Wiesbaden,
Where we arrived at eight.

We found the large hotels all full,—
Compelled to take our chance
At one much smaller, but as good,
Called the Hotel of France.

We, after supper, visited
The palace Grand Kursaal,
Devoted to the gambling arts
And kindred vices all.

Long tables there are spread with gold,
And hundreds round them stand;
While hundreds, for the chance of gain,
All seem to take a hand.

Thousands of francs, at one fell sweep,
Are either won or lost;
And few, indeed, who enter there,
But leave it to their cost.

Monday, August 11th.

The chapel Greek, at Wiesbaden,
Is most superbly grand;
The finest I have ever seen
In this or any land.

The ceilings decked with highest art;
Floors in mosaic laid;
Arches and doorways, all complete,
With nicest skill are made.

In sculptured forms around the tomb,
With art exceeding rare,
Carved from a block of marble white,
The twelve apostles are.

In polished columns that sustain
The pictures round the dome,
We see, in perfect miniature,
St. Peter's Church, at Rome.

The altar, and the precious gems
Which decorate the shrine,
Are sacred emblems, understood,
Of that which is divine.

And over all this lovely scene,
As if from out the sky,
At the high summit of the dome
Rests the all-seeing Eye,

With an expression soft and kind,
Suffused with heavenly love,
As doth the eye of God look down
On mortals from above.

The church was built by Duke Nassau
For his beloved wife;
A Russian princess she was born,
But brief her earthly life.

Just at the age of nineteen years
She yielded up her breath;
Her form in marble here is seen,
As she lay pale in death—

The finest work of sculptured art
That I have ever seen;
And one more perfect, all will say,
Has surely never been.

A graceful form and lovely face,
So charming and so fair,
We gaze until the mind conceives
The living soul is there.

TOMB OF THE DUCHESS OF NASSAU.

No one can stand upon this spot
With heart and mind unmoved,
And see the symbols here displayed
Of one so dearly loved,

Without a feeling which contrasts
The love of truth and worth
With all the vain and empty shows
And vanities of earth!

We see the splendors of the tomb
To love and virtue given;
The one will perish on the earth,
The other live in heaven.

She of the church a member was—
The Greek, so justly praised;
And to her cherished memory
This monument was raised.

The solemn service here is read
Each Sabbath in the year,
And many drop, in sympathy,
The tribute of a tear,

That modest worth and innocence
Should wither in their bloom,
And youthful loveliness so soon
Be gathered to the tomb.

But what a contrast to this scene,
Where solemn quiet dwells,
Is that in yonder palace near,
Among the gambling hells!

There men and women both resort,
Of every grade and name—
Nobles and princes, ladies high
In titles, rank, and fame.

There all upon a level meet,
And on a level stand;
Thousands of francs, at every hour,
Are passed from hand to hand.

When effigies shall be prepared
For these experts in evil,
Of coal, not marble, they should be,
To represent the Devil.

Tuesday, August 12th.

Of all the castles we have seen
In ruin and decay,
The one at Heidelberg exceeds
Them all in every way.

Larger than all the rest in size,
And grandest in extent,
To bring it to its best estate
The largest sums were spent.

No one of all the ruined towers
With this can well compare,
In grandeur or magnificence,
Or in proportions fair.

The sashes, doorways, window-frieze,
Are all with skill inlaid,
And still they are in perfect form
As when they first were made.

The Castle stands upon a cliff
Some hundred feet in height,
And wholly overlooks the town—
A most stupendous sight.

There is a tun for new-made wine,
As by our guide we're told,
That will of bottles, when it's full,
Three hundred thousand hold.

The road that winds around the hill;
  The spring that gushing fell
From out the rock, and well supplied
  A fish-pond in the dell;

The valley deep, the hills that rise
  In steeps on either side,
The wooded lands, the orchards fine,
  We passed upon our ride,—

Were all exceeding rare and new,
  In richest verdure clad,
Which made a pleasant two hours' ride
  As any we have had.

The Neckar, flowing smoothly on,
  The hill-sides covered o'er
With vines, present as fair a scene
  As we have seen before.

Then, as we reach the lofty height
  To which the road ascends,
The grandeur of the scene below
  Most other views transcends.

It gives a range of hill and dale,
  Of water, mountain, plain,
Embracing fields of vast extent
  Of rich and waving grain.

Left Heidelberg at half-past ten—
  A most delightful day—
And at the station, from New York,
  Proceeding on our way,

Met Mr. Herts and lady kind,
  Who here the summer spends;
Whose family I long have known—
  Among my cherished friends.

After a pleasant four hours' ride,
We to the city came
Of Baden-Baden—watering-place—
City of world-wide fame.

Wednesday, August 13th.

Here in a few delightful hours,
Where fashion high resorts,
We've seen the wild extravagance
Of European courts.

Displays of costly carriages,
Horses in trappings gay;
Servants, in gold and silver lace,
Make here a grand display.

Here kings and queens also resort,
And in their splendors ride;
Emperors and empresses come here,
In all their pomp and pride.

Here royalty in every grade,
Nobles from every land;
Prince and princesses here, too, give
To each a friendly hand.

The palace new,* the regal home,
Of many a king and queen,
In splendor and magnificence,
Equals the best we've seen.

But with a dungeon, dark and deep,
Appalling to the sight;
Where men were thrown on spikes and knives,
To die in endless night.

To all who have descended there,
The hope of life was o'er;
For when they reached its utmost depth,
Were never heard of more.

* Das neue schloss.

TRIP ON LAKE LUCERNE.

Monday, August 18th.

Of all the rare beauties of this favored land,
So noble and varied, majestic and grand,
We've seen no such mountains, and rode no such tides,
As now meet us here where our good steamer glides.
A bright summer morning, a smooth glassy lake,
With scarce a breath moving its stillness to break;
The clear mountain echoes, resounding aloud,
While o'er Righi's summit is seen not a cloud;
On clear crystal water, with tinge of light blue,
Its scenes ever changing, delightful, and new,
For beauty and splendor, surpassing in this
All hitherto seen in the land of the Swiss.

From Lucerne's famed city a visit we make
To the town of Fluelen, the foot of the lake.
Now, mid lofty mountains, a dark covered dell,
The chapel we see of the brave William Tell;
A rocky recess, where he leaped to the shore—
When Gessler, the tyrant, was taking him o'er
The lake to a dungeon at Kussnacht, to lie
Shut out from the world, to endure, and to die—
Awhile on the mountains and rocks to remain,
Defying all efforts to take him again,
Until from his bow-string the arrow did start
That struck the vile tyrant, and went to his heart.

'Twas near to Kussnacht where the man-hater fell
By the skill of the archer, the brave William Tell;
It was near to the spot where his son had been led
When the apple by Gessler was placed on his head,
Who ordered the sire at the apple to aim
On the head of his son and the heir of his fame,
When the tyrant made this the condition to be:—
If missed, he should die; and if hit, should be free.

The father, undaunted, was placed on the stand,
Who gazed on his child with an uplifted hand,

And drawing his bow, with unfaltering eye,
As lightning in swiftness, the arrow let fly;
When hit was the apple, 'mid shouts loud and wild,
And the father in triumph embraced his loved child.

The tyrant's swift ruin by one he had wronged,
The freedom of Switzerland gained and prolonged;
The vengeance of Tell was both just and sublime,
And will be so counted through all coming time;
For thus his loved country, the pride of his heart,
For which with his life he was willing to part,
Was made, and continues, a nation of power,
The freest in Europe, to this very hour.

From the chapel of Tell we survey, as we go,
The peaks Uri Rothstock, now covered with snow;
While mountains surrounding, and gorges between,
Are rich with their garments of elegant green.

A storm as terrific as ever I knew,
On the lake like a terrible hurricane blew;
And so suddenly followed such torrents of rain,
No lady could venture the cabin to gain,
But, drenched, kept their seats till its fury was gone,
Which suddenly stopped, as at first it came on;
And a clear summer sky lighted up our return,
Attending us back to the city Lucerne.

A day more distinguished by incidents strange,
On which a few moments wrought mightier change,
I never have known, and could only thus learn
By taking a trip on the Lake of Lucerne,
When darkness and terror invade every scene
Where sunshine and beauty around us had been,
When skies of pure azure, all cloudless and warm,
Were changed into tempest, and darkness, and storm,
The morning's smooth waters in white waves have rolled,
And summer air changed into bleak winter's cold.

For such are the contrasts these high mountains bring,
The winter and summer, the autumn and spring,
The hail-storm and tempest, the sunshine and shower,
May all, in succession, be felt in an hour.

Tuesday, August 19th.

A mountain I sought o'erlooking the town,—
  The old-fashioned town of Brientz;
I went to its summit, and thence looking down,
  What grandeur the landscape presents!

The mountains uplifting their snow-covered peaks,
  The beautiful lake spread before,—
All utter a language which silently speaks
  Of the God whom all nations adore.

Ah! who can look down on a picture like this,
  And feel not his bosom incline
To Him who upraises from earth's deep abyss
  These hills by his fiat divine?

This beautiful lake, with high rocks hanging o'er,
  Is perfectly smooth and serene;
Its mountainous tops, rising up from the shore,
  In its waters reflected are seen.

Among these attractions a full view I take
  Of the grand and magnificent fall,
The Giesbach, which foaming descends to the lake,
  In beauty surpassing them all.

The Lourhorn, whose head is all hoary with snow,
  A scene of great splendor presents,—
With its form on the water reflected below,
  As seen from the Mount of Brientz.

We found on the mountain, a thousand feet high,
  A house at which every one calls;
A plateau around, in fine order kept,
  Commanding a view of the falls.

From a bold rocky summit the cataract falls,—
Twenty-one hundred feet is its height;
And leaping from rock after rock in its course,
Presents a magnificent sight.

'Tis the highest and grandest cascade that is known
In this country of mountainous streams;
And the longer we gaze on the wonderful scene,
The brighter and grander it seems.

The Giesbach, with all its allurements, will live
In memory unfading, I ween;
For oft we shall think of the friends who are here,
And how happy our moments have been.

Of things to be noted while lingering here,
A chamois the hunters have caught;
And down from its home in the clefts of the rock
His captors their victim have brought.

A pretty young creature, which, on our approach,
Seems fearless of dangers or ills;
As gentle and tame as a lamb of the flock
That feeds on my dear native hills.

Sunday, August 24th.

Thy vale, Interlaken, of emerald green;
Thy gardens and fields, in their beauty serene;
Thy crystalline river, with fast-flowing tide;
Thy mountains, upreared in imperial pride;
The Jungfrau before us, majestic and grand,
Surpassing in splendor all else in the land;
The pathways extending o'er meadows and hills;
The streamlets supplied by the cool mountain rills—
Will make thee forever, to all who shall trace
Thy scenes, Interlaken, an exquisite place.

Here, greatly delighted, I clasped by the hand
Good friends of the Scotia, from our native land—

The Brookses and Stokeses, to our memory dear,
In pleasant reunion encountered us here—
Companions of travel we ranked with the best,
Who stop in this beautiful valley to rest.

Tuesday, August 26th.

Left the vale of Interlaken
On this bright and lovely morning,
For the Falls of Lauterbrunnen,
Called the Staubbach, grand and lofty,
Soaring feet at least two thousand,
So the people here all tell us.
Here we ride along the valley,
Verdant fields, and babbling fountains,
Beds of flowers, and orchards laden
With the fruits now ripe in season,
And along the roaring river
From the mighty glacier gushing,
Flowing from the Grindelwald,
Where we see the lofty mountains,
With the countless little challets
High among the rocks and forests,
All with little spots surrounded—
Spots of green and verdant pasture.

Lovelier ride or brighter morning
Than we had to Lauterbrunnen,
With our cherished friends, the Toppans,
Could not even be imagined
By the most devoted lovers
Of the rural and delightful,
In a journey fraught with pleasure
And with every pure enjoyment.

All the scene is rich and brilliant,
As we view the sparkling waters
Falling from the rocky summit.
Here the Jungfrau stands before us

In her robe of matchless beauty,
In her robe of snowy whiteness,
Woven by the God of nature
From the drifting snows of heaven;—

Like a cloud of snowy vapor
With the sun's rays shining through it,
And to it all tints imparting
Of the colors of the rainbow,
Till the sun upon it shining
Makes it all a brilliant rainbow.

Here our friends, the Toppans, left us;
On their mules we saw them started,
Crossing o'er the Alps called Wengern.
Lu and I and Mr. Rawson
Took a carriage round the mountain;
Up we went the winding valley,
Till we reached the mountain glacier,
From which flows this mighty river,
At its source—the Grindelwald.

Here, within an icy cavern,
Sixty feet in depth, we entered;
Ceiling arched, and wall all solid,
Pure and clear as any crystal,
But the air is cold as winter.

Now, at four, again we started,
Riding down the winding valley,
By the rapid river dashing
Over rocks its trembling waters,
While above o'erhanging mountains,
Steeps that never have been measured,
Where no footstep ever ventured,
Where no plant, or tree, or flower
From its rugged side is springing;
But, as high as eye can measure,
Rocks on rocks are upward rising,
Till their summits seem to mingle

With the clouds that float above them;
And, a joyful day thus spending,
We returned again at seven
To the vale of Interlaken.

Wednesday, August 27th.

Took, at twelve to-day, the steamer,
Through the lake of crystal water,
Lake of Thoune, unto the city
Of that name upon the border;
Spot as pleasant and as lovely,
Walks as rustic and as shady,
As are found in all our travels
Through this land of hill and valley,—
Through this land of rock and mountain.
Through a country rich in verdure,
Rich in all avails of farming,
Rich in villas, towns, and cities,
Rich in valleys, hills, and uplands—
Swiftly passed we on till evening,
When the Bern Hof we all entered.
Splendid mansion, far exceeding,
In its richness and its splendor,
All we've found upon our journey.
Bedrooms all with every comfort,
Halls and stairways large and splendid,
Dining-room of large dimensions,
Largest we have seen in Europe,
With its walls in richest gilding,
And its ceilings richly painted;
All its tables filled with strangers,
Numbering now at least two hundred.

Thursday, August 28th.

Leaving Bern, the charming city,
Prized by Swiss above all others,
Where the nation's Legislature
And its Senate both assemble;
We beheld their place of meeting,

Worthy of a noble nation.
Here are gathered all the nobles
Representing other nations;
High among them, and respected,
Stands this free and happy country,
Made so by the noble daring
Of its Tells who won its freedom.

Passing through a lovely country
Covered with the richest foliage,
Fruits and vines in rich profusion,
Vines with richest clusters laden,
Ripening ready for the vintage,
We approached, at early evening,
To Lausanne, the ancient city,
With its walls and towers still standing
As they were in by-gone ages;
By the people then erected
To defend this largest city,
Largest in the whole dominion;
Built upon a sloping mountain
Overlooking a rich country,
And the clear and placid water
Of the lovely Lake Geneva;
And before the mighty mountains
In majestic grandeur rising,
Alps on Alps, like clouds ascending,
As the sun's rays fall upon them,
With Mont Blanc high in the distance.

Friday, August 29th.

Riding all around the city,
Seeing what is most worth seeing,
We betook us to the station,
Taking there our passage tickets
For Villeneuve and Hotel Byron.
On our way a short time spending
At Vevay, a noted city

Built upon the lower level
Of the land, upon the border
Of the lake, whose crystal waters
We descry through fields of flowers.

Here we all were much delighted
Meeting one with friendly greeting—
Prescott Ward, who from his childhood
We have known with admiration
For his many manly virtues;
And, with equal friendly feeling,
He went with us on our journey
For a distance, and talked over
Things in which we took an interest
In our own beloved country,
Though distracted by commotion,
Deadly strife, and wildest passion,
That can fire the human bosom;
Still the same devoted feeling,
As in former years he cherished,
Marked his warm and manly nature.

Come we to the Hotel Byron,
At the head of Lake Geneva;
Once the home of the great poet,
Where he wrote the thrilling story
Of "The Prisoner of Chillon."

Saturday, August 30th.

Our hotel is near the Castle,
Near the deep and gloomy dungeon
Where, eight years, chained to a pillar,
Bonivard in suffering languished,
Till he wore the rocky pavement
To a groove, by constant stepping
As the length of chain would let him.

Oh! it is a frightful dungeon,
With its huge and massive pillars;

And the one has still the staple
In the solid stone imbedded,
Into which the chain was fastened,
Opposite the little window
Looking out upon the water.
And the little garden mentioned
Has the self-same trees upon it
Which, from this the little window,
He could see with green boughs waving.
Here the niche is where the Virgin
Stood; the platform still remaining
Where the prisoners were, while kneeling,
Plunged into an under-passage
Deep into the water leading,
Where the depth has oft been measured,
Full eight hundred feet and upward,
And where now, upon the bottom,
Bones are found of many victims.
There is found the rack of torture,
Where the limbs were drawn asunder;
And the pillar black is standing
Where the lurid fires were kindled,
Burning them in lengthened torture,
Till, in agony, they perished.
There, too, is the beam remaining
Where the victims hung suspended
Till they dropped into the cavern
Opening downward to the water—
Armed with knives and jagged irons,
That their bruised and mangled bodies
Might be torn as they went downward
Through this steep and awful passage
To the bottom that received them.

After seeing all the horrors
Which now mark the Castle Chillon,
We returned to Hotel Byron,
Where we met the wife and daughter,
Lady-like and charming persons,

Of the man* who represents us—
Noble advocate of freedom—
At the Gallic court of Louis,
Third Napoleon, first successor
Of the first and great Napoleon,
At the Palace—royal Palace
Tuileries—of the great nation,
Terror once of all the nations,
When that man of brilliant genius
Ruled it with his flashing sabre,
Making all the nations tremble,
Did this mightiest of the warriors
At the march of his ambition,
Bringing under his dominion
All the glittering crowns of Europe;—
Such was he, the great Napoleon.

Taking now a farewell of them,
We embarked upon the steamer
Going through the bright Lake Leman
To the city of Geneva.
There can be no trip more charming
Than a sail through these bright waters;
On our right a lovely country,
Dotted o'er with splendid villas;
Passing many towns and cities
Built upon the fertile border,
And along the sloping hill-side,
Pleasure-grounds and stately mansions,
Woods and vineyards, parks and gardens,
In succession mark the distance.

Here I gaze upon the villa,
Once the home of cherished friendship,
Home of purity and virtue,
Tender love, and fond devotion
To the cause of truth and heaven,

* Our minister, William P. Dayton.

To the cause of the Redeemer;
And we see the little chapel
Where her body now lies sleeping,
Whence her spirit, on love's pinions,
Bore her to "Maison d'Immortelles—
"A la Maison des Immortelles."

Evening comes, and just at seven
We arrive at old Geneva,
At the Hotel Métropole;—
Mansion very grand and noble,
Where the most refined attention
Signifies an honest welcome.
Splendid rooms, and matchless table
Well supplied with virgin honey,
Pure and white as bees can make it,
From the fields of Alpine blossoms,
Fit to be the Switzer's nectar—
Bid us tarry and be happy.

Monday, September 1st.

Times are grand now in Geneva;
People from all parts are gathered,—
Mountaineers and valley peasants,
From the sides of hoary Gothard
To the sunny shores of Leman;
Hundreds of musicians playing
At a grand and brilliant concert,
Where the "Ranz dez Vaches" is echoed
From the valleys, rocks, and mountains,
Rolling upward to the glaciers,
Where the water nymphs are singing
At the fountains of the rivers
Flowing downward to the ocean.

Here the annual assemblage
Of the talent of the nation
Congregates at the Cathedral,
Where I spent an hour in listening

To a grand display of music,
Good as ever was presented
By a band of highest talent.

Chosen are the best performers
From the schools and bands of music,
Formed alike in every canton,
For high musical attainment;
This the yearly festive meeting,
Distributing all the prizes—
Medals struck for the occasion,
Prized as just rewards of merit.

Went to see the grave of Calvin,
Great Reformer of religion
Needing further reformation;
Challenging the Pope's commission
As the vicar of the Saviour.
Calvin, Luther, and Melancthon
Taught the people to dissever
All the cords of Roman bondage,
And assert their mental freedom.
Yet the burning of Servetus
Stigmatized the old reformers,
Claiming for themselves fruition
Which they would not grant to others,—
Sad example of the weakness
Even of professed reformers!

Calvin's tomb, a stone of granite,
Measures square about six inches,
With the letters, plainly sculptured,
"J. C.," on the upper surface.
This is all that tells the stranger
Where the great Reformer's dust is.

Here's the tomb of Humphrey Davy,
Known to all the world of science
For his genius and his learning,

For his writings and researches,
Laying bare the boundless treasures
That abound in Nature's kingdoms.

Tuesday, September 2d.

In a diligence, this morning,
Left the city of Geneva,
And the brightly sparkling water
Of the lovely Lake of Leman.
Over hills, around the mountains,
Over depths, through mountain gorges
Spanned across by mighty bridges,
Underneath the rivers rushing,
Over rocks and ledges leaping,
Until lost to mortal vision
In the depths of rocky caverns.

From the sloping hills and mountains
Roads are cut, in rocky ledges,
Barely wide enough for coaches;
On each side, the rocks ascending
Closely shut the narrow valley
Of Chamouni, where the challets
High are seen among the mountains,
With their little spots of greensward,
Nothing else but rocks around them:
Not a living creature seen there,
Save the mountain goats, with bells on,
And the wild birds that fly over,
Living high among the mountains.

With a long day's tiresome journey,
We ascend at dusk of evening;
See the Bossons in the twilight,
And, a little further, come to
Hotel London, in the village
At the foot of the high mountain
Called Mont Blanc, the king of mountains.

Wednesday, September 3d.

Clear and brightly shines the morning,
And Mont Blanc, in all its glory,
Rises grandly up before us.
Not a cloud is seen above it,
Not a mist is seen around it;
But a mountain high and hoary,
Vast in altitude and grandeur,
Robed in sheet of snowy whiteness,
In its glory stands before us.

Now with guides and mules well saddled,
With our Alpine stocks and porters,
With a chair for Lu to ride in,
Merrily our party started,
On our trusty mules all mounted;
Took our pathway, steep and winding,
Up Montanvert, still ascending
Till we reached its lofty summit,
And beheld, with startling wonder,
Mèr de Glace spread out before us.

Down the rocky steeps we traveled,
Aided by our guides beside us,
Till we reached the icy ocean,
And, with trembling, stood upon it;
Gazed upon its frozen billows,
Looked into its yawning caverns,
Saw its mighty cracks and fissures,
Known to be in depth, by sounding,
Full three hundred feet and upward
Through the solid mass of water,
Frozen clear as solid crystal.

Now, to cross these icy billows
And the hollows deep between them,
Over very narrow passes,
Over cracks and frightful chasms
On each side, has made us tremble

For our safety while thus crossing,
While the icy stairs descending,
Cut in deep and narrow ridges,
Where a slip amiss would hurl us
Far beyond the reach of saving.

All the dangers I've encountered
On the land or on the ocean,
In the driving storm and tempest,
Whilst the waves were yawning round me,
Or the lightning bolt has shivered
Oaks in the adjoining forest,
Never have my fears excited,
As did perils of this crossing
Mèr de Glace, with all its horrors.

Never did I feel more grateful
For o'erruling preservation,
Than when on the rocky ledges
I first felt my feet were standing;
After leaving icy billows,
Fractured into frightful chasms,
Over which our feet had ventured.
Felt I then like loud thanksgiving,
Felt like kneeling on the margin,
Thanking God, that in his mercy
We were saved from swift destruction
In the perils of our crossing.

Ordered were our mules to meet us
Some two miles below the landing,
On the other side the glacier.
Miles were these of extra peril,
More exposed to fearful danger
On the Mauvais Pas than any
We encountered on the glacier.
Holding to a rope attached to
A high rock, but slightly shelving—
Steps cut in for us to tread on,

Nothing but a rope to cling to;
Underneath us roaring waters,
Where a slight misstep would send us
Whirling down the ragged mountains,
Plunge us where no skill could save us,
Headlong in the rushing torrent.

But we hailed with joyful feeling
Our good mules, and on them mounted,
Going through a pleasant valley
Furrowed by a rapid river
Rushing from the icy mountain
From which we had just departed;
And at eight, well pleased and weary,
We came back to where we started—
Chamouni and Hotel London.

We are told, on our arrival,
Of a man, a guide and hunter,
Who had fallen from the ledges
Twenty years ago, and perished.
He was found in ice imbedded,
Seen at present near the Bossons,
Much the same as when it happened—
Clothes entire, so little altered
They are recognized by old men
Who had known him in the mountains
When he was a guide and hunter.
This is now the second person
Who, in solid ice imbedded,
Has been found but little altered
After twenty years' embalming
In the ices of the glaciers,
Like a fly preserved in amber,
Or a mastodon enveloped
In the ices of the Arctic.

SAINT PETER'S, AT ROME.

Sunday, March 25th.

To-day I stood beneath the dome
Of good Saint Peter's Church, at Rome;
In mute amazement gazed awhile
Upon the old stupendous pile.
Its form admired in every part,
Its monumental works of art,
Its grandeur meets us everywhere,
Its altars rich beyond compare,—
Proportions perfect, all and each;
Its splendor language can not reach!

No words can designate the taste
With which its ornaments are traced
Around the altar, rich with gold,
In beauty never to be told.

None can the mighty thought conceive,
Nor in its magnitude believe,
Who has not stood beneath the dome
Of great Saint Peter's Church, at Rome!

At twelve, the Pope's approach was known;
The massive gates were open thrown;
Guarded by knights with spears of steel,
He enters, and the people kneel.
His robe is white, of flowing shape,
Surmounted by a scarlet cape;
A splendid crimson cap he wears,
And in his hand a book he bears.
Both men and boys uphold his train,
And breathless stillness seems to reign.
He kneels before an altar there,
And seems to breathe a silent prayer;
Rises and moves with footsteps slow,
Then stoops to kiss an iron toe
Of Peter's, on its iron bed,
And underneath it bows his head.

Then all who follow in the train
Approach and kiss the toe again;
Thus millions have their tribute borne,
Until the foot and toe are worn
Quite flat by votary's lip and hand,
Of every nation, tribe, and land.

Each niche is filled in every part
With choicest works of sculptured art;
Its ceiling, dome, and gallery round
In rich mosaic works abound;
Its floors, of richest marble made,
In fine mosaic, too, are laid,
That make the soul with pleasure thrill
At such exquisite art and skill,
Which will with finest works compare;—
A nation's wealth seems gathered there.

Along the smoothly polished floor
I paced its length from rear to door,
And found its total length to be
Two hundred paces, thirty-three;
Between the altars on each side
I found it eighty paces wide.

By special favor I was led
To see the sacred table spread.
The Pope, as Christ, presided there;
Twelve cardinals apostles were.
A splendid sight 'twas to behold!
The table service solid gold;
The decorations, too, displayed,
Were all in gorgeous pomp arrayed;
And those who waited on the rest
In richest clothing all were drest;—
A contrast to the chamber scene,
Where Christ upon the breast did lean
Of loving John, then humbly took
The symbol of his body broke;

Drank of the cup well understood
The emblem of his own shed blood
For sin's remission through all time,
Of every nation, age, and clime.
"Do this," the lowly Saviour said;
"Oft as you take this wine and bread,
"And thus my broken body see,
"In memory all do this of me."

Monday, March 26th.

We've been to the Vatican first time to-day.
No thought can attain to the wondrous display
Of relics of ages, in numbers untold;
Of coins, from their dates, many thousand years old.
Here works of the Raphael in numbers abound;
Veronese and of Titian here also are found;
Paul Potter and Guido, historic in fame;
And the great Angelo, of illustrious name.
Of paintings and marbles, exquisite and rare,
That ages have made and together brought there,
And of the great wonders of this artist land
Of painters' great skill and sculptors' skilled hand,
We've ne'er seen in palace, in hall, or saloon,
Such wonder of wonders as the world's Laocoon.
There's no other known in the wide world of art;
To this there's no equal in whole or in part.
Here a father and sons and a serpent displayed;
From one solid block the group has been made;
And, wrapped in the coils of the monster, we see
The terrible strife of the death-stricken three,
With looks of despair that all others excel,
In agonized torture no language can tell;
With the fierce flashing look of the snake one beholds,
As exulting he twines them in his crushing folds.
The impression of horror this group has now made
Will never from mind or from memory fade,
And will in the future, night, morning, and noon,
Bring present before me the world's Laocoon.

There still is another to which my thoughts turn;
On the altar of genius like incense they burn.
The Dying Gladiator, in part and in whole,
Absorbs every feeling and thought of my soul;
So perfect a form, so noble a brow,
While before it I feel in reverence to bow
To the mind that conceived it in every line,
And the genius that formed it, as almost divine.
Though from it we turn again and again,
A visage so mournful still struggling with pain,
While leaning on one hand we watch for his breath,
And every limb yields to the presence of death.

O'er the dome of Saint Peter's we entered the ball
On the steeple, which seems so exceedingly small
From the ground that a person would scarcely begin
To think that a hat could be crowded therein;
But yet, in attaining this wonderful height,
The ball so expanded and grew on our sight,
That on entering in, and arranging with care,
We found sixteen persons at once could be there.

Saturday, April 13th.

On this lovely morning we started at seven,—
A fairer and brighter has never been seen;
We came to Tivoli at half-past eleven,
Through groves of rich olives, in emerald green.

We went up the mountain by dint of hard travel,
To Superbum Tibur, of Virgil's sweet strain;
It stands on a summit, above the sea's level
Full eight hundred feet, on an elegant plain,

Where the Falls of the Anio and classic environs
Are shadowed by mountains majestic and grand,
And the grottoes so famous of Neptune and Syrens
Are sought now by travelers from every land.

And such is Tivoli, the pride of the mountains,
Made famous by Virgil and Horace in song;
Its fields and green pastures, its grottoes and fountains,
Their lyrics have sung, and to them they belong.

The tombs of Cátullus and Syphax here moulder;
'Twas also Zenobia's and Sallust's loved home;
And records pronounce it three centuries older
Than Tibur's great city, imperial Rome.

But now 'tis the haunt where the brigands assemble,
Where murders are planned, and where bandits abound,
Whose crimes every day make the stoutest hearts tremble,
And men most degraded and abject are found.

Here's a beautiful temple to Vesta erected,
Beside a deep gulf, on a high rocky steep,
Where clear rushing waters, from summits projected,
O'er craggy rock-ledges still foamingly sweep.

This temple of beauty, with circular ceiling,
Its pillars from Corinth—a grand colonnade—
Unfolds to the nations what taste and fine feeling
The ancients, in building their temples, displayed.

A pathway is tunneled along the steep mountain,
Where travelers, through arches, on mules safely go
To the bed of the gulf, where, within a wild fountain,
The waters are swept to the caverns below.

And still farther onward a river is gushing
From Monte Catillo, a high mountain dome,
O'er rocks leaping wildly, along its way rushing,
Till seen in one column of snowy white foam.

And while to its roaring the visitor listens,
And watches its uprising spray with delight,
Illum'd by the sunbeams, it dazzles and glistens,—
A cloud of pure diamonds displayed to the sight.

These views from the Terrace are widely extending,
Embracing the Gulf of the famed Cascatelle,
And Rome in the distance, with soft azure blending,
Are scenes on which memory will long love to dwell.

We gaze on these magical wonders enchanted;
The grottoes and caverns, and foaming cascades;
Its groves and its gardens, by royalty planted;
Its bright fountains playing in cool summer shades.

The Villa D'Este, with its crystalline fountains,
Which 'mid the dark ruins in sunlight now play—
Its lakes and its gardens, o'ershadowed by mountains,
Are crumbling and wasting in rapid decay.

The Hadrian Villa, once pride of the nation,
Is far the most spacious in Italy known;
Its site is a scene of unmixed desolation,
Its gardens and grounds with rank verdure o'ergrown.

A temple of beauty for high art's promotion,
Has paintings and sculptures of exquisite worth;
Its pillars and altars, the scenes of devotion,
Are falling and crumbling, and mixing with earth.

A barrack for horsemen, with chambers for sleeping,
Once more than a thousand, in ruin remain;
With stabling for horses, the like number keeping,
The old guard imperial of this princely plain.

A lake of pure water, where ships once were sailing,
With aqueduct covered and brought under ground,
From streams from the mountains, with water unfailing,
Gave verdure to meadows and pastures around.

The walks in mosaic along its rich border,
By trees overshadowed from every clime,
Though now overgrown and in wildest disorder,
Are perfect as seen in old Hadrian's time.

The groves and the gardens, with walks densely shaded;
  The arbors, embellished with exquisite taste;
The beautiful plain, where in glory paraded
  The Emperor's guard—are a desolate waste.

The hospital prison—a palace, most truly,
  Whose ceilings with genius and art are o'erspread,
With cells dark and gloomy, where culprits unruly
  Once suffered, now fills one with horror and dread.

I find here assembled a party of pleasure,
  From circles of fashion in our native land,
With a colonel of France and a Russian of leisure
  Beseeching and wooing the fair Cora's hand.

This beautiful villa, so famous in story,
  Whose ruins are falling in mountainous piles,
Had gardens and parks, in the noon of their glory,
  Embracing a crescent of eight or ten miles.

Among the fine villas, time-worn and neglected,
  Decaying and crumbling since Italy's fall,
This villa, by Hadrian designed and erected,
  In grandeur and beauty is first of them all.

With scenes so delightful in sorrow we parted,
  And weary with seeing, returned to our home;
At five from the scene of the ruins we started,
  And o'er the Campagna, at eight were in Rome.

Alas, for the fate of imperial glory!
  It springs from the fatal distinctions of caste;
Progressing through battle-fields crimson and gory,
  It sinks into merited ruin at last!

But wisdom and virtue are justly immortal;
  They never deceitful or ruinous prove;
And he who secures them will find at death's portal
  A vista disclosing the mansions of love.

Friday, April 20th.

Of American artists we've sociably met,
Distinguished for talent, away now from home,
Whose friendly attentions we would not forget,
Are those who now live in the city of Rome,—

In whose kindly feeling we've pleasantly shared;
Whose hearts, like their studios, are open and free;
Who plainly have shown that no effort is spared
To make us as welcome as welcome could be.

Among them it gives us great pleasure to name
White, Chapman, and Terry, Ives, Mosier, and Page,
Bartholomew,* Thompson—our gratitude claim;
And bright Hattie Hosmer, the star of her age.

And soaring above all the rest in design
And grand execution, all others apart,
Is Crawford,* the noble, the first in his line,
And here stands the first in the sculptural art.

An evening delightfully spent at his home,
The Palace Negroni, with children and wife,
In which he recounted his struggles in Rome,
And trials severe in his young artist life.

But that perseverance which marks the career
Of every devoted aspirant for fame,
Among the world's talent, has gained for him here
Of American sculptors the loftiest name.

And long may he live, the avails to enjoy
From highest distinction so nobly achieved;
And may no dire evil come in to destroy
The proofs of high favor so justly received.

And with us the grateful remembrance will live
Of courtesies kind so respectfully shown,
And proud shall we be highest praises to give
To him whom our country now claims as her own.

* Both have since died.

Saturday, April 21st.

We came up this morning the steps to the height
Of the Palace Rospigliosi, now where
Thousands ascend with rapturous delight;
For the great Aurora, of Guido, is there.

There is nothing more splendid in Italy shown,
Its colors in brilliance all perfectly stand
As bright as they were when Guido alone
Imparted art-life with his own magic hand.

Some two hundred years have now fleeted by
Since he in his glory this grand picture made;
And the fame his genius received will not die
Till art with its glories forever shall fade.

There, also, are others of great strength and power,
Of which the Apostles, by Rubens, make part;
And with them delighted we spent a full hour,
Admiring these wonders of national art.

The Villa Borghese, the loveliest spot
We've seen in our wand'rings around
The city, whose beauties will ne'er be forgot,
For lovelier can nowhere be found.

The place is delightful, the air fragrant made
With flower-beds all over the land;
The walks and the avenues charmingly laid,
The Palace exceedingly grand.

The galleries of painting and sculpture now here,
Are the best we've in Italy seen;
The names of the masters that on them appear,
Are proofs of how valued they've been.

A statue among them, whose beauty alone
Full thousands have hitherward led;
It is the young Shepherd just hurling the stone
That giant Goliath struck dead.

The grace and the beauty of this youthful form
Has ne'er been in sculpture surpassed;
We gaze with a feeling admiringly warm,
Which cherish we would to the last.

This villa of beauty, its walks and arcades,
Its fountains in sunshine that play;
Its avenues running through dark cypress shades,
In memory delighted will stay.

This close of the day so delightfully spent
Brought sorrow in saddest degree;
To the washing of feet of penitents went,
A scene most revolting to see.

And hundreds are here with bruises and sores,
Of penance from greatest to least;
And washed and anointed by tens and by scores,
By cardinal, prelate, and priest.

And many are gathered, both feeble and lame,
Absolution all fearing to lose;
Who miles over ragged stones barefooted came,
And others with stones in their shoes.

Sunday, April 22d.

We visit the oldest cathedral, 'tis said,
Now known in the world; and 'tis also believed
This Saint John of Lateran now stands at the head
Of churches because of age title received.

'Tis the church in which popes have all been ordained
For years fifteen hundred, and sacredly prized;
Its baptistry largest in Rome ascertained,
By Constantine built, who was in it baptized.

At the entrance porch two large columns stand,
Of porphyry, matchless all nations must own;
And of the same kind, and by the same hand,
Eight others—the largest the world has e'er known.

And these a magnificent cornice uphold,
Upon which eight others of smaller size rest;
Its loftiest grandeur has never been told,
Its beauty no language has ever expressed.

The Font* is the finest production of art
That on such a structure was ever displayed;
In most sacred service it now forms a part,
When on grand occasions immersions are made.

'Twas into this font, which had sacredly been
Devoted to God, that Rienzi went down
And bathed 'mid the splendors of this gorgeous scene,
On the evening before receiving his crown.

And e'en to this day many thousands now claim
His downfall from power to prison disgrace,
The loss of his honor, the blight on his name,
A judgment from God for profaning the place.

'Tis here, too, we see, as tradition declares,
Of the palace of Pilate, familiar to all,
Twenty-eight marble steps, "the identical stairs"
Our Saviour went down when he left "Judgment Hall.

These stairs to ascend none but penitents are
Permitted, who thus would their consciences ease,
And the spectacle sad we all witnessed there
Of hundreds ascending these stairs on their knees.

On this sacred Lord's day we come, at its close,
To monuments, tombs, and memorial stones;
Where, among many from our country, repose
The beloved and respected Edward R. Jones.

And on our returning we saw by the way
A church, with superbly decked ceilings and walls,
Whose paintings and sculpture, a brilliant display,—
Exceeded by none is the church of St. Paul's.

* Font is 36 feet in diameter. All in that day were baptized by immersion.

FAREWELL TO ROME.

Wednesday, April 25th.

Farewell to thee, Rome, thou city of wonders,
Of palaces, temples, basilicas grand;
In ruins majestic, the world has no equal,
The glory of nations, the wealth of the land.

I've gazed on these wonders entranced and delighted,
The treasures of ages now passing away;
The glory that marked them is rapidly fading,
And falling forever in hopeless decay.

Clear flowing fountains, with bright sparkling waters,
The aqueduct o'er Campagna's wild waste;
The Pincio's flowers, the treasures of nations,
Are here brought together in exquisite taste.

The waters of Trevi, whose white foam o'er rushes
The horses and car of the god of the sea;
While Neptune is standing by Tritons attended,
In statues colossal—art's highest degree.

The landscapes of beauty upon seven mountains,
The monast'ries high and catacombs deep;
The temples of worship, the cells of devotion,
The grounds where the millions now silently sleep.

The palace of Cæsar and baths Caracalla,
The monuments grand now wasting by time;
Whose ruins in splendor now crumbling and falling,
Are made by time's etching more grand and sublime.

The gardens of beauty and temples long hidden,
But graven in letters on history's page;
The city of art, once scene of the martyrs,
The home of apostles in earlier age.

Palace Barberini, where Beatrice Cenci
In beauty the triumph of Guido remains;
Romulus and Remus, too, by the great Rubens,
Where a she wolf the office of mother sustains.

Piazza di Spagna, with lofty steps leading
To a height commanding the views that are best
Of domes and of towers, of fanes and of steeples,
With Saint Peter's rising above all the rest.

We saw from this height the grand celebration,
The illumination ending the carnival days;
Fireworks most brilliant from Porta del Popolo,
And Saint Peter's seeming a mountain ablaze.

Where hours I have lingered 'mid gigantic splendors,
Gold, marbles, and pictures, mosaics and aisles;
The Vatican treasures that wealth can not measure,
In galleries reaching together two miles.

San Angelo Castle, in whose gloomy dungeon
The Beatrice Cenci imprisoned had been;
Maria Maggiore, the "manger" and "cradle,"
The relics "*all real*" of the Saviour are seen.

The great Coliseum, on whose lofty grandeur
By sunlight and moonlight I've admiringly gazed;
Of the world's Forum the columns are standing,
Which poets and authors for ages have praised.

The Pillar of Trajan,* its gigantic splendor,
The name of the finest in all the world gained,
For work and design art's highest perfection,
And years seventeen huudred its glory maintained.

A charming day's journey with our vetturini,
Through scenes of rare beauty, we safely arrive
At Civita Castellana, renowned for its castle,
Now home of the bandit Gasperoni, at five.

The city is famed for its great age and relics,
Surrounded by mountains and picturesque scenes;
The beautiful rivers Vicano, Maggiore,
That flow through the wild and the wooded ravines.

* Dedicated to the Emperor Trajan, A. D. 114.

And these of great depth encircle the city,
The heights that rise o'er them exceedingly grand,
Commanding a view of the course of the Tiber,
Hills, mountains, and valleys, and rich timber land.

Thursday, April 26th.

At the castle Castellana this morning we saw
The great Gasperoni, of banditti fame,
Whose crimes have escaped public justice and law,
A terror to travelers that heard of his name.

Though three score and ten, yet his form is erect,
His fine features manly, with white flowing hair;
His eye with its flashes commanding respect,
With a spirit subdued, but a dignified air.

This same Gasperoni was honestly born,
The son of a shepherd of lowly degree;
He first stole a necklace with which to adorn
A beautiful sweetheart, whose lover was he.

To cover his pillage the palace he fired,
Then went to confession—a crime not the least—
And gaining the full absolution desired,
He killed in cold blood his confessor, the priest.

In murder and rapine his life was thus spent,
Until he was caught with his murderous band;
Death followed his footsteps wherever he went,
And many were slain by his own bloody hand.

Again, by remorse for ineffable crime,
The victim of guilt to confession was brought;
But he was betrayed at the spot and the time,
By him from whom full absolution was sought.

The priest had made known to officials at Rome
Where he would perform the confessional rites,
And furnished a guard to conduct to their home,
Among the dark caverns of Italy's heights.

And forthwith an army of well-chosen men,
Selected expressly, with ample supplies,
Mustered and marched to the mountain, and then
Surrounded and captured the wonderful prize.

The chief,* with his thirty bold comrades in crime,
Was ironed and sent to a castle straightway;
A dozen in prison have died since that time,
And eighteen are with him, he told me to-day.

A bridge we had crossed, with a deep gulf beneath,
Where victims were thrown to be killed by the fall;
And those who in falling met not instant death,
He went to the bottom and murdered them all.

Trunks, boxes, and coaches, with all they contained,
Were hurled to the depths of this horrid abyss,
And burnt on the rocks, so that nothing remained
By which could be traced a marauder like this.

A hundred, he says, have been killed by his hand,
And how many others the world does not know;
Of robbers he's called "Gasperoni the Grand;"
This mark of distinction Italians bestow.

By all the accounts of this wonderful man,
Defying for years all the power of the law;
A long race of crime he relentlessly ran,
Of bandits the greatest the world ever saw.

At the city of Narni we saw the high bridge;
Foundations by Cæsar Augustus were laid,
Thrown over a gulf from a high rocky ridge,
With arches as perfect as when they were made.

A work more stupendous I never have seen,
Intended to stand a companion of time;
Unaltered its arches and pillars have been,
Attesting the merit of art and of clime.

* They have been in prison thirty years.

Friday, April 27th.

The grand Falls of Terni, whose white foamy sheet
Is largest they say in all Italy found;
Its height is three hundred and sixty full feet,
O'er rocks in whose caves petrifactions are found.

The road that leads to them is cut in a rock,
Around a high mountain, most skillfully made,
The work of the "postal contractors in stock;"
Eight pauls* is the fee by the traveler paid.

On the bank of the river that flows from the falls,
The palace of Princess Gratzioni is seen;
Where dwelt, when thrust from her own rightful halls,
The much-abused Caroline, England's loved queen.

The smooth winding path in the valley of shade,
Along the green banks of the swift rolling stream,
Will never from thought or from memory fade,
But always enchanting and beautiful seem.

But that which the longest will lingering stay,
Delightful to view, nor to memory less,
Were the beautiful bows ever arching the spray,
With colors more brilliant than words can express.

It was here I beheld, and for the first time,—
As the sun was setting o'er mountains that rise,—
Light crimson and gold, only seen in this clime,
And loved in all pictures of Italian warm skies.

Saturday, April 28th.

Left the beautiful town of Terni at eight,
Through a country of rocks, hill, mountain, and plain,
With no cultivation; where nothing seems great
But poverty, wretchedness, rags there to reign.

Hired a small pair of oxen, to help us to draw
Up three miles of hill, and our horses to ease;
Where on carts, piled in, many prisoners we saw,
So ironed they made very life-blood to freeze.

* Italian coin—ten cents.

A beautiful country we ride through to-day,
With fine cultivation along the whole way.
The vineyards are splendid—exceeding great care
Seems here to be taken of them everywhere.
A hill road, well kept, we are now going down,
To Maria de Angeli—old-fashioned town.

We stop at the church and rest here awhile,
The cell and the chapel to see in the aisle,
Which down from the age of the Saint Francis came,
Who founded the order of monks of that name.
'Tis a church of great size, built expressly to save
These relics that cover this saint in his grave.

From thence to Perugia, a city walled in,
And one of the strongest in Italy seen.
Its gates are superb, and in grandeur surpass
All that we have witnessed of that ancient class.
The arch elevations as we pass them by,
Are reckoned at least to be forty feet high;
And bold architecture observed as a rule,
The memorials grand of Etruscan art-school.

Grand churches and castles and vaults here abound,
And treasures in them of immense value found;
In style all Etruscan, and much admired still,
And models of beauty, of art, and of skill.

These vaults late discovered are elegant rooms
Of polished white marble, Etruscan famed tombs;
And pure without blemish, too, were they when found,
Tho' centuries they've been twenty feet under ground.

On the Lake Thrasimene this evening we take,
Our chambers o'erlooking the beautiful lake,
Well known for the battle by Hannibal fought,
Where Romans in all fifty thousand were brought,
His brave Carthaginians in conflict to meet,
And by them they suffered death, slaughter, defeat;
So savage the contest, historians declare,
In the lake they were driven and all perished there.

RIVER OF BLOOD—TUSCANY.

Sunday, April 29th.

We crossed the small river that runs thro' the plain,
Where thousands on thousands in battle were slain,
On that fatal day when the two armies met;
When the ground by blood of the slaughtered was wet.
The rain wash that followed then crimsoned the flood,
And 'tis to this day called the "River of Blood."

We Tuscany entered this morning at nine,
A country described as remarkably fine;
With nice dwelling-houses, barns, stables with sheds;
And the women all wear white scarfs on their heads,—
The men seemed well dressed, with a satisfied air,
And the peasant costume they of Tuscany wear.
We great numbers meet on the road on our way,
All going to worship on this sacred day.

At a neat country house, a beautiful site,
An excellent inn, we stopped for the night;
In a room which the host for special ones saves,
Met Amsterdam, kindred of our Boonen Graves.

Monday, April 30th.

A day more delightful I never have seen,
Nor country more charming, with landscapes of green,
With lowlands and uplands, with rivers and rills,
And vineyards spread over the valleys and hills;
With mansions and gardens, and finely kept grounds,
A constant succession of small rural towns;
Till we, much delighted, at evening at five,
In the beautiful city of Florence arrive,
And with a delight which no language can tell,
We find ourselves lodged at "The New York Hotel,"
From which Baron Wilhorst, with Cora the fair,
Left for Lucca, their nuptials to consummate there.

Tuesday, May 1st.

To see the Cathedral to-day we have been,
A baptistry larger than any we've seen;

I measured its font,* and in doing so found
'Twas thirty-three paces the circle around.
When the council decreed that sprinkling should take
The place of immersion—the rite valid make—
This font with great beauty was then covered o'er,
With marbles the richest—a mosaic floor.

The grand Pitti Palace, with rich store of gems,
Whose beauty and brilliance the reason o'erwhelms.
Cleopatra, by Guido—Madonna, Raphael,
On which memory delighted the longest will dwell.

The Boboli Gardens are exceedingly grand,
With rarest productions from every land;
And many will perish, no trace leave behind,
Ere their beauty and brilliance will fade from my mind.

Nor will the memorials of high sculptured art,
Of Buonaparte's family from memory depart;
But pleasing delight will my memory fill,
And though oceans divide, will linger here still.

Wednesday, May 2d.

In Pisa Cathedral we spent a full hour,
Then went to the top of the great leaning tower;
Of the wonders of art this surpasses them all,
And seems every moment as if it would fall.
Its diameter reckoned from base at its rise,
Is fifty feet full comprehending its size;
Eight stories of columns, in grandeur complete,
Its height is one hundred and sixty-eight feet.
Its proportions in beauty exceedingly fine,
And it leans thirteen feet from a vertical line.

A baptistry here, among finest we've found,
A record is shown of a child that was drowned;

* Dante speaks of these fonts in his day:

"These basins formed for water to baptize,
One of the same I broke some years ago,
To save a drowning child."—INF. xix., 21.

Let fall by the priest while immersing, 'tis said,
And before 'twas regained the spirit had fled.
'Tis of octagon shape, exceedingly neat,
Its diameter measuring just one hundred feet.
A font of great beauty, carved figures inside,
Of circular form, and fourteen feet wide.
In all the old churches I find them the same,
Where they from apostles received Christian name.
A proof that immersion in that early day
Was the mode of baptism—the scriptural way.

Our companions of travel to this charming place,
That pleasure afforded that time can't erase
From memory, are those we shall cherish through life—
Mr. Waldo and lady, Dr. Tucker and wife.*

Thursday, May 3d.

Ah! beautiful Florence, fair Italy's pride,
Thy classical beauties will ne'er be forgot;
Thy hills crowned with verdure, thy vales rich and wide,
Deny to all nature a lovelier spot.

Thy bright flowing Arno, which gracefully glides
By its green shady banks and its sloping hill sides;
Thy emerald mountains, with villas in green,
Surpass all the beauties I ever have seen.

Thy streets are all level, thy bridges and squares
Are swept and in order with clean thoroughfares;
Cathedrals and churches, and palaces grand,
In splendor compare with the best in the land.

Thy galleries of paintings are gems richly set,
The rarest and finest we ever have met;
Thy forms of rich sculpture with life seem to glow,
While genius and beauty their pleasures bestow.

Thy temples, and arches, and monuments rare,
Thy columns and fountains, preserved with all care;
Thy pavements mosaic, clean washed every morn,
Thy wonders of art which thy portals adorn.

* Distinguished persons of Boston.

Thy gardens and villas in exquisite taste,
Thy fountains and statues with which they are graced,
Are all the most lovely that mind can conceive,
And all the most perfect that art can achieve.

Thy sepulchres, Florence, great glory bestow,
Where sleep the proud Dante and great Angelo;
Where the genius of science, of art, and of song,
Which Italy labors thy fame to prolong.

And thou, loved Cascini, with deep shady bowers,
With high leafy arches and beds of sweet flowers;
Thy arbors of beauty, with thickets of shade,
Can never from thought or from memory fade.

An evening with Powers* my memory fills,
Great sculptor of art, from my own native hills;
And one with the Brownings†, an honor indeed,
A visit most charming with Buchanan Read.‡

A rich compensation the sea to cross o'er,
Such talent to meet as I've ne'er met before;
Besides the vast treasures that temples adorn,
The house where the great Galileo was born.

Galileo's, and Dante's, and Angelo's tombs,
Are works of high art, in superbly decked rooms;
The artistic beauties with which they abound,
Save Westminster Abbey, we've nowhere else found,

We here leave the Hoffmans, good friends of great worth,
And one we may never again see on earth;
Whose spirit seems tending to regions above,
Whose husband and daughters to know is to love.

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* Hiram Powers, the great sculptor, was born in Woodstock, Vermont.

† Robert and Elizabeth Browning, celebrated poets.

‡ Our own distinguished rural poet and artist.

And as I have known them* abroad and at home,
In Paris and Naples, in Florence and Rome,
I found the same feeling as in our own land,—
The same genial heart and the same friendly hand.

Friday, May 4th.

A beautiful villa, in exquisite taste,
In all its appointments exceedingly chaste,
Is the villa of Grisi, distinguished in name,
The artiste enjoying a wide-spreading fame.

We went up the mount, to its high summit plain,
And saw there the chateau and gardens again
Of the great Galileo, o'erlooking the town
To which his great fame gave the highest renown.

Of libraries, galleries, of monuments, tombs,
Of paintings and sculptures, superbly gilt rooms,
Antiquity's treasures, gems costly and rare,
In the world can be found no finer than there.

The grand arch of triumph, the grandest we've seen
In cities of Europe through which we have been;
And the kind hospitalities, warm and sincere,
Of friends we have met now resident here.

From them and dear Florence we sadly depart,
The home of the muses, the Eden of art,—
Where great Galileo the labor begun
To number the planets that circle the sun.

Monday, May 7th.

Left the place, so delightful, this morning at seven,
With the mem'ry of joys its splendors have given;
Took the fine winding road the mountains around,
And a farewell of friends there so happily found.

Where impressions have been so lastingly made
That with reason alone will their memory fade;—
Saw at Covigliajo a most brilliant sight,
An eruption volcanic break forth in the night.

* Philip V. Hoffman, Esq., and family, of New York.

Tuesday, May 8th.

Left Covigliajo and its rocky confines,
And were six hours crossing the tall Appenines,—
A region of beggars, with baskets and bags,
With women and children all covered with rags.

The trees on the mountains their winter dress show,
A contrast complete to the valleys below;
But descending the mountains, so lofty and grand,
We enter a country of beautiful land—

In as high cultivation as any we've known,
Till we enter the city of ancient Bologne;
And here in a palace, now called a hotel,
Which in neatness and comfort no one can excel,

Saw galleries of paintings and works of design,
Though in number but few, yet exceedingly fine;
The statues and sculptures, the paintings apart,
Are proofs of the highest perfection of art.

Guido's Christ on the Cross with life seems impressed,
With John and his Mother, is greatest and best;
And the one making ready the Christ for the tomb
Will long be remembered, o'ershadowed by gloom.

Wednesday, May 9th.

Ascended this morning, as all nations own,
One of the world's wonders, Leaning Tower of Bologne,
Commanding a view in extent vast and wide—
Towns, villas, and cities on every side.

Again a fine country we pass through to-day,
But wearing the marks of neglect and decay;
Towns, cities, and villas are desolate made;
No thrift or industry, manufactures or trade.

Arrived at the city of Ferrara at four,
Delighted to see a clean city once more.
At the library saw, with embellishments neat,
A Bible on vellum, all written complete.

The manuscript papers, desk, inkstand, and chair
Of the great Ariosto together are there;
Went into the prison, whose dungeon remains
The same as when Tasso there lingered in chains—

A long seven years; and 'tis hard to believe,
In rooms that no light from the sun could receive,
So cold and so damp, with suffering and tears,
That life could be lengthened for so many years.

A feeble light gleams through a dark colonnade,
With a heavy stone arch, as coal vaults are made;
In this living tomb, home of woe and despair,
Lamartine and Byron their names have left there.

Thursday, May 10th.

Of the lofty cathedral we ascended the tower,
And in it, delighted, we tarried an hour;
The country, so far as the sight reaches round,
Is perfectly level, with no hilly ground.

At ten, crossed the Po to Austria's domain,
Where our baggage was all examined again,
But so carefully done, with removals so slight,
We've seen in officials few men so polite.

Of crossing the river the mode is quite new;
The boat by the current is forced its way through
By a line ascending to a permanent stay
Midway of the river, propelling each way.

The Austrian roadways are smooth, straight, and wide,
With rows of large trees the whole way on each side.
The country is charming until we arrive
At the famous old city of Padua, at five.

Saw the church San Antonio, its paintings and tombs;
Then to Aquilla Doré's magnificent rooms,
A hotel whose splendor will richly compare
With the finest in Europe we've seen anywhere.

Friday, May 11th.

We walked to the Park, which should not be forgot,
Surrounded by water, a most charming spot,
With two rows of statues, each bearing a name
Of great men of Padua of science and fame.

The school, once the largest in Europe believed,
Where Columbus and Tasso their honors received;
From thence to the prison, whose plan the Doge laid,
Where the tortures of all inquisitions were made.

Where engines of cruelty sicken the mind,
To know they were made to torture mankind,—
Sharp hooks, made red hot to furrow the skin
And tear out the tongue from attachments within.

Knives made like to whips, for cutting apart
The flesh, and each blow makes the life-blood to start;
And whips, with sharp spikes attached to the lash,
At every blow making a deep mangled gash.

A creature here chained could nothing else do
But fall on sharp spikes and pierce himself through:
Here are stretchers of torture, beds of sharp stones,
And machines for mangling and crushing the bones.

The Garden Botanic is a scene for all time,
Of rarest productions from every clime.
Now leaving Padua at bright setting sun,
O'er a road most delightful, to Venice we run.

We enter the wonderful city at nine;
The lamps are all lighted, and brilliantly shine;
Each house is reflected—a magnificent sight—
As sweeps our gondola through rivers of light.

And as we now onward so charmingly glide,
The houses seem palaces built on each side,
And all brightly lighted; as by them we go
Lights, too, seem blazing in the water below.

VENICE—CHURCH OF SAN MARCO.

Sunday, May 13th.

We visit San Marco this festival day,*
The flag decorations resplendent and gay;
Doge's palace, with dungeon that under it lies;
And, end of life's journey to some—"Bridge of Sighs."

Ascended the tower to its uttermost height;
Whole city around us is plainly in sight:
In vain do we look for a green spot of land,
The great city seems all in ocean to stand.†

In the Church of San Marco, as records declare,
The body of Mark the Evangelist's there,
Brought from Alexandria to this sacred fane,
'Neath five hundred columns thenceforth to remain.

For such is the number, as ornaments chaste,
This mausoleum counts, in exquisite taste,
All skillfully wrought, by the best artists' hands,
Of marble the richest and best from all lands.

Here are pictures and statues exquisite and rare,
And will with the best and most costly compare;
Of larger and smaller canals they have here,
One hundred six and forty as streets they appear.

Of bridges that cross them, by walkers around
Three hundred and six is the number here found;
The one that transcends and admired is the most—
The Rialto of Venice, its pride and its boast.

As o'er the whole city in all parts I've been,
No sign of a horse or a carriage is seen;
And no living creatures are met anywhere,
Save thousands of pigeons that feed‡ on the Square.

The palaces, galleries, and gondolas grand,
With treasures of art from every known land,—
Towers, turrets, and steeples, with banners unfurled,
Give Venice a charm unsurpassed in the world.

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* Festival in honor of the Immaculate Conception.
† Venice is built on seventy-two small islands.
‡ This feeding is provided for by Government.

The railroad from Padua to Venice is fine,
And it seems the whole way built on a straight line;
The arches that bring it from off the main land—
Two hundred twenty-two—stupendously grand.

The fine temple's porch is embellished in part—
Four horses* in bronze, the perfection of art;
The two granite columns, that stand out before,
A lion surmounts, and the Saint Theodore.

Saw the prison whose dungeon is oft wet with tears,
Where Silvio Pelico lingered for years,
And where every torture that nature could bear,
And live, was inflicted in cruelty there.

Wednesday, May 16th.

Left Venice at six, in a steamer quite small,
For Trieste, with comforts the poorest of all
We've found on our journey to this present time,
'Mid the wonderful boastings of this sunny clime.

A more cheerless day I never have seen;
Cold, rainy, and rough the whole passage has been,
Till we come to Trieste, an old-fashioned town,
A city of commerce and business renown.

Reached Trieste at one; departed at four,
By stage-coach, to Larbach, and hence traveled o'er
A most perfect road, cut through and around
High mountains, the smoothest we've anywhere found.

Thursday, May 17th.

Here, from all directions, hill, vale, and ravine,
Women by hundreds in strange costumes are seen,
All bent on some fête of the Virgin in town,
With fanciful head-gear their backs hanging down.

The scenery to-day is most brilliant and grand,
With mountain and valley, and wild wooded land;
The high peaks of Tyrol loom up as we go,
Embosomed in grandeur with head wreaths of snow.

* These horses have been exhibited in all the large cities of Europe as the very highest work of art of the kind known in the world.

A fine farming country lies on either side,
With neat dwelling-houses, fields lengthy and wide.
A pleasant day's journey, until we arrive
At the city of Gratz, and our hotel at five.

Friday, May 18th.

In this city of Gratz we spend a few hours
In seeing its palaces, churches, and towers;
'Tis on a fine river, built on either side,
With streets nice and clean, and conveniently wide.

Here all public buildings in fine taste appear;
The grand Cosmorama of Sattler is here.
Delighted with all, we at ten start again,—
The handsomest city in Austria's domain.

The Semmering Alps we cross over to-day,—
Most wonderful road in the world, people say;
A masterly triumph of skill is here gained,
And highest perfection of art is attained,—

O'er mountains, through valleys, gulfs narrow and wide,
O'er arches and piers on the steep mountain-side,
Through tunnels, o'er bridges, ledge-rocks high and steep,
Along mountain torrents, through gorges that sweep,—

A work more stupendous, in all the world round,
Than this Alpine railroad, can nowhere be found;
No day on our journey has more interest given,
Till we reach "Archduke Charles," Vienna, at seven.

Saturday, May 19th.

This morning in seeing was delightfully spent,—
Grand objects of interest wherever we went;
The evening, in pleasures affection holds higher,
In delight with friends Edward and Agatha Mayer.

A most cordial welcome from heart and from hand
This lovely one gave us, from our native land,
Who seems far too pure to mix with the strife
Of Austrian fashion and Vienna life.

Sunday, May 20th.

Saw the Emperor's palace and magnificent grounds,
Where splendor prevails and where luxury abounds;
The fountains and gardens exceedingly fine,
And great skill displayed in their work and design.

We here saw the Empress, a charmingly fair
Young person, and train of attendants while there,
In a beautiful grove; was in simple dress seen,
With a young brother walking—a lad of fifteen.

Monday, May 21st.

On leaving Vienna, at six this bright morn,
Saw elegant homes, which the roadsides adorn.
Through a beautiful country we're passing again;
The farmers all plowing for mid-summer grain.

Trees, gardens, and flowers we hitherward find
That of Italy's season they're all far behind;
The climate and season in resemblance will bear
With our month of May, and will with it compare.

A charming day's travel o'er many a wild scene
Has brought memory back to our mountains of green.
At seven we finished a pleasant day's ride
At the city of Prague, the Bohemian's pride.

Tuesday, May 22d.

The city of Prague holds the highest renown
In towers, temples, churches, and palaces grand,
For colleges, schools, music, science, and art,
And the richest cathedral that's known in the land.

To me e'en the name has a musical charm,
To bring up the loved ones in youth's early dawn;
Who does not remember "The Battle of Prague,"
As the triumph of skill of some loved one now gone?

One of the marked features of this ancient town—
The bridge of St. Charles, statues, arches, and piers,
O'er the swift-rushing Moldau, majestic and grand,
Whose erection took more than one hundred years.

'Twas here the great Christian reformer, John Huss,
Devoted his life and his great powers to break
The godless decrees of the Councils of Rome,
For which he was tried and burnt at the stake.

Left the place so replete with historic events,
And soon reached the Elbe, in its spring-mantled dress;
The magnificent scenes on its picturesque banks—
"The Suisse of the Saxons"—no words can express.

And now it reminds us of North River scenes;
To the running of steamboats they here have attained.
A more charming country we nowhere have found,
Until the grand city of Dresden is gained.

Here palaces, galleries, gems of rich art,
Manufactures of treasures of beauty and worth,
Flower-gardens spread out on the banks of the Elbe,
A spot more delightful can scarce be on earth.

Friday, May 25th.

The Berlin of Prussia we enter to-day;
See here the grand statue of Frederick the Great,
The triumphal car, by four horses drawn,*
Surmounting the arch of the Brandenburg Gate.

Its grandeur and beauty no mind can conceive,
The most perfect work in all the world known;
And will through all time, while genius' admired,
Like the Aurora of Guido, in art stand alone.

The groves, parks, and gardens which Berlin surround,
Of palaces royal, superb, great and small,
Of all the fine streets we in Europe have seen,
The *Unter den Linden* surpasses them all.

Of cities imperial we now take our leave,—
The splendors of Naples, of Florence, and Rome,
And all their vast treasures, so grand and sublime;
We surrender them all for the joys of our home.

* This wonderful work of art was once taken to Paris and exhibited there.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PIECES ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS AND ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

WRITTEN ON AN ARK FLOATING DOWN THE OHIO RIVER, IN 1818.

With rapture, bright river, I follow thy stream,
And gaze at thy beauties in passing along;
For nature can furnish no pleasanter theme
Than the banks of Ohio for lovers of song.

The sun has retired to repose in the west,
The fervor of noontide oppresses no more;
How pleasing the scene, with all nature at rest,
When naught but the ripple is heard on the shore!

The calmness of evening has soothed to repose,
And silently all in our ark are asleep,
While I view the beauty that nature bestows
On the groves and the vales that environ the deep.

The moon through the forest begins to appear,
And spreads on the waters her tremulous beam;
The light-footed zephyrs are whisp'ring afar,
As, freighted with incense, they dance on the stream.

But dearer by far than the earth and the skies,
The sun, moon, and stars, that have met in my song,
Are the friends whom affection has taught me to prize,
And far from whose smiles I have wandered so long.

Dear home—of love, friendship, and peace the calm seat!
Though oceans and rivers between us may roll,
Your memory will live in a heart that will beat
With a fondness no distance nor time can control.

THE BANKS OF MIAMI.

Among the green groves of the wide-spreading West,
So fair and so lovely, so gay and so blest,
There's nothing more charming which nature bestows
Than the scenes in the vale where the Miami flows.

Sweet banks of Miami! the time is not long
Since was heard on thy waters the funeral song
Of warriors, whose record of fame now remains
In the mounds that embellish thy beautiful plains.

'Midst joys so delightful, how blest could I be
If the fair one I see here would share them with me!
I love the sweet stranger, but dare not impart
The passion which kindles its fires in my heart.

Adieu, then, fair Ellen! I go to my home,
Where the far-sounding waves of Niagara foam;
Yet oft the fair West in remembrance I'll see,
And think of Miami, of beauty and thee!

ON VISITING THE GRAVE OF AN INTERESTING SAILOR BOY, FROM MASSACHUSETTS, WHO DIED IN NEW ORLEANS, IN 1818.

Sweet be thy slumber, young son of the ocean!
How soon thy voyage of life was o'er!
No more will thy little barque roll with commotion,
Or strike 'gainst the rocks on life's rugged shore.

A port thou hast found where nothing can harm thee,
Where tempests are hushed and storms disappear;
And freed from the ills which once did alarm thee,
Thy body will rest in quietness here.

The scenes that brightened the hopes of thy childhood,
And companions that wept at thy fondness to roam,
The rippling stream, the grove, and the wild-wood,
Can never more welcome their wanderer home.

If thy gentle spirit e'er hovers above thee,
No tears of affection will lull it to rest;
For parents and friends, that once did so love thee,
Will ne'er weep o'er the sod that covers thy breast!

TO MY PARENTS, ON MY FIRST VISIT TO EUROPE.

FAREWELL, my loved and peaceful home,—
A long, perchance a last, adieu!
Delusive fancy bids me roam
Far, far from happiness and you.

Farewell, bright scenes of youthful bliss,
And friends that shared my daily care;
To memory dear, 'tis happiness
To think of joys so rich and rare.

Dear friends of youthful years, adieu!
For I must soon, when far away,
With fearful apprehension view
The broad Atlantic's dashing spray.

May gentle breezes swell our sails,
And waft our gallant vessel o'er,
Unharmed by ocean's furious gales,
In promised time, to Albion's shore!

But should our fragile barque be borne
To farthest regions of the deep,
While homeward all my thoughts return,
The wand'rer shall forget to weep.

For holier, happier, higher plains
My soul shall leave its frail abode,
And go where heavenly beauty reigns,
To love my Saviour and my God!

TO BROTHER SAMUEL, ON SAILING TO ENGLAND.

FAREWELL, my dear brother! Although I must go,
My love will still linger behind,
To mingle with feelings that few will e'er know,
Affections that hallow thy mind.

Farewell I must say, though a sorrowful word
To leave with a brother so dear;
But God will be with us, our prayers will be heard,
And our spirits will always be near.

PARTING APOSTROPHE TO THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.

FAREWELL, lofty peaks, with thy green mantling wild-wood,
The home of my sires, of my kindred and friends!
Farewell to the scenes which delighted my childhood,—
To climes far away now my pilgrimage tends!

I seek the wild roar of the rough ocean-billow,
Once more would I gaze on its white crested foam;
Adieu to the cot where, in childhood, my pillow
Was wreathed with the fondest affections of home!

How fondly endearing, though transient and fleeting,
The pleasures which childhood and youth can impart!
And these, with the friends I delighted in greeting,
Are thronging the pathways that lead to my heart.

EVENING WALK TO ONE OF THE INDIAN MOUNDS NEAR CINCINNATI, OHIO.

DEEP silence reigns here, where the warriors repose;
Not a sound is distinguished our thoughts to invite,
Save the hum of the wild bee as onward it goes,
To break for a moment the stillness of night.

To days that are vanished my thoughts now return,
When red men here sang in their wild choral strains,—
Fir balsam the incense they gathered to burn,
And maize the best product that grew on their plains.

Here spring-time and summer embellished the wood,
And gladdened with odors each festival scene;
I seem to behold them in groups as they stood,
And tread on the soil where their footprints have been.

Adieu, lone memorial! Though gloomy the shade
That falls on the tomb of the loved and the brave,
My thoughts shall revisit the paths where they strayed,
And mournfully think of this once hallowed grave.

Proud son of the forest! how sad is thy fate,
To yield thy domain to a conquering foe,—
To fly from the pale faces' merciless hate,
And with thee thy dog, and thy arrow and bow!

TO DR. THOMAS HARE, OF LONDON, 1821.

Remember thee! Can I forget
The object of my ardent love?
The friend on whom my heart is set,
Nor time nor distance can remove.

Dear friend, I soon must say farewell,
And seek a home beyond the sea;
If there with love my bosom swell,
Oh! then believe I'll think of thee!

And when the power of music's strains
Shall all my soul with rapture move,
I'll wander o'er my native plains,
And think of one I dearly love.

With thee I found a blissful home,
A tender friend art thou to me;
Then say, if far away I roam,
I shall not always think of thee!

THE GRAVE OF MY FATHER, 1824.

While I gaze on the spot where his ashes are sleeping,
My heart swells with sorrow, and tears fill my eyes;
A father's pure spirit says: "Banish your weeping,
For he whom you mourn is at rest in the skies."

His last solemn words in my ears are now ringing,
They fall on my heart with a sorrowful sound:
"Seek riches in heaven, where the angels are singing
Their praises to God, and where true joys abound."

How blest are the dead who, in dying, are praising
The Saviour of men, whom their spirits adore;
My soul is now weary while wistfully raising
My eyes to behold what they can not see more.

Yet, hope's thronging visions of promise are cheering
That, when I shall leave all this trouble and grief,
Again shall I witness the smiles so endearing,
That gave to my childhood its surest relief.

"BOYHOOD'S HOME."

AFTER AN ABSENCE OF TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

THIS is the spot where I was born,
And passed my early days;
'Twas here the light of life's first morn
Allured my infant gaze;
And here my parents, fond and kind,
My lips with kisses pressed,—
The scenes which bring their love to mind
Seem brighter than the rest.

These gardens, orchards, rocks, and springs,
This church upon the hill,—
Affection now around them clings,
And makes them dearer still.
I've toiled in every field I see,
Within this sheltering wood;
And here, beside this bending tree,
Our lowly cottage stood.

The school-house, too, where I began
My A B C to call;
And there the play-ground, where I ran
To catch the bounding ball.
And here, with tiny dam and spout,
I built my water-wheel;
With pin-hook caught the speckled trout
With thread from off the reel.

And there, beyond the gurgling stream,
I saw the green hills rise,
Until their lofty summits seem
To mingle with the skies.
In fancy now I here behold
The faces once so dear;
The joyous laugh at story told
Breaks loud on memory's ear.

The friends, who, with endearing smile,
Oft met me at the door
When I had roved from home awhile,
These cherished scenes restore,
And with them bring the purest joy
That I have known for years,
When all I loved while yet a boy
Before my mind appears.

But what a changing, varying scene
Has fallen to my lot,
Since mighty oceans rolled between
Me and this peaceful spot!
I've traveled nearly half the globe
Since I was here before;
But nature wears the same gay robe
That she in childhood wore.

Oh! could I meet the friends I loved,
Who watched my infant years!
Alas! long since were they removed
From this dark vale of tears.
But, blessed hope! we all may meet
In truth's bright home above,
Where kindred souls each other greet,
And sing redeeming love!

BRAINTREE, VT.

TO ANNA, ON HER DEPARTURE FOR EUROPE.

WRITTEN ON BOARD THE STEAMER BALTIC.

Go where thou wilt, my lovely child,
In realms beyond the sea,
Through verdant vales, o'er mountains high,
Our hearts will follow thee.

And wheresoe'er thou mayest roam,
At morning, noon, or even,
Think of your loved and peaceful home,
And rest your hopes on heaven!

WRECK OF THE BARQUE MEXICO, JANUARY 2, 1837 ON HEMPSTEAD BEACH.

STERN Winter strode the icy deck
And ruled the waves below,
When to our shores a vessel came—
The fated Mexico.

A hundred joyous souls she bore
Across the dark blue sea,
Unmindful that the gallant barque
Their watery grave might be.

Two days on pilot ground they lay,
All anxious fears allayed;
Two days, with signals waving high,
Implored the pilots' aid.

But piercing was the winter wind,
And cold the salt sea foam;
So every wary pilot kept
His holiday at home.

And when the evening sun had set
The sea was hushed to rest,
And every eye, illum'd with hope,
Surveyed the brilliant west.

And every heart beat high with joy
Among that happy band,
Assured the morning's early rays
Would light them to the land.

Delusive hope! The tempest came
Before the dawning day,
And 'mid the darkness of the night
The vessel lost her way.

The storm impelled her far beyond
The aid of mortal hand;
And ere the morning broke, she lay
A wreck upon the strand.

Ah! who can paint the anguish now
That speaks from every eye,
When all are summoned to the deck
To learn that death is nigh?

And oh! what thoughts of home afar,
Of love and friendship there,
Come, with their thousand memories,
To deepen their despair!

Pale Death, in icy winding-sheet,
Came shivering on the waves,
And tempests sung their funeral dirge
Above their watery graves!

There parents and their children dear
Fast to each other clung,
And wives upon their husbands' necks
In speechless anguish hung;—

While every swelling surge received
Some mortal's dying breath;
And on that vessel's deck was kept
The carnival of death!

The frantic sister, too, has sought
A brother's fond embrace,
Till, frozen there, the suff'rer finds
Her final resting place.

And when, amid the foaming surge,
Their forms the stranger finds,
Those arms, which fond affection bound,
Cold death the closer binds.

Behold that mother's lifeless form,
To whose unconscious breast
Her babe, in death's deep slumber hushed,
Maternal love has pressed.

And tell me, is there aught in life
More sacred or more fair
Than that warm throb of tender love
Which death has silenced there?

See, kindred groups upon that deck
In crystal shrouds lie dead,
Till buried by the billows' shock
Deep in their ocean-bed.

And joyful hope, and high design,
And truth and love sincere,
In one sad moment wrecked and lost,
Lie undistinguished here.

'Tis thus, on life's tempestuous sea,
Where stormy billows roar,
Exposed to dangers fraught with death,
We seek a heavenly shore.

But He who rules the raging winds,—
The Pilot of the sky,—
Regards the dangers of our course
With ever-watchful eye.

Thou perfect Love! so mould our hearts,
That when thy call is given
To leave our mortal forms below,
Our souls may rise to heaven.

TO ANNA.

To a home in the desert, on some distant shore,
I would fly, dearest Anna, with thee;
The joys of the city could charm me no more,
If thou from its snares could be free.

How happy, in love, would the seasons depart,
Devoted to virtue and thee;
To list to thy voice, and be near to thy heart,
Would be fortune sufficient for me!

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, OCTOBER, 1864.

THE scenes, old Dartmouth, vast and grand,
Which throng thy classic halls around,
Are not exceeded in our land,
And scarce in all the world are found.

The gorgeous fields, the clear blue sky,
The varied tints by autumn made;
The distant mountains towering high,
Where float alternate light and shade;—

The brilliant colors, which surpass
All tints that other climes unfold;
And forests seem a shining mass
Of scarlet, crimson, green, and gold;—

The wooded hills on every side,
The grassy vale that sleeps between,
The pleasure-ground extending wide,
Still rich in all their summer sheen;—

The varied aspect, form, and size
Of buildings, farms, and wooded lands,
As hills o'er hills above them rise,
And o'er them all Ascutney stands;—

The College structures, fair in taste,
With dwellings neat around the square;
The clean white church, an emblem chaste
Of God's pure word presented there;—

Such now is Dartmouth, long endeared,
Whose halls of learning here I see;
The man by whom they first were reared—
Eleazar Wheelock*—dear to me.

A man beloved for virtues rare,
High traced upon the scroll of fame,
Whose kindred blood I gladly share,
And proudly bear his honored name.

* The great uncle of my father, whose grandmother, Elizabeth Wheelock (Mrs. Joshua Hendee), was the sister of President Wheelock.

For he was first, with noble heart,
To take the mighty work in hand—
The lights of science to impart
To native nations of the land.

'Twas here for them the school he taught,
With ardent hope and promise then,
That they by learning could be brought
To be a noble race of men.

With him the Earl of Dartmouth stood
In this ennobling, grand design
To instruct the wild man of the wood
In laws both human and divine.

And here I scan, with earnest care,
Among the relics of the past,
His chapel, house, and old arm-chair
In which he sat and breathed his last.

Loved memories of a cherished name,
Whose life to bless mankind was given,
And in the noontide of his fame
Was called away from earth to heaven.

Carved on a crumbling tomb I see,
"Here rests the body"—life now spent,
"Of Eleazar Wheelock—S. T. D.,
"The founder and first President

"Of Dartmouth College," of renown,
"And Moors' Charity Indian School,"
With chartered rights from Britain's crown,
When England's monarch here had rule.

This tomb by thousands has been viewed;
These words, too, on its face appear,
That "By the gospel he subdued
"The ferocity of the savage," here.

And what was also highly prized,
As well by many as by few,
"And he unto the civilized
"Opened paths of science new."

I would not from th' inscription swerve,
Nor fail one sentence to record;
"Go, traveler, and, if you can, deserve
"Of such merit the sublime reward."

Thus long he lived on earth with men,
Devoted to his grand design:
"Was born in seventeen hundred ten,
"And died in seventeen seventy-nine."

Making the years of mortal life
Of him of my ancestral line,
Consigned to labor, care, and strife,
For other's good, just sixty-nine.

For aid from England's noble lord,
Before whose worth a nation bowed,
We, as a nation, praise award
To him who first the school endowed.

Which should in this and every clime
Distinguished honors for him claim;
And will, throughout all coming time,
Transmit the noble patron's name.

But, ah! the changes since that day!
The wasted race they sought to save,
By wicked hands are swept away,
Each one to fill an outcast's grave.

Without a record or a name,
Their ashes mingle with the earth;
'Tis all, except a nation's shame,
To mark the spot that gave them birth.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.—TO HENRIETTA C——.

All those for whom he nobly spent
So many years of toil and care,
Are doomed at last to banishment
Beyond the Rocky Mountains, where

Tribe after tribe are gathering now,
And numbering less as years roll on,
To cruel treatment forced to bow,
Until the last red man is gone!

Should not the Christian world conspire
To teach the sons of sires, whose graves
Hold dust that rose in life no higher
Than making loving wives their slaves?

TO HENRIETTA C——.

In life's varied pilgrimage how often we see
The woodland and forest enveloped in clouds,
When neither the form of a bush nor a tree
Is seen thro' the veil which their loveliness shrouds;

But high on the hill-tops some object we've seen
Made lovely and bright in the beams of the sun,
On which we can gaze when no clouds intervene,
And clearly distinguish their charms, one by one.

'Tis thus with the many—the crowds we meet here—
They live in the haze and the mist of our minds;
Like trees in the vapor, they faintly appear—
Affection's bright sun upon them never shines.

Whatever my lot, whether sorrow or joy,
On the hill-top of friendship thy form I shall see,
And when on the loved ones my thoughts I employ,
The sunlight of memory shall fall upon thee!

LINES ADDRESSED TO MY WIFE ON HER BIRTH-DAY, AUGUST 22, 1837.

'Twas at the closing of the year
  Of eighteen hundred one,
A vessel proudly rode the sea,
  Her name, The Rising Sun.
With conscious pride the gallant ship
  Her noble captain scanned,
And made her ready for the sea,
  By gen'rous sailors manned.

With sad regret he left the port,
  To cleave the ocean-tide;
And with the cherished friends at home
  He left his youthful bride.
When tedious months had passed away,
  No tidings came to hand,
Except that neither ship nor crew
  Had reached the destined land.

Nor can it now be ascertained
  How far they were from shore,
When all upon The Rising Sun
  Went down to rise no more.
Then, sick with hopeless, anxious dread,
  Was seen the lovely wife,
Looking in anguish to the time
  When she should bring to life

The pledge of pure and holy love,
  The gem of wedded bliss;
Where virtue and affection meet,
  There is no gem like this!
Now dawns the day when first the light
  Upon thy vision broke,
And thou, amidst a living world,
  To infancy awoke.

TO MY WIFE, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

Alas! thy gentle mother's heart
  Was grieved beyond degree,
To know the father of her babe
  Was buried in the sea.
There is a feeling pure and strong
  That only mothers know;
And, oh, how sharply did she feel
  This keen, heart-withering woe!

To learn a little while before
  To thee she being gave,
That he who loved her as his life
  Was in a watery grave;
This to her fondly ardent mind
  Was misery too great;
The heart, so full of ardent love,
  Now sank beneath the weight.

Before a smile upon thy lip
  Or cheek was seen to play,
The lovely form that gave thee life
  Was mouldering back to clay.
But God, whose goodness has no bound,
  Whose clemency no end,
Gave to thy young and helpless years
  A mother* and a friend.

They watched thee with parental care,
  And lulled thy infant cry;
Their noble, kind, and generous hearts
  Did all thy wants supply.
Theirs, by adoption, then wast thou,
  And well did they fulfill
The duties of their sacred pledge,
  To be thy parents still.

* Mr. and Mrs. John M. Ehrick, of Charleston, S. C.

Their memories we cherish now,
While gratefully we own
The virtues that adorned their lives,
And in their actions shone.
Their daily lessons clearly taught
The sacred love of truth,
And modest virtue marked thy days
Of childhood and of youth.

When eighteen summers had gone by,
In all thy maiden pride,
I first beheld thy graceful form,
And wished thee for my bride.
But then affliction's withering touch
Thy fond affection tried;
For he who watched thy infant years,
Thy foster-father, died.

Beneath thy native Southern sun
'Twas next thy lot to move;
And I awhile on classic ground,
In Europe went to rove.
But both returning to the scene,
To mutual pledges true,
The friendship which had warmed our hearts
To fond affection grew.

And hope was then transformed to joy,
Our happiness begun;
And hearts whose pulses beat for love
Were mingled into one:
The sum of mutual bliss enjoyed
Since that eventful day,
No human fancy can conceive,
Nor mortal tongue portray.

TO MY WIFE, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

The joys of heaven alone surpass
  The pleasures we have known,
Since by the threads of wedded love
  Our souls were knit in one.
Yet have we had some hours of grief;
  Sad scenes our hearts have wrung;
When following to the silent tomb
  The aged and the young.

They who redeemed the solemn pledge
  To thy fond mother given,
And one sweet boy, intensely loved,
  Have gone to meet in heaven.
But tho' these trials were severe,
  We all are doubly blest;
For in submission *we* rejoice,
  And *they* in heavenly rest.

With conscious pleasure we survey
  Our darling little ones,—
Three fair and pure and blooming girls,
  Two bright and sprightly sons.
But joys like these are fleeting fast,
  They can not long remain;
We praise our Maker for the past,
  For sunshine and for rain.

With unreserved and hopeful trust
  To Him we ever look,
Confiding in the sacred truths
  Of his all-perfect book.
Oh! may thy annual natal day
  Be ever, ever blest,
Till safe within our heavenly home
  We find immortal rest!

TO LEVI SPEAR PARMLY IN EUROPE.

ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTHDAY, AUGUST 29, 1858.

BELOVED, loving brother, ere sorrow had made
Our hearts to grow cold before death's icy chill,
On this anniversary, pensive we strayed
From London together, to fair Richmond Hill.

'Twas there, in the palace, that first to my view
Appeared the grand wonders of genius and art;—
The cartoons of Raphael I there saw, with you,
Still cling to my memory and live in my heart.

I love to remember thy soul-stirring fire,
Which nothing could smother, or quench, or allay;
Thy love for thy kindred—thy ardent desire
That they might be blest, in thy life's early day.

To that warm affection how much do we owe,
As from our loved home we were leaving each one!
For myself, from my heart's inmost depths, I bestow
On thee ardent thanks for the good thou hast done.

When a youth at that home by thee I was sought,
And raised by thy kind and benevolent hand;
By thee my first lessons of science were taught,
Which saved me from want in my own native land.

I've wandered, this summer, among the loved scenes
Where often together, in childhood, we strayed;
The mountains and valleys, the rocks and ravines,
The same as they were when in childhood we played.

The cool gushing spring where together we drank,
The same crystal fountain still silently glides;
In deep contemplation, I stood on the bank
Where I sat when our father first stoned up its sides.

The most of our friends and our kindred are gone;
Few faces are left which we knew in our youth;
Yet I was permitted once more to gaze on
Some features that spoke of affection and truth.

The friends whom we left, on our dear Father's side,
For worth and stern virtue none better are known:
Their names I still cherish, with pleasure and pride
That I sprung from a stock the proudest may own.

Our good uncle Randolph, a fine-looking man,
Is cheerful and happy, with bright, beaming face,
So crippled with age that he scarcely now can
Move a step without aid, at a moderate pace.

And such are the trials, dear brother, that come
To poor human nature, in this changing world;
From depths that are lowest wealth elevates some,
Whilst others from wealth are to penury hurled.

Our Levi will tell you of things in the West,
They all are much now as they have been for years;
Our dear brother David of all was the best,—
His loss is lamented in silence and tears.

Jahial, the farmer, with more land to till
Than fifty good farmers could manage with care,
Works early and late, with the best of his skill,
And just about gathers the poor sower's share.

And so it will be to the end of this life,
And has been for ages as far as is known;
Your days have been numbered, in toil, care, and strife,
And many will reap from the seed you have sown.

I feel, dearest brother, that while we are here
Our hearts' best affection to Him should be shown,
Whose mercy has kept us for many a year,
Whilst many beloved ones forever are gone.

And now, since infirmity, age, and disease
Have broken the springs that impelled us to toil,
Come home and be with us, if Providence please,
And sleep the last sleep in American soil.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN AT THE WHITE HOUSE, 1863.

A GENEROUS heart, a noble mind,
Exceeding all belief,
I found indwelling in the soul
Of our exalted chief.

The deeds of Abraham Lincoln will
Our nation e'er proclaim ;
And future ages will resound
With honors to his name.

Millions on millions shall arise
That glorious name to praise,
And Freedom's wide resounding voice
Shall songs of triumph raise.

For godlike attributes are his,
As all may clearly see ;
Forbearance, patience, mildness, love,
Shine in a marked degree.

A bold Secesh, in rich attire,
A lady ranking high,
Came there from him a pass to get,
While we were standing by.

And patiently he heard the plea
Of this proud Southern Miss,
And said : "A pass I can not give
At such a time as this."

For on this very day was fought,
As army records tell,
The battle where, among the slain,
The noble Wadsworth fell.

Importunate in her demand,
Persisting in her plea ;
" You've given them to others, Sir,
And why not, then, to me ?"

"I know I have," replied our chief,
"And I did wrong before;
Seeing the evil it has done,
I'll give them now no more."

When she retired, another came,
A young and gentle wife,
Beseeching pardon for his crime,
To save her husband's life.

"What has he done?" he kindly asked;
"Inform me, if you can."
"A very little thing," she said;
"He only killed a man!"

"A little thing to kill a man!
A little thing you say!
I can not pardon him for that,
You'd better go away."

Day after day, hour after hour,
In scenes like these are spent
The strength, the energy, and life
Of our good President.

But I shall grateful ever be,—
No friendly act denied;
Invited kindly to his home,
And with him asked to ride.

And in that pleasant ride of miles,
His mind and heart were known;
Intelligence and manly thought
Were every moment shown.

And all along that lengthened way
The moments swiftly ran;
And swiftly still the treasured words
Of nature's nobleman.

Of land he spake, and of the modes
  Of farming that are best;—
Of soils like those along our road,
  And prairies of the West.

To all we met of every grade,
  The lowly, and the high,
Who signs of recognition made,
  He bowed as we passed by.

Now, may our country, in its strength,
  Proclaim with vote and voice,
For Abraham Lincoln, President,
  A nation's pride and choice.

Like him who from a tyrant's power
  Our nation, freedom gave,
Lincoln, a second Washington,
  Our liberties shall save.

And even more than Washington,
  Will be our nation's gains;—
One broke for aye the tyrant's yoke,
  The other Slavery's chains.

And that loved name will ever live,
  For glories it has won;
And honors will the nation give,
  As to our Washington.

EPIGRAM—TO GEN. WINFIELD SCOTT.

WINFIELD! to thy most happy-omened name
  Americans their grateful tribute give;—
For highest on our country's scroll of fame,
  While *fields* are *won*, *thy* name will ever live.

THOUGHTS

AT THE FUNERAL OF MY BELOVED UNCLE, RANDOLPH PARMLY MY FATHER'S ONLY BROTHER, IN RANDOLPH, VT., OCTOBER 13, 1864.

"THE last of earth!"—The good old man,
Relieved from suffering, pain, and care!
With parents loved, now side by side
We lay his dust to moulder there.

A simple wreath of autumn leaves
Was laid upon the coffin lid,
Which rested on a manly form,
Now from our sight forever hid.

A polished brow beneath it lay—
A noble face, with features rare;
And, of its years, I never saw
A face that with it could compare.

In that autumnal wreath we read
A lesson true from nature's page;
The story of man's life is told
From childhood to declining age.

The green denotes life's early spring
Of joyous youth, with balmy breath;
The "sere and yellow leaves" that fall
Denote the near approach of death.

In spring the tender buds put forth,
And flowers of every hue are seen;
Awhile the teeming earth is clothed
In gay attire of living green.

Throughout the summer's lengthened days
But little change is made by time;
And thus it is with lengthened years,—
Man changes little through his prime.

Thus leaves are emblems of man's life:
The bursting buds denote his birth;
Like them, in autumn too he falls
And dies—"Behold the last of earth!"

ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF A SON.

WRITTEN IN A GROVE AT BINGHAM PLACE, SHREWSBURY, JULY 7, 1847.

ONCE more I seek, with lingering step,
This pleasant woodland shade;
Once more I tread this winding path
To memory sacred made.

Once more I gaze upon the spot,
And sit beneath the tree
Where my sweet boy, in life and health,
Oft sat, to rest with me.

And now around these verdant fields
In solitude I stray,
Recalling thoughts to memory dear
On this eventful day.

Five years have fled, and I am here
To hail this morn's return;
Five years—and in my bosom's core
The fires of grief still burn

As first they did when I beheld,
In agony of death,
My sweet, beloved, and noble boy
Resign his mortal breath.

My years are fleeting like the wind,
With age my eyes are dim;
Yet neither years nor age efface
The love I bear for him.

But every look, the words he spoke,
Cling closely to my heart;
And every flower that nature yields
Will fade ere they depart.

I feel no loosening of the tie
That binds our hearts in love;
I know no waning of the hope
That we shall meet above.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF A SON.

When days and years, as God may please,
With me on earth shall cease,
High in the bright abodes of bliss
Our souls shall dwell in peace,

And walk together heavenly plains,
Led by the Saviour's hand,
Where pain and sickness never come
To blight the blissful land.

Oh! how transporting is the thought,
When freed from care and pain,
That we shall meet in brighter worlds,
And know the loved again!

It soothes our sorrows, calms our fears,
And quiets all our grief;
It dries the tears which else would flow
To give the heart relief.

So may I live through every hour
Of earth's bewildering strife,
That I may meet, beyond the tomb,
The friends I loved in life!

And I have many such to meet,
The joys of heaven to share,—
My parents fond, a sister dear,
And three sweet boys, are there.

ANNIVERSARY.

A year ago, this very hour,
My infant yielded up his breath;
I stood beside his dying couch,
And saw his eyelids close in death.

He sweetly gazed on all around,
And recognized each one that came;
And when he could no longer speak,
His moving lips told each one's name.

TO A DEARLY BELOVED FRIEND ON HER RECEIVING A PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

My friend, fondly cherished, permit me to say
To thee, who art still in the summer of youth,
Thy heart, warm and loving, when bartered away,
Should go but to manliness, virtue, and truth.

For thou art still lovely, with feelings yet pure,
Well fitted in home's brightest circles to shine;
Thy heart's warm devotion could not long endure
A youth's indiscretion, or age in decline.

Then think not a moment to hazard thy chance,
With youth, and thus peril thy life in its bloom;
Nor yet with the aged, whose only advance
Would be from the altar direct to the tomb.

Ah no! Let thy choice be, whenever 'tis made,
Of one whose whole being thy fond heart could greet;
That powers of enjoyment together may fade,
And love's consolations in harmony meet.

For such could thy bosom's devotion secure,—
Contented and happy, delighted with life!
For such thy affection through life would endure;
To such wouldst thou prove a fond, loving wife.

But never, oh, never entangle thy fate
Where age in its coolness thy warm heart survives;
For this would make fondness aversion and hate,
While prudence may make thee the best of all wives.

How grateful the knowledge that gladdens the heart,
To which its affections delightedly cling;
That though nature's beauties to-day may depart,
They soon will revive in the life-giving spring!

Yet age has no spring-time in this life of ours;
A pleasure once tasted forever is past;
As the landscape of earth, with its fruits and its flowers,
Once faded survives not the breath of the blast.

TO R. W.

And thus am I spending the winter of life.
The spring and the summer and autumn are fled;
And the few days that linger in sorrowful strife
Will bring me to rest with the loved and the dead.

TO R. W.

I MUST walk through life alone,
Though the path be dark and drear;
Earth's best joys were once my own,
Now they blend with sorrows here.

They have fled, and with them gone
Life's sweet incense of delight;
Never more for me will dawn
Love's bright morning, on my night.

Suns have set, to rise no more,
Deep within my throbbing breast;
And my truest life is o'er,
Once so happy, once so blest!

Youth and beauty still have charms,
Dear to me as vital breath:
But to clasp them in the arms
Which must soon be cold in death

Would be vain:—for, on life's page
We may read, as years fleet by:
"Love, that fetters youth to age,
"Blooms to wither, droops to die!"

Who would bind a charming form,
Loving, laughing, bright, and fair,
To the whirlwind and the storm,
Age and sorrow, toil and care?

Therefore, in life's twilight eve,
With no breast to meet my own,
No fond heart to mine to cleave,
I must walk through life alone.

THANKSGIVING.

ON OCCASION OF A FAMILY GATHERING AT THE HOME OF OEL BILLINGS, ESQ., WOODSTOCK, VT., DECEMBER 7, 1865.

WHEN first our "Pilgrim Fathers" came
To this new world of hills and dales;
Of mountains vast, without a name,
Of rocks and rivers, lakes and vales,—

With thankful hearts they gathered round
The "ALTAR ROCK," on Plymouth strand;
And humbly kneeled upon the ground,
To consecrate to God the land,—

A land of peace, beyond the reach
Of persecution for the cause
Of Christ—to worship, praise, and preach,
And make as well as keep the laws.

They came from palace and from throne,
The monarch's sceptre, tyrant's rod,
To this blest land where we alone
Obey one monarch—which is God.

Oh! happy land, on earth the best
On which the glorious sun can shine!
And guarded well in every breast
Is love that burns on Freedom's shrine.

And this "Thanksgiving," made since then
A sacred feast for age and youth,
Our noblest women—greatest men,
Have cherished with unswerving truth.

They gather at the much-loved home,
The dear old house, if still it last;
And, as they round the table come,
They, in the present, live the past

What generous thoughts and memories sweet
These annual social gatherings bring,
Of cherished friends we used to meet,
The "MAY FLOWERS" of life's early Spring!

When those residing far away,—
Children to parents fond and dear,
Were gathered on "Thanksgiving Day;"
The best of all the circling year.

When to their God, in songs of praise,
Their grateful hearts ascended high;
And every soul aspired to raise
A song to Him above the sky.

This is the first, for three-score years,
That I 'mong native hills have met
Thanksgiving friends whom love endears,
And whom I never can forget.

How many loved and loving ones
Have gazed their last upon the West,
Watching their fast declining suns,
And rising to eternal rest!

But still I love to bring their forms
In memory round the blazing fire;—
Their presence each emotion warms,
And satisfies the heart's desire.

This day we consecrate, with prayer,
To Him who holds creation's throne;
For all the kindness, love, and care
That in our pathway he has strown.

What boundless blessings from his hand
Should we to-day be thankful for!
Sweet peace, that reigns o'er all the land,
Has sheathed the blood-stained sword of war;

And thousands of our noble youth,
Who fearless sought the battle-plain,
Braved death for country, right, and truth,
Have joyous found their homes again.

Now Slavery's manacles are torn
From millions of the human race,
And God's pure Word to them is borne
To take the galling shackle's place.

This to his children God has given
By mandate from his throne above;
He rules the earth, the sea, and heaven,
His essence and his name is Love.

Thankful, our nation at its head
Has Johnson* now to fill the chair,
Since great and noble Lincoln's dead,
Loved and lamented everywhere.

Let us be grateful here to-day
For watchful and protecting care
Of our dear friend,† now far away,
Whose cherished home in love we share;—

A home in which our every heart
Responds to love within his breast;
Where social strife ne'er takes a part,
Except to know who loves him best.

For his well-being we would pray,
While journeying on Pacific's shore,
That God will shield him while away,
And bring him safe to us once more.

And we are thankful that our State
Has sent abroad such gifted ones,
Whose names are ranked among the great;
And proud is she to call them sons.

Billings and Webster, Marsh and Powers,
Would honor courts of kings on earth;
And Woodstock, now loved home of ours,
Is proudly called their place of birth.

* President Johnson has grievously disappointed the hopes of the people.

† Frederick Billings, husband of my daughter Julia, now in California.

And thankful too, we ought to be,
Amid the world's respect or scorn,
In God's kind Providence, that we
Among these glorious hills were born.

For proud and boastful I have been,
Wherever I have chanced to roam,
When thought recalled our "Mountains green,"
To claim them as my native home.

And while we talk of other days,
With hearts attuned to love and song,
With gratitude the Lord we'll praise
For having spared our lives so long.

MOUNT TOM, WOODSTOCK.

Once more from this mountain, delighted, I view
The beauty and grandeur of nature around;
A landscape as lovely, as rich, and as new,
As grand and extensive, can rarely be found.

The foliage of autumn that recently shone
As bright as if rainbows had painted its hues,
Now sleeps on the earth, by the mountain-wind strown,
No longer refreshed by the rains and the dews.

The pure sparkling waters that round me are seen,
Through deep valleys wind and o'er rocky beds flow;
The churches and dwellings of famed Woodstock Green
Will long be remembered wherever I go.

The lofty Green Mountains before me arise,
An army of cloud-covered giants they seem:
Their summits are lost in the mists of the skies,
As the sun throws upon them his last golden beam.

To scenes thus enchanting I wave my adieu,
Uncertain if ever I see them again;
Yet often will memory, delighted, review
Each mountain and forest, each valley and plain.

SECOND INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN, MARCH 4, 1864.

A NOBLE man, for four full years
  The nation's starry banner spread
O'er fields of triumph and renown,
  And bravely crushed the hydra-head

Of slavery—the direst curse
  That ever fell on any land:
Chosen by God to do his will,
  Aided by his almighty hand.

This day triumphantly proclaims
  The verdict of a nation's voice,
That Abraham Lincoln, tried and true,
  Is now again the people's choice,

To lead our conquering armies on,
  Companions of his matchless fame;
That generations yet unborn
  May learn to venerate his name.

Beneath a gently falling shower
  We left, at ten, the grand hotel;
And as we neared the nation's dome,
  The rain in gushing torrents fell.

But by the courtesy of one,
  The kind and generous Robert Broom,
We through a private entrance went,
  And safely reached the Senate room.

The galleries and hall were filled
  With beauty, fashion, wealth, and fame,
To gather round the nation's chief,
  From East and West and North they came.

The South alone was far away,
  In foul rebellion's ranks arrayed,
To draw the nation's bravest blood
  With rifle-ball and sabre-blade.

There Toombs and Davis, with the torch
Of treason, lit the forest-gloom;
There Lee and Wise prepared to build
Sweet Liberty's eternal tomb.

And Stephens, born on freedom's soil,
Espoused the cause his soul abhorred;
And Polk, the bishop under arms,
Assailed the armies of the Lord.

There Breckenridge his prowess tried,
And Pickens picked a doughty band
Of Carolina's blatant brags,
To hurl destruction on the land.

But firmly stood the nation's chief,
Surrounded by the strong and brave,
Resolved that Liberty should live,
And dig Rebellion's cursed grave.

Before high noon the heavy shower
Abated, and passed off at last;
Still all the sky with threatening clouds
And darkness dense, was overcast.

Then every eye was turned to see
The chosen ruler of the land,
Preceded by Chief Justice Chase,
Advancing to the platform stand.

All preparations thus were made,
And just as he, by oath, would own
His office, on his manly brow
The sun in all its glory shone.

A happy omen, we believe,
Of what his future yet may be;
When God the war-clouds shall disperse,
And Peace behold the nation free.

The noble thoughts which he expressed,
With patriotic fire ablaze,
Made every heart exult with joy,
And every voice proclaim his praise.

"Four years ago," the speaker said,
"My words, delivered from this stand,
Expressed a paramount desire
From threatened war to save the land.

"Insurgent agents then we saw
Here in the city at our side,
Seeking the nation to destroy—
Our glorious Union to divide.

"Both parties deprecated war;
Desire for peace both seemed to cherish;
One swore the Union should not live,
The other said it should not perish.

"And slavery was the moving cause
Which led the parties to contend;
For this the banded traitors strove
Our bond of unity to rend.

"But few supposed that slavery's doom
Would come, e'en when the war had passed,
Nor that the conflict would so long
With all its frightful horrors last.

"While both the self-same Bible read,
And both at the same altar prayed,
Against each other both implored
The same Almighty Father's aid.

"But strange it seems that men can dare
A God of justice to invoke,
Wring bloody sweat from others' brows
Whilst forging slavery's iron yoke.

"The prayers of both could not succeed,
And both are disappointed still;
Jehovah's plans are all his own,
And his the power to work his will.

"Offenses agitate the world,
Of which there always will be some;
But woe to all the erring men
By whom all these offenses come.

"If slavery, then, be one offense
Which God awhile permits to be,
He will, in his appointed time,
Make every fettered bondsman free.

"And if he lets war's bloody scourge
Bring grief to those from whom it came,
We must confess it justly due,
And glorify his holy name.

"If God requires us to disgorge
The riches in our garners stored,
Wrung from the sinews of the slave,
We bless the just and righteous Lord.

"Should every drop of human blood
Drawn by the lash from servile veins,
Be expiated by the sword
To wash away our guilty stains,

"Let it be done; and we submit,
Until thy justice, Lord, we see,
And place our hope of happiness
In loving man—adoring Thee!

"And malice unto none we bear,
But charity to all extend;
With firmness, as God shows the right,
The work we'll finish to the end!

"The nation's wounds bind up and heal;
The broken soldier's sorrows share;
Protect the widows of the dead;
Their orphans be our constant care!"

These were the noble words of him
Whose fame was equaled by his worth,
Again made chieftain of our land—
The freest, noblest realm of earth!

THOUGHTS

AT THE FUNERAL OF SAMUEL M. FOX, M. D., OF PHILADELPHIA.

See what numbers to the meeting
Come their high respect to show!
Many hearts with grief are beating,
Many tears in sorrow flow,

For the one of lofty bearing,
Dignified in face and form,—
In each manly virtue sharing,
In affections pure and warm.

As a scholar, chaste in feeling;
As physician, high in fame;
As a merchant, just in dealing;
As a man, of spotless name.

As a friend, unfaithful never;
As a son, of gentle mind;
As a brother, loving ever;
As a father, fond and kind.

As a husband, marked devotion
Blessed the heart he made his own;
Gentle heart, whose every motion
Beat for him, and him alone.

Thus pure love, by virtue aided,
Gave to life its brightest bloom;
But before its flowers had faded,
They lie scattered round his tomb.

IN MEMORY OF LEVI SPEAR PARMLY.

My generous brother! thy spirit ascending,
Its ashes bequeaths to thy kindred and friends:
Thy heart, whose devotion to them was unending,
Its charities now to new regions extends.

Desires in thy bosom were constantly springing,
To find the forsaken and give them relief:—
And rich consolations thou ever wert bringing
To soothe in affliction, and comfort in grief.

In life's changing drama benevolent actions
Affected the lowly as well as the high;
To children of sorrow thy kind benefactions
Were free and abundant whene'er thou wert nigh.

The welfare of kindred by thee was promoted,
Thy fortune for them thou didst freely expend;
To sickness and sorrow thy cares were devoted,
The poor and the fatherless found thee their friend.

Thy labors of love are in memory recorded,
On many heart-tablets, all over the land;
Thy generous nature was amply rewarded
By smiles on the lips and a grasp of the hand.

In duty's pursuit, thou wast fearless of dangers;
Humanity's cause gave thee objects and ends:
Though death laid thee low in a nation of strangers;*
Thy body now lies with thy kindred and friends.

Thy latest request, when thy system was shaken
With pain and disease, I have treasured with care;
"If here I should die, let my body be taken†
"To the graves of my parents, and bury it there."

The boon has been granted, in fervent affection
For thee who my youth's noblest impulses gave;
A heart that is grateful, in fond recollection,
Weeps over the spot thou hast chose for thy grave!

* Who died at Versailles, France, near Paris, July 8, 1859.
† Buried in Perry, Ohio, on his seventieth birthday, August 29, 1859.

WOMAN.

Ah! what would our life be,
If 'twere not for those
Who brighten its journey
Quite on to its close;—
Who wake in our bosoms
That conjugal love,
Which gladdens the hearts
Of the angels above?

'Tis woman, dear woman,
Whom God has bestowed,
To lighten man's burdens
On life's rugged road;
To brighten his pleasures,
To lighten his woes,
And render life cheerful
Quite on to its close!

A SIMILE.

Oft on a pebbly shore I've strayed,
To see the tide of ocean swelling;
Its dancing waves and snowy surf,
In beauty other scenes excelling.

Admiring thus the power that gave
To every wave its playful motion,
I lingered till the waters rose
As if to whelm me in the ocean.

'Tis thus, I thought, with heedless youth,
Who follow vain and idle pleasure,
Till life's productive years are gone,
And with them truth, man's dearest treasure.

Admiring still the joys in view,
They yield their hearts to soft seduction,
Till all their moral worth is gone,
And they are swept to swift destruction.

TO HIRAM POWERS, THE GREAT AMERICAN SCULPTOR AND GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY.

ON VISITING HIS BIRTHPLACE, IN 1864.

My noble friend! I come to-day
To see thy place of birth,
The point from which your footsteps stray,—
Your old domestic hearth;—

The pleasant house, the grassy lawn,
Where joyously you played;
The sands in which, at childhood's dawn,
You tiny footprints made;—

The hill-top, where you went to slide
On runners tipped with steel;
The spring, from out the mountain's side,
Which spun your water-wheel;—

The sparkling stream, with crags about,
Whose waters dance and shine,
Where oft you sought the speckled trout
With fish-hook, rod, and line;—

The trees that always give the best,
The purest sweet, I ween,
All now in autumn colors drest,
Around the "Woodstock Green;"—

The mountains, that above them stand
In grandeur, God hath given,
Which strengthened your artistic hand,
And raised your thoughts to heaven;—

Ere chaplets of unfading flowers,
From fragrant fields of fame,
Were wreathed around the brow of Powers,
That world-wide honored name.

In thought, with you I climbed Mount Tom,
And glances round me cast;
The landscape beauties seen therefrom
Can nowhere be surpassed.

Nor can more gorgeous scenes be found
In all the wide-spread earth,
Than autumn gives the mountains round
The home that gave you birth.

'Tis wrong to leave our native land,
So little understood,
For objects rare, sublime, and grand,
And virtues great and good.

All these around your native spot
Are in a group combined,
And nevermore will be forgot,—
In memory's ark enshrined.

And do you now, in thoughtful hours,
On fancy's pinions roam
To rocks and hills, and woodland bowers,
Around your mountain home—

Recalling pastimes when the snow
These mountain-tops o'erspread,
When all the wealth you cared to know
Was in your own hand-sled:—

And when exulting youth and health
Were undisturbed by care,
Ere dreams of fame or thought of wealth
Had found admission there?

Thrice happy days! Superior joys
Are not to mortal given,
Till Charity his faith employs
To antedate his heaven!

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF LAKE MAHOPAC,

AT THOMPSON'S EXCELLENT FAMILY HOTEL.

A SCENE more enchanting unfolds to our view,
With hues ever changing, resplendent and new,
Than elsewhere is found, in the east or the west,
Where sufferers find quiet and wanderers rest.

The crystalline waters which flow at our feet,
From springs of the mountains, here murmuring meet;
The islands transcendent in beauty are seen,
And mountain peaks glisten in midsummer green.

The lake in its grandeur outstretching before,
Embosomed by forests that garnish the shore,
Delight us, till memory is forced to return,
To beautiful scenes on the Switzer's Lucerne.

The pathways and rambles, the roadways and rides,
The grainfields and pastures on sloping hill-sides,
The glowing expanse which a vast mirror seems,
Reflect in their splendor the sun's golden beams.

The scenes round the Lake, as well distant as near,
In landscapes delightful, reflected appear ;
On its bosom no ripple is seen to arise,
So calm and unruffled its smooth surface lies.

The groups of young children in life's gayest years,
Untouched by its sorrows, unstained by its tears ;
In dances and pastimes delightedly rove,
Or rally for rest in the shade of the grove.

The pleasure-boats dancing on every side,
With loveliness freighted, delightfully glide ;
O'er bright sparkling waters, with converse and song,
By echoes repeated, the mountains among.

To hearts gay and happy, in youth's early spring,
No storms of life's desolate winter can bring
One heart-pang of sorrow, one shadow or blight,
To darken their visions or check their delight.

Here social attraction all coldness disarms,
And talent and beauty blend sweetly their charms,
In one highly gifted, whom memory endears,
As the child of friends cherished in happier years.

Here riches, excepting the wealth of the mind,
Are left on their crutches to hobble behind;
While Genius and Virtue, with Truth for their guide,
In chariots of glory triumphantly ride.

In highest enjoyment our time passes by,
With all the delights which our host can supply;
In transports of pleasure each bosom here thrills,
With love for Mahopac's green valleys and hills.

Mid pleasures and pastimes that gladden us here,
Are names which to memory will ever be dear;
Of friends who delight to instruct and amuse,
Are Hatch, Church, and Morrison, Gilman, and Hughes.

Of beauty and graceful attainment in art,
Are Marshall and Evans, Heywood and Steinhart,
To whom our affections we joyfully yield,
And Freeman, Macmurdo, Dittenhoefer, and Field.

Of social companions, the friends of long years,
Whose virtue and friendship my memory endears,
With whom I am happy to meet once again,
Are Gilman and Fuller, Diaper, Delaplane.

Of those who are still in the springtime of youth,
Whose faces are symbols of virtue and truth,
To whom our unbid recollections return,
Are Gilman, Church, Williams, Thompson, Davis, and Stern.

And such is Mahopac, the beautiful lake,
Whose pleasures a visit delightful can make,
On whose crystal waters the eyes never tire,
A home as delightful as heart can desire.

PROFILE HOUSE, WHITE MOUNTAINS.

LETTER ADDRESSED TO MY DAUGHTER, MARY M. WARD, AUGUST 25, 1866.

MARY, your delightful letter
Came to gladden our arrival
At this palace in the mountains,
High upon the white-topped mountains ;—
And a palace it is, truly,
Princely in its grand dimensions ;
Dining-rooms, and halls, and parlors
Quite as large, if not some larger,
Than the Long Branch ones at Stetson's,
Nicely warmed and brightly lighted,
Each and all superbly furnished ;
And, what surely is much better,
Filled with very charming people,
Chiefly from New York and Boston,
And all States east, west, and northern,—
None from Southern States disloyal.

But, wherever all their homes are,
These are genteel, well-dressed ladies,
And their States are represented
By the best that each can furnish ;—
Lady-like, of chaste deportment,
Elegant, with marked good breeding,
Number they about three hundred
Here, upon a little area
Scarce as large as is our Homefield.

Mountain-tops run high above us,
Soaring in majestic grandeur,
While their slopes present, unbroken,
All the varied tints of summer.
Here and there a branch of scarlet
Tells us of the coming autumn.
Such are now the scenes embracing
Profile House, among the mountains.

Yesterday, at noon, we started
From that pleasant home in Woodstock,

Leaving friends and darling children,
Such that, in the wide creation,
None are kinder, sweeter, fairer,
Even from the perfect household
Where my Mary holds dominion
With her gold-enameled sceptre!

All our journey was delightful,
But of incidents of travel
Only one is worth the naming.

As we reached the highest summit,
A fierce mountain storm o'ertook us;
Clouds, which scarcely could be darker,
Riding on an angry tempest,
Brought a shower of rain and hailstones,
Falling, pattering, rattling round us.
But it was of brief duration,
And, as soon as it had slackened,
There were spanned across the heavens
Two exceeding brilliant rainbows,
One inclosed within the other;
All the earth, where each end rested,
Seemed like fires intensely burning,
With the rainbow colors blending.

We have seen the wondrous mountain,
With a PROFILE quite as perfect
As was ever cut by chisel,
With a calm and sweet expression
As if carved from alabaster.
It is worth a journey hither
Once to see this perfect wonder,
Sculptured by the hand of nature,
And of worlds the mighty framer;
Far surpassing in its grandeur
All that art has ever mastered,
All that man has e'er accomplished,
For a perfect type of manhood,

Is this profile of past ages,
Even from the world's beginning;
And in mild composure gazing
On a realm of loyal freemen,
Whose brave boys, in fiery battle,
Have made liberty eternal.

At a place some six miles distant,
Called the FLUME, among the mountains,
Is a gorge, or rocky fissure,
Where the solid granite, sundered
By some mighty shock of nature,
Leaves a traversable passage
To and from adjacent valleys.
Bound to see it, we ascended
On a rock but slightly shelving,
Tracing measured feet six hundred,
Formed of stepping-stones and timbers,
Bridges made of boards and scantling,
Traversing a dashing river,.
Up to where the water rushes
Down the rocks in foaming torrents
Through the flume of nature's carving,
So sublime beyond description,
That it can not be forgotten.

We have had a pleasant ramble
To the charming sheet of water
Of the placid lake called ECHO,
Pure and clear as any crystal,—

With its shores as nature made them,
Rich in clusters wildly growing;
Stately trees among them standing,
And their green, outspreading branches
All reflected from its bosom,
Perfectly as from a mirror.

Lo! the bursting of a cannon
Sends the loud reverberations

Through the chasms of the mountains,
From their granite slopes resounding,
Louder than the first explosion;
As if all these rocky regions
Shattered by a mighty earthquake,
On their old foundations trembled.

Then returned we to the PALACE,
Grandest home in all the mountains!

DARK ROLLING EYES.

FOR AN ALBUM.

How many fond sighs
Have thy dark, rolling eyes
Caused the agonized bosom to feel?
And though every dart
Sinks deep in the heart,
Thy smiles can the cicatrix heal!

Ah! others there are
As young and as fair,
In beauty which rivals thy charms;
With bosoms as free
As the waves of the sea,
Whom one could enfold in his arms.

Save folly and pride,
They have nothing beside,
They feel not the love they impart;
But would fade in an hour,
Like an unwatered flower
Whose stalk is all sapless at heart.

The flower thou wouldst be,
And thy lover the tree
Sea-washed by the surge of the shore;
Should thy beauty then fade
In its withering shade,
The tree would have blossoms no more.

FAREWELL TO PAINESVILLE, OHIO,

NEAR WHICH REPOSE THE ASHES OF MY PARENTS, BROTHERS, AND SISTERS.

FAREWELL! thou bright spot of the West,
Both beauty and grandeur possessing;
For hours was I socially blest,
And fain would return thee a blessing!

Farewell to thy social delights,
So prized among memory's treasures,
Where friendship so kindly invites
The lone one to share in its pleasures!

Farewell to the woodland and grove,
The valley, and meadow, and mountain;
To kindred and friends that I love,
To river, and grotto, and fountain!

Farewell, thou proud temple for youth,
High fame now so worthily earning;
Where innocence, virtue, and truth
Are seeking the treasures of learning!

Farewell to the songs of delight
In which the lone spirit rejoices,
When beauty and talent unite
To mingle the charms of their voices.

Farewell to the grass-covered graves
Of loved ones who watched o'er my pillow;
Farewell to the lake's gentle waves,
Farewell to its tempest-toss'd billow!

All these to my bosom will cling,
With ties that no distance can sever,
While memory around me will bring
The forms I shall cherish forever!

ENDEARED, endearing woman! Thou
Art safest pilot of our life;
For thy fond love conducts us through
As mother, sister, daughter, wife!
Then, what were life, deprived of thee,
Sweet woman? Though with memories rife,
'Tis only blest when blest with thee;
Without thee, breathing were not life!"

One truth delights the human mind:
"Man is not formed to live alone;"
But ever can a bosom find
That joys and sorrows with his own.
For what were life unshared by thee;
Dear woman, say, what thus were life?
'Tis known by all a dream to be—
A phantom—man without a wife!

THE GRAY MILLER.—TO A. M.

WHEN you, in evening's twilight hour,
A poor gray miller see
Disporting round your blazing lamp,
Then, loved one, think of me!

And when into the scorching flame
The hapless victim flies,
The flame feels not, but still burns on,—
The miller falls and dies!

But still there is a purer blaze,
Round which fond visions fly,
And when within its burning rays,
They flutter, fall, and die!

These visions are, like millers gray,
The children of an hour;
No sooner seen than swept away
By fate's resistless power!

ON VISITING MY BIRTHPLACE, AUGUST 18, 1848.

DEAR home of my infancy, scenes of my childhood,
To feeling how sacred, to mem'ry how dear!
The mountains and valleys, the hills and their wild-wood,
Once more in their beauty and grandeur appear.

The road where I oft, in my barefooted rambles,
The butterfly chased and the humming-bee caught;
The spring and the meadow, the ledge and its brambles,
Around me again, as in childhood, are brought.

Beside the clear brook and the speckled trout in it,
My pin-hook and thread still realities seem,—
The quivering rod and the joy of the minute,
When, trembling, I drew out the fish from the stream.

But where are the loved ones who watched my returning,
And welcomed me home in the twilight's soft gloom?
They left on the hearthstones the faggot-fires burning,
And leaped to the skies o'er the gulf of the tomb.

THE DEPARTED.

THE sweetest hours my soul has known
Since my loved children died,
Were sacred to myself alone,
Shut out from all beside.

Oft have I seen them near me stand,
Have heard them speak again;
Have felt from each a little hand
Press o'er my burning brain.

When thus around me they are brought
In play—their sweet employ,
I ask on earth no brighter thought,
In heaven no purer joy.

For though their mortal years have passed,
Their spirits never die;
The flowers on earth, that budded fast,
Have blossomed in the sky.

EMERSONIANISM.

ON THE OCCASION OF HEARING ONE OF MR. EMERSON'S LECTURES.

COME on, lovely people, both aged and young,
Who with me the raptures of fancy have sung;
To the foot of the rainbow we'll gayly advance,
And join for awhile in a mystical dance!

The treasures of gold will be under our feet,
The shades of all colors around us will meet;
With magical power shall our genius unfold,
And the glories of nature our eyes shall behold.

Ourselves and the rainbow will then be but one,
The shades of our colors will rival the sun;
And we in this pageant shall each bear a part,
All purity, beauty, and kindness of heart.

Immortal and mortal shall then be the same,
Unholy and holy will have but one name;
The low will be high, and the high will be low,
The prince and the beggar no diff'rence will know.

The wise and the simple, the rude and refined,
The white and the black, will all be conjoined;
Society, solitude, nothing can sever;
One glorified lump we shall all be forever!

But wearied and shattered, at length we return,
Where, still faintly blazing, the village fires burn;
Contented hereafter the rainbow to view,
While the pathway of labor and love we pursue.

Then, grateful for rain-drops that colorless fall,
Refreshing the earth for the great and the small,
We smile at the iris displayed on the cloud,
Rejoice with the humble, and pity the proud.

TO MISS ELLEN DAVIS, OF BOSTON.

IF angels' voices are like thine,
And if to them such tones are given,
Ah! who will grieve at life's decline,
Or mourn to barter earth for heaven!

THE MOUNTAIN FESTIVAL.

IN PAINESVILLE, OHIO, JULY 13, 1860.

A SCENE more enchanting no pen ever drew
Than that which before us is open to view,—
The wide-spreading valley, the forest-clad plain,
The emerald verdure, the golden-eared grain,
The lake in the distance now placid and still,
With neat cottage dwellings on lowland and hill;
A steamer is leaving its white foamy wake,
And white sails are dotting the wide-spreading lake;
The steeples of churches our village that mark,
The trees that o'ershadow our beautiful park,
Now all lie before us in one lovely scene,
Imbedded in Nature's grand framework of green!
Still, pictures there are which no words can impart—
The landscapes of feeling, the joys of the heart;
And these, rich in beauty, all others excel,
Where memory delighted forever will dwell.

Of this little mountain with verdure o'ergrown,
The rocks and their fissures with depths yet unknown,
Whose trees stand as records of ages gone by,
Their branches expanding beneath the blue sky;
And hearts all united in strong social ties,
Here render delightful the time as it flies.

The deep gloomy caverns with moss-covered sides,
The rocks piled in masses, like steep mountain slides,
All speak of the wonders of that mighty hand
No power can resist, and no mind understand.

And while here surrounded by beauty and worth,
Of earth's purest blessings the dearest on earth,
We would not forget, as an object of love,
The Maker and Giver eternal above.
The Power that has scattered these fragments around,
In order majestic, which cover the ground,
Provides for the wants of the great and the small;
For not a lone sparrow is suffered to fall
Unless a permission from Him be first given,—
The Ruler of worlds and the Father in heaven.

But long will each trace of this elegant spot,
Its rocks and its mountains and caves, be forgot,
Ere time's waving pinions from mem'ry shall bear
The pleasing remembrance of friends I met there,
Whose fair forms of beauty and magical tread
The festive enjoyments so gracefully led!
All these on my heart their impressions have made,
To stay till affection and reason shall fade.

Here, too, sweetly blending in this happy throng,
Are tones of soft music and words of sweet song;
And long shall I cherish, wherever I roam,
The loved choral voices that chanted "Sweet Home;"
And oft will return, in the evening's soft light,
The heart's song of sadness, the soul's "Stilly Night,"
So suited to feeling when home's dearest ties
With fond hopes are buried—no, never to rise!
Awaking emotions of youth's early dawn,
Ere life's warm affections were faded and gone;
For the "smiles" and the "tears," once life's brightest part,
Now lie, like death's skeleton, cold on the heart,
Till hope's fairest flowers all fade in their bloom,
And wither and die on affection's lone tomb.

MISS ELIZA SCHROEDER'S ALBUM.

While youth and health lead on the way,
How sweet in friendship's fields to stray
And gather fragrant flowers!
What pleasure, too, the mind receives
In painting them on lasting leaves,
In life's sequestered bowers!

There we may trace the feelings fine
That breathe along each friendly line,
Pure from the heart of youth;
And though far distant they may be,
In each memorial we can see
Their friendship, love, and truth!

OPINIONS AT TWENTY-FOUR.

TO DR. THOMAS HARE, LONDON, 1821.

HAVE pity on your humble friend,
Who, like the forest flower,
May bloom in shade, but quickly bend
Beneath the sunbeam's power.

Thus passed my youth, in forests wild,
Where science never shone;
And nature claimed me as her child,
To idle pleasures prone.

But here I see a genial flame
Illumine every breast,
While mine is dark, where but the name
Of science stands confessed.

Ah! had I never left the glades
Where friends were all to me,
And science never lit the shades,
How happy I should be!

HERD-BOY OF THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.

TO DR. THOMAS HARE.

MY childhood knew no other charm
Than wandering o'er a rugged farm,
A little herd to tend;
Reading at school was only taught,
And that was all in that day sought
To teach your humble friend.

The halls where science lights the flame
That lifts Columbia's sons to fame,
Are all unknown to me;
I'll seek, then, some sequestered spot,
Where others share my hapless lot,
And there contented be.

Take from the heart, that breathes farewell,
You've made with gratitude to swell,
All that it can bestow;
To him let kindly thoughts extend
Who e'er will be your grateful friend,
Wherever he may go.

TO ANNA, 1827.

THE ties that are wove
By friendship and love,
No time and no distance can sever;
In my heart shall be set,
As a rich amulet,
A *pearl* which I'll cherish forever!

Thy love is that *pearl*,
My affectionate girl,
A treasure I covet of thee;
But grant me thy smile,
And thy heart without guile,—
'Twill be bliss all-sufficient for me!

TO ANNA, 1827.

LONG, long have I played,
Like the wild bee that strayed
And kissed every flower of the grove,
And when it had tried
Of each valley the pride,
Selected the emblem of love.

There, on its soft breast,
Did it peacefully rest,
No longer the meadows to roam;
Contented to dwell
In its soft, leafy cell,
That gave it a sheltering home.

Thou, thou art my rose,
And on thee shall repose
Affections most sacred to me;
The flowers of the mind
Are sweetly combined,
And mingle their beauties in thee.

TWINS.

TO MY WIFE.

Oh, how my heart exults with joy,
When I behold my blooming boy,
So like to thee in form and face,—
An image of his mother's grace!

And may his life and actions prove
A transcript of thy truth and love!
Thou wilt be blest, my Anna, then,
And I the happiest of men.

Last evening little Anna came,
And sweetly lisped her father's name;
Then quickly turned herself from me,
In proof of greater love to thee.

And we are happy in our love,
Supremely happy,—far above
All that we dared to ask in prayer,—
In having such a lovely pair.

TO JULIA, ON HER DEPARTURE FOR CALIFORNIA.

Darling Julia! precious treasure,
Wheresoe'er in life you roam,
May you think with heartfelt pleasure
Of your loved and peaceful home!—

Think of joys that long have brightened
All our hopes of heaven above;
Think of Him who e'er has lightened
All our sorrows with his love.

Though I feel my heart is breaking
Thus with you, my child, to part,
Still the brightest hopes are waking
That can cheer my lonely heart.

That on one I am bestowing,
And to him I now resign,
One so loved—my heart well knowing
Worthy of your love and mine.

APOSTROPHE TO THE DEAD.

THOU, too, my lovely boy art gone
To live with Christ above,
Just as thy mind began to dawn
With living light and love.

A sweeter son was never given
To swell a parent's joy;
No purer soul ascends to heaven
Than thine, my charming boy!

Oh! how my thoughts around thee cling,
Reluctant still to part;
They sometimes seem to shut the spring
Of life within my heart.

I come to gaze upon thy face,
And kiss thy forehead fair;
Though cold in death, I still can trace
Thy sweet expression there.

And oh, how lovely still art thou!
Deprived of life and breath;—
How calm and beautiful thy brow,
Though pale and cold in death!

That eye which once was clear and bright,
Is now in darkness hid;—
And yet a flame of lambent light
Is playing round its lid.

Those lips which mine have often pressed
With kisses warm and pure,
In memory's sacred tablet rest,
While love and life endure.

Thy gentle voice, thy angel smile,
I seem to hear and see;
And oh, how blest to see awhile
All that is left of thee!

And in my heart thy form will live
  Till memory fades away,
And life, and all that life can give,
  Shall leave this mortal clay.

Deep in my breast forever will
  Thy precious love remain,
And oft will make my bosom thrill
  With pleasure and with pain ;—

With pleasure, that thy spirit free
  In heaven will now appear ;
With pain, that I no more can see
  Thy lovely presence here.

Thy doating mother hangs o'er thee
  In grief no words can tell,
Through burning tears thy face to see,
  And breathe her last farewell.

Thy brothers and thy sisters, too,
  Have each one brought a flower ;
'Tis all that they for thee can do
  In this afflicting hour.

For thee, thus freed from mortal strife,
  In love they gathered them ;
Sweet emblems of thy fleeting life,
  Torn from the parent stem.

Before the earth shall o'er thee close,
  Those that have loved thee best
Have each a lovely budding rose
  Placed on thy gentle breast.

For soon, my lovely boy, thou'lt be
  With thy dear brother laid ;
One grave will hold both him and thee,
  Within its peaceful shade.

Your lovely forms will moulder there
  Together, side by side;
Your spirits walk together where
  The Lord will be their guide.

And then you will, through endless days,
  In bliss together dwell,
Where Christ will teach you songs of praise,
  And guard your spirits well.

Together there, in gardens wide,
  You'll wander hand in hand,
And gather flowers on every side
  In that celestial land.

Together drink the fountain cool,
  Which from the throne is given;
Together, in an angels' school,
  Learn all the will of heaven.

And oh, 'tis better to be there
  Than in the vale of tears,
To struggle on with want and care,
  Through man's declining years!

And while my heart in anguish weeps,
  May prayers to heaven arise,
That when in death my body sleeps
  My soul may reach the skies!

To dwell forever with the just;—
  Then while on earth I stay,
In Jesus will I put my trust
  To guide me on the way.

And when I tread the grassy lawn
  Thy footsteps here have trod,
Oh! I will think where thou art gone,
  And strive to meet my God.

APOSTROPHE TO THE DEAD.

And when this aching heart of mine
  Shall find its final rest,
Oh! may my spirit meet with thine,
  In mansions of the blest.

And there beneath my Maker's care,
  Amidst eternal joys,
I hope to meet my Saviour there,
  And there my precious boys.

O God, may those, whose wants to me
  Are dearer than my own,
Be gathered in thy family,
  Around thy sacred throne;—

Where tears and sighs and sorrows cease
  And parting gives no pain,
Where all is love and joy and peace;
  Oh! may we meet again,—

To serve thee with our spirits free,
  As when from thee we came,
Through ages of eternity,
  Praising thy holy name!

A FRAGMENT.

The thought now comes o'er me,
  In hopefulness, cheering,
That when we have finished
  With trouble and care,
Again we should meet
  In a love so endearing,
That bliss will be perfect,
  And Paradise fair.

LAST WORDS OF THE BRAVE CRITTENDEN,

WHO WAS SHOT IN HAVANA FOR INVADING THE ISLAND OF CUBA.

Most valiant youth! I can but feel
In his behalf exultant pride,
Whose spirit to his God could kneel,
But scorned to bow to aught beside.

Though tried by arts as false as vain,
When manacled in iron bands;
His body wasted, racked with pain,
His soul quailed not at blood-stained hands,

But met his fate with no harsh word,
To butchers of the brave and young;
No wailings from his lips were heard;
No imprecations from his tongue.

Fearless he gazed on comrades slain,
Then faced his foes in all their shame;—
And fell in death without a stain
Upon his own or father's fame.

Can he who on a mother's brow
Has left a kiss, these "last words" hear,
"My heart beats warmly for her now,"
And shed for him no generous tear?

ALLEGORY.

In Love's garden I planted a tree,
And nursed it with tenderest care;
I hoped that its blossoms might be
As lasting, as fragrant, and fair.

It bore me the loveliest flower
Affection could hang on its bough;—
I gazed on its charms for an hour,
When it perished, I can not tell how.

CONFLAGRATION OF THE AUSTRIA.

BURNT AT SEA, SEPTEMBER 13, 1858.

Ah! what a wail comes o'er the land,
It rings from east to west;
And reaches every human ear,
And every generous breast!

Five hundred precious lives are lost;
Five hundred bodies sleep;
Five hundred graves receive their guests,
Five hundred fathoms deep.

And oh, the agony that hung
On fate so dark and dire,—
The rolling sea beneath their feet,
Around them, raging fire!

A frightful death before them stood,
Beneath them yawning graves;
Their choice,—to perish in the flames,
Or struggle in the waves.

We hear the loud, heart-rending cries
By frantic fear expressed;
We see the weeping mother press
Her loved ones to her breast;

We see the frenzied husband clasp
All that his heart holds dear;
While sons and daughters round him cling,
His dying words to hear.

Distracted fathers kiss and bless
Their children o'er and o'er,
Then hopeless sink, to act a part
In mortal life no more.

Two loving sisters, as they sank
Down to their place of rest,
Were folded in each other's arms,
With lips together pressed.

And may the love which joined them here,
Too pure on earth to die,
Be like the seed by virtue sown
To blossom in the sky!

But ah! the agony of friends
From whom they have been torn,
The anguish of the stricken hearts,
Thus left behind to mourn!

For, 'tis the living now that feel
The grief which rends the breast;
The loved and good are happy now,
Consigned to endless rest.

But ah! the deaths the living die;
Their cries reach not the dead,
Who sweetly, gently, calmly sleep
In ocean's oozy bed.

Brothers and sisters, loving friends,
The bridegroom and the bride,
Together clasped their sad farewell,
And then together died!

Ah, life, how brief thy tenure is!
Ah, death, how sure thy doom!
But virtue, truth, and goodness rise
Immortal from the tomb!

AT THE GRAVE OF A FRIEND.

I'LL plant the sweetest roses
Around this lonely tomb,
Where loveliness reposes
In all its youthful bloom.

Here let them live and flourish,
While love the spot endears;—
For, earth the plants will nourish,
While wet with friendship's tears.

TO ANNA.

Our joys by our children are brightened,
As flowers by the beams of the day;—
Our cares and our sorrows are lightened,
As sorrows from them pass away.

We hallow, with fond predilection,
The altar of conjugal bliss;—
When warm with parental affection,
We print on their foreheads a kiss.

Their smiles, to the heart, oh, how cheering,
When memory reveals them to view!
And even their cries are endearing,
When hushed by affection and you.

EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY OF MY WEDDING-DAY.

Another year has rolled away,
And brought again my wedding-day;
And with it all its annual cheer,
The brightest day of all the year.

To Anna's love how much I owe!
More than I ever can bestow;
As round her all the virtues shine,
How blest am I to call her mine!

Our married years roll sweetly by,
And swiftly, too, they seem to fly;
Yet many changes we could name,
But Anna's love is still the same.

What joy I feel when I recur
To happy years thus spent with her!
And o'er the pleasing landscape rove,
Where we have walked in peace and love.

The Lord has blessed us in our days,
For which I tender grateful praise;—
Four charming babes to us are given,
Three now on earth, and one in heaven!

TO MY WIFE.

WRITTEN ON THE STEAMER ROCHESTER, WHILE ASCENDING THE NORTH RIVER.

THE lofty Highlands rise in view;
The bright and glorious sun has set;
But still it leaves a yellow hue
On clouds that float around us yet.

With thee I've watched the day's decline,
Admiring all the brilliant forms
Of clouds that speak the power divine,
Who rules in calms as well as storms.

This is an hour I always loved,
When day is blending with the night,
It brings the dear ones far removed,
Before me in the dusky light.

This is the hour when we have seen
The beauties of our lovely home;
The fields arranged in living green,
And ships amid the ocean foam.

The grateful quiet that surrounds
The fertile fields of waving grain;
The gently undulating grounds;
The rising hill, the level plain;

All these before me now appear;
In fancy's glass I see them all;
My loving wife, my children dear;
And hear my darling baby's call.

Oh! may the Lord who reigns above,
Whose bright perfections I adore,
Grant that the objects of my love,
May be restored to me once more!

CONFLAGRATION OF THE HENRY CLAY,

BURNT ON NORTH RIVER, JULY 28, 1852.

When death occurs to lengthened years,
From nature's slow decay,
When pain and anguish, groans and tears,
Have wasted life away,

The wearied spirit longs to soar
Where sighs and sorrows cease;
Where pain and partings are no more,
And all is life and peace.

'Tis then man meekly bows his head,
Nor deems the message strange;
From life to death so gently led,
He scarcely feels the change.

With brightening hopes he looks beyond
His earth-life to the spheres,
Where friends beloved and kindred fond
Live through uncounted years.

Where worn and weary pilgrims find
A purer, calmer rest,
And ties the dearest that can bind,
Unite them to the blest.

But when death comes to gay and young,
The strong and manly form,
The merry heart, the tuneful tongue,
And bosoms pure and warm.

When, in a moment, they are made
To feel the awful truth,
As side by side in death are laid
The aged and the youth.

All powerless stand the strongest men,
The staunchest limb will fail,
The sternest lip will tremble then,
The reddest cheek turn pale.

'Twas thus upon the fated Clay,
When far away from land,
Dark clouds of vapors rolled away,
Presaging death at hand.

When nature's noblest ties were rent
With terrors none can name,
For Death his awful summons sent,
Shrouded in flood and flame.

And both combined, at life's dread close,
To meet their final doom;
Around them fiery columns rose,
To light them to the tomb.

Oh! what a soul-affecting scene,
When each a farewell gave,—
When no seen power could interveno
To save them from the grave!

A more terrific end to meet
To mortals never came;
Their only choice—a winding sheet
Of water or of flame.

Husbands embraced their shrieking wives,
Mothers their infants young,
Friends strove to save each other's lives,
Children to parents clung.

Till spreading flame and stifled breath
Drove each one from the deck,
And frantic made they plunged beneath
The burning, sinking wreck.

Awhile they struggled in the waves
Upon a rocky shore,
Then sunk exhausted to their graves,
To rise to earth no more.

All human efforts thus were crossed,
The grave received its prey,
A hundred precious lives were lost
On that ill-fated day.

And now along the river's bed
Lie scattered lovely forms,
And cold and lifeless, pale and dead,
The sport of waves and storms.

Fond hearts that beat with joy elate,
In beauty, health, and bloom,
The loved and lovely, good and great,
Were gathered in the tomb.

But there's a truth which cheers and warms
When thought to heaven ascends,
Where spirits in celestial forms
Watch o'er their earthly friends.

PRESENTATION OF PLATE TO MISS VIRGINIA HALL.

AS A TOKEN OF SINCERE REGARD FOR HER AMIABLE CONDESCENSION, AND AS A SLIGHT RETURN FOR THE PLEASURE SHE HAS OFTEN AND OBLIGINGLY CONFERRED ON HER FRIENDS.

THY friends, dear Virginia, command me to give
This token to thee—an expression of truth;—
When age shall o'ertake thee, if thus thou shalt live,
'Twill tell thee of friends who have loved thee in youth.

Then keep it, Virginia, and know that it came
From friendship as fond as is known on the earth,
As a mark of esteem for thy love-cherished name,
And grateful regard for thy kindness and worth.

ANNA'S BIRTHDAY GIFT, MARCH 13, 1851.

THY magic art, my daughter dear!
What joy it brings to me!
To know a father's fondest hope
Is realized in thee.

The toils which I have borne in life,
Severe, all must allow,
Are all repaid when children strive
To make me blest, as now.

Oh! may they still in virtue's paths
In pure contentment tread,
Until the day when I shall join
The army of the dead.

And may the bliss which now I feel
Remain till life is o'er,
At dearest Anna's birthday gift,
When I was fifty-four.

TO NAMELESS.

ANNIVERSARY OF HER WEDDING-DAY.

SIXTEEN years of joy and sorrow
O'er thy wedded life have flown,
Flowery wreaths on every morrow
Round thy pathway have been strown.

Yet hast thou seen hours of sadness,
That have filled thy heart with gloom,
When the brightest hopes of gladness
Have been gathered to the tomb.

But in truth and warm affections
Thou hast ever been the same;
And my dearest recollections
Cluster still around thy name.

Hope delights in visions farther,
When the spirit shall be free;
Where angelic hosts shall gather
There the brightest thou shalt be.

TO THE MEMORY OF ELIZA.

AWAKE, my lyre, that long has slept,
Since first Eliza woke thy strain;
For her for whom my soul hath wept,
I strike thy trembling chords again.

Hers was a soul to virtue true,
Submission to her honored sire
Hers was a face which only few
May look upon, but all admire.

But, 'tis enough! and may her fame
Survive forever! Would that I,
For her good deeds, could give her name
The seal of immortality!

Full many o'er her grave will bend,
Whose charity their children fed;
Many will miss their unknown friend,
Whose daily bounty gave them bread.

They wonder why she comes no more,
To cheer their hearts 'mid sorrow's gloom;
And dry their tears, as oft before,
And smooth their pathway to the tomb.

She loved her Saviour, to whose cause
For many years her heart was given,
Obeying all the sacred laws
Which lead to bliss in earth and heaven.

When I from earth am called to part,
May one be left to mourn for me,
With half as full and fond a heart
As I, Eliza, bore for thee!

MUTINY AT SEA.

EXECUTION OF SPENCER, CROMWELL, AND SMALL, ON BOARD OF THE UNITED STATES BRIG SOMERS, 1843.

SUSPICION dwelt in every look
  And word among the hands,
When three stout men were singled out,
  And bound in iron bands;
And while defenseless on the deck,
  In heavy shackles bound,
With fear and dread for witnesses,
  They all were guilty found.

To them their brave commander said:
  "Your sentence thus I give,—
"Ten minutes only now remain
  "For each of you to live."
The plea of innocence was made,
  But was not heeded there;—
The dire decision had gone forth
  That they must swing in air.

For longer time was then their prayer,
  And one brief hour was given
To bid farewell to all of earth,
  And think of death and heaven.
A few short words were interchanged
  With officers on guard,
Their messmates standing by the whips
  To run them to the yard.

Then trembling there each victim stood,
  With rope around his neck;
The gun was fired, and hand o'er hand
  They raised them from the deck.
The whips belayed, three cheers were given,
  Ere sense and life had fled;
Three heartier cheers were never heard
  On vessel's deck 'tis said.

As soon as death's sad knell was rung
In cheers along the line,
The boatswain's welcome call was heard,
Piping all hands to dine.
And when on deck they met again,
No eye was seen to weep;
Unmoved they took the bodies down,
And clothed them for the deep;

And read aloud a solemn prayer,
Intended for the dead;
Then overboard the bodies cast,
To find an ocean bed.
A sacred song of praise was sung
To Him who gave them breath;—
Was it that they had sent three souls
Beyond the gates of death?

Was this because there was not power
In that well-marshaled band,
To safely guard these fettered men,
And bring them to the land?
O God of love! we praise thy name,
That, after life's brief span,
When summoned to thy righteous bar,
Thou'lt be the judge, not man!

EPIGRAM.

TO MISS MARY R.

If friendship round thy generous heart
Its silken wreath has wove,
Rend not the tender threads apart,
Nor barter them for love.

If friends whose words we have believed
Prove false, the pang's soon o'er;
But when but once by love deceived,
The heart can love no more.

THOUGHTS

ON THE CONSECRATION OF THE MEMORIAL CHURCH OF ALL SAINTS, BUILT BY THE STEVENS FAMILY, ON THE HIGHLANDS OF NAVESINK, NEW JERSEY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1864.

A MORE impressive scene than this
I never yet have known,
A foretaste of the sacred joys,
Reserved for heaven alone,

For those who love the precious Word,—
Jehovah—Christ the Lord,
And hope to gain by Christian faith,
"Exceeding great reward."

To sinners promised who pursue
The Truth, the Life, the Way,
The Shepherd, Counselor, and Friend
To those who him obey.

I thought, as round the altar knelt
God's ministers eleven,
'Twas just the number Jesus left
To point the road to heaven.

And may they, in their office, all
Obey their gracious Lord,
The Judge of both the quick and dead,
And truly preach his word!

God grant that thousands here may say,
Through grace abundant given:
"'Twas here we heard the precious word
"Which guides our souls to heaven."

"We here the sacred symbols view
"Of truth and love divine;
"Faith, hope, and charity are here,
"And here the bread and wine,

"Which say: For us the cross he bore,
"For us his life he gave;
"For us he wore the crown of thorns,
"And sanctified the grave."

"For us from death's embrace he rose;
"To us his word is given;
"For us he reigns the King of kings,
"And only Lord of heaven."

TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

PARAPHRASE.

THE Lord is my shepherd,
I never shall want;
Green pastures, still waters,
To me will he grant;
My soul he restoreth,
And leadeth to God,
In paths which the righteous
To heaven have trod.

Though I walk thro' the valley
Of death's gloomy shade,
No dangers appall me,
For God is my aid;
On his rod and his staff
Will I lean for repose,
And my table he'll spread
In the midst of my foes.

My head he anointeth,
My cup runneth o'er;
His goodness and mercy
Are ever in store;
Then still will I dwell
In the house of the Lord,
Forever and ever,
And trust in his word!

TEMPERANCE.

TO THE HON. THOMAS F. MARSHALL, OF KENTUCKY.

To thee a welcome give we now,
And gladly would our voices raise
To twine around thy lofty brow
A wreath of undissembled praise.

For many a kind and generous deed,
To rescue man from guilt and shame,
The mother's heart, condemned to bleed,
Now utters blessings on thy name.

We love the warm and manly heart
That kindly beats within thy breast;
Our thanks to thee we now impart,
Son of the glowing, glorious West!

How noble are the thoughts that cling
To love and home, within thy mind!
But nobler still the loves that spring
From thy kind heart to save mankind!

May blessings follow thee afar!
To thee our gratitude is given;
Let temperance be the guiding-star
That lights thy pathway up to heaven!

THE SLENDER BRIDGE.

The slender bridge we see below
Hangs o'er a dashing spray;—
Such is the bridge of life, dear girl,
O'er which we make our way.

And one false step would sink us deep
Within the foaming tide;
A broken plank would let us fall
Beneath the waters wide.

Then let us step with anxious care,
Led by the Saviour's hand,
And we shall reach the happy shore
Of Zion's promised land.

SUNNYSIDE.

HOME OF DR. AND MRS. E. G. TUCKER, BOSTON.

I NEVER saw a lovelier spot
  Than here delights my view,—
Spring mantled in the richest green,
  A landscape fair and new,—

With prospects bright on every side,
  Without one spot of waste,
And nature's richness beautified
  By manly art and taste.

The pleasant groves and rippled lake,
  The church and villas near,
Within my breast will ever make
  This spot to memory dear.

The welcome, too, I here have met
  Will e'er remembered be;
A warmer none will ever get
  Than friendship gave to me.

Then may these friends long, long enjoy
  The blessings God has given;
And with their sweet, angelic boy,
  Pursue their way to heaven!

NIAGARA FALLS AND JENNY LIND.

WHEN first I heard Niagara's roar,
  And, trembling, viewed the scenes around,
Methought the voice of God spoke through
  The solemn and majestic sound.

Thus, when I heard the voice of her
  Who is unequaled and alone,
It came like sounds from higher spheres
  Where angels sing around the throne.

Two voices, then, unrivaled are,
  Whose notes to heaven float on the wind,—
The ceaseless roar, the seraph tones—
  Niagara's Falls, and Jenny Lind.

TO A YOUTH.

THE days of your youth are fast passing away,
And the hopes now so brilliant will shortly decay;
The voices that charm you with converse and song
Will fail, one by one, as the years roll along.

The friends of your youth, now so cherished and dear,
Who make you feel happy whene'er they appear,
Their pleasures and pastimes, their mirth and their joy,
Will soon cease your heart and your thoughts to employ.

The marble erected by friendship and love,
When the spirit has gone to the mansions above,
Should bring to your reason this lesson of truth,—
"Remember your God in the days of your youth."

For when we shall reckon a few changes more,
Our days will be numbered, and life will be o'er;
Our bodies must meet that unchangeable doom
Which bids them dissolve to the dust of the tomb.

But what are we promised if we will obey
The counsels of Him who's the life and the way?
To all who obey Him the promise is given,
That homes are prepared for his children in heaven.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

WHILE love thus unites us we joyfully sing,
For He who invites us is Saviour and King;
With hearts that are single to worship we came,—
Our voices shall mingle in praise of his name.

With fellowship cheering, oh! let us rejoice;
May prospects endearing enliven each voice
To sing of the glory of Jesus above,
And tell the glad story that binds us in love.

While onward progressing, let love rule the heart;
May Jesus his blessing in mercy impart;
And when life is ended, may all of us share
The home he ascended for us to prepare.

YEARS OF CHILDHOOD.

TO ELIZA.

THE years of my childhood
  Passed rapidly by,
And knew not a sorrow
  That caused me a sigh;
For friends who are dearest
  To memory now,
Effaced every wrinkle
  That furrowed my brow.

And while with the fond ones
  Who watched o'er my youth,
Whose hearts were all kindness,
  Whose words were all truth,
Through gardens of flowers
  Together we strayed;
But the roses we gathered
  Have long since decayed.

The trees which I planted
  In life's early morn,
Around the dear cottage
  In which I was born,
Have all of them withered;
  No flow'ret or tree
Now lives near the spot
  In remembrance of me.

This page, dear Eliza,
  May meet your fond eye,
When, laden with memories,
  Long years have gone by.
You then will remember,
  With scenes that are past,
The heart whose affections
  Forever shall last.

INNOMINATA.

TO A VERY CHARMING FRIEND IN SECESSIA, 1861.

WHAT meaneth this, the flowery wreath
  Thy friendly hand supplies,—
Is it of flowers that bloom beneath
  The bright Secession skies?

And were they gathered, one by one,
  By that soft hand of thine,
From flowery beds at "Adam's Run,"
  Thus to be pressed by mine?

Is it an emblem of the years
  That o'er my life have sped?
The "yellow leaf" of age appears
  When summer's joys are fled.

The lines so sweetly penned by thee,
  Warm, gushing from the heart,
A treasured talisman will be
  Till life itself depart.

And when fair visions round me bring
  The bright ones I have known,
To thee will sweetest memories cling,
  And all thy virtues own.

And wilt thou, too, in happy hours,
  Some thought in friendship send,
Inspired by shady groves and bowers,
  To thy admiring friend?

And when, at noon-tide, thou may'st rove,
  May I thy friendship share,
When wild birds, with their songs of love,
  Make vocal all the air?

Alas! my sweetest joys are past;
  Alone in life I roam,
Since Death, in terror, rode the blast,
  To desolate my home!

TO MRS. CAPT. DUNSTAN,

WHOSE HUSBAND WAS LOST ON THE WRECK OF THE ATLANTIC, IN THE SOUND, DECEMBER 6, 1846.

THAT awful night, that awful night,
Amid the raging storm!
The proud Atlantic on her deck
Bore many a noble form;—
There stood the mother, reckless all
Save of her infant child,
Whilst feeble age and vigorous youth
Gazed on the waters wild.

Each wave that o'er the vessel broke
Rose higher than the last,
And every gust that swept the sea
Became a fearful blast.
With sinking hearts, in cold and want,
They gave themselves to prayer;
All, all was dark, no ray of hope
To mitigate despair.

The homes beloved, the friends endeared
By memories fond and true,
Come one by one, and each received
A long, a last adieu.
Wave upon wave, with dashing spray,
Their fearful end bespoke;
Surge after surge, with direful rage,
Against and round them broke;—

Till one arose of mountain size,
Extending far and wide,
And with relentless fury burst
Against the vessel's side.
The cables broke, the billows heaved
Her keel on rocks beneath;
And turning over, many fell
Into the gulf of death.

And in this dark and dreadful hour,
  This struggle for the life,
The parent fond, the husband dear,
  The child, the loving wife,
Were in an instant buried low
  Hard by a rocky shore;
The billows hushed their dying cry,
  And they were seen no more.

The ocean bed their grave will be,
  The surf their winding-sheet;
The waves will sound their requiem,
  The winds the dirge repeat;—
While others, clinging to the wreck,
  The death-grasp briefly kept,
Till, one by one, by furious waves,
  They from the deck were swept.

And last of all, those noble men,
  Still calm and self-possessed,
Who only seemed to value life
  That they might aid the rest.
And thou, dear lady! whose fond breast
  Is by bereavement torn,
Accept the tribute of a heart
  By sorrow taught to mourn.

And still believe the sacred love
  Of those for whom we sigh
Will ever live in fairer worlds,
  For spirits can not die;
And there, 'mid brighter scenes than these,
  Our cares and sorrows o'er,
We all shall meet where tempests cease,
  And storms afflict no more!

DESOLATION.

What fills the soul with deep distress?
What sinks the heart in wretchedness?
Stoics may say, but can not prove,
'Tis not the power of mighty love.
Its sharpest sting no one can know
Who has not felt the withering woe
Of disappointment;—then they feel
The pangs that never fail to steal
Through lovers' hearts, and stop awhile
To make them sigh, and dread the smile
That raised their hopes;—but soon it gave
The blow which sent them to the grave,
To hide their forms, their cares to close,
And bury all their cankering woes,
Till tears are dry, and sorrows cease,
And boisterous tumult ends in peace!

How many lovely faces fade!
How many sink to silent shade
Of sad retirement! Others fly
To haunts of vice, to droop and die
Rather than show their grief, or tell
The pangs with which their bosoms swell.

The lover's tale is sometimes heard
From those who feel but slight regard;
And they may say 'tis life's great bliss,
The source of purest happiness;
But if they feel the pang that stings
The lover's heart when fancy brings
The form he loves, whose cherished charms
Are folded in another's arms;—

Here words are weak and language faint!
No tongue can tell, no art can paint,
The agony which fills the soul,
Beyond e'en reason's strong control,
At the one heart-consuming thought,
That desolation's work is wrought!

WRITTEN AFTER A RELIGIOUS MEETING AT BRAINTREE, VT.

LORD! I bless thee for this season,
And adore thy holy name,
That a friend thou hast commissioned
Here thy gospel to proclaim.

Here, among the verdant mountains,
In a quiet, happy vale,
God's eternal truth is published,
And his Spirit doth prevail.

Here, between the rocks and river,
Where my feet in childhood strayed,
Here, on this delightful Lord's day,
Christ's commandment is obeyed:—

"Go ye into every nation,
"Preach the gospel in my name,
"He who is baptized, believing,
"May for sins remission claim."

Faith, repentance, and immersion,
In Christ's kingdom on the earth,
With the gift of God's own Spirit,
May complete the Christian's birth.

Then, young converts, clasp the armor;
Which the Christian soldiers wear,
Take the helmet of salvation,
And your sandals now prepare.

With the shield of faith go forward;
Keep your breastplate ever bright;—
Wield the sword of God's own Spirit,
And be victors in the fight.

Then, at last, will he receive you
By his promise freely given,
To the bright and blissful region,
Love's immortal home in heaven.

TO MISS ELIZABETH PERKINS, LONDON.

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM, 1824.

While pleasures invite you,
  And friends round you smile,
'Mid splendors that dazzle,
  In Britain's loved isle,—

As you glance at these records
  Of friendship and truth,
I pray you remember
  The home of your youth.

In thought, sometimes visit
  "The Queen of the World,"
Where Liberty's goddess
  Her flag has unfurled;—

Where our forefathers' ashes
  In silence repose,
Unsullied and pure
  As the Green Mountain snows;—

Where Washington shattered
  The tyrant's steel rod,
And where we acknowledge
  No monarch but God.

Since Liberty makes
  That dear country her home,
She repels all her foes
  As the rock does the foam.

TO LAURA.

On this page, dearest Laura, a picture I draw,
In which you can see what in childhood I saw.
The country around me was sterile and new,
The dwellings and neighbors were distant and few;
Our cottage was humble, and had but one room,
One door, and one window to shut out the gloom.
We knew no disorder, nor wished e'er to roam;
Our cottage was truly the palace of home.

TO A BELOVED FRIEND IN EUROPE,

ON BEING REQUESTED TO WRITE A PIECE FOR HER ALBUM.

My friend, this is a misspent hour,
For labor seldom gives the power
In poesy to rise;
The little spark that labor gives
Thou know'st is dim, and rarely lives
To kindle ere it dies.

I fain would fan that spark to flame,
In order to enroll my name
With those by nature blest
With genius, and with souls so fine
Their feeblest rays will far outshine
All that I e'er possest.

Wilt thou accept these lines from me?
Not as a tribute worthy thee,
For such no one can frame;
The virtues that adorn thy heart,
The pleasure which thy smiles impart,
No human words can name.

Whilst parted far from thee I love,
Though all the world should strive to prove
Thee faithless and unkind,
While here thy features I can view,
Sincerely will I think thee true,
For well I know thy mind.

And while in fondness here I trace
The lineaments of thy sweet face,
My thoughts have ever been
With thee, whose friendship, truth, and love,
The richest blessings from above,
United all are seen.

But every feeling, wish, and thought
To thee, my friend, each day is brought,
For space does not estrange;
And while I think of thy fond heart,
And pleasures which its loves impart,
My own can never change.

TO MISS SHACKELFORD, OF VIRGINIA.

AFTER MAKING A SEA VOYAGE TOGETHER, ON THE STEAMER ARAGO, 1856.

A DEAR young lady promised once,
Whose words I can not slight,
That she would surely write to me
If I to her would write.

And to convince her how I prize
That contract understood,
I now propose that she shall make
That pleasing promise good.

But, first of all, I must inquire
How she and sister are,
And how they like the change from sea
To good Virginia fare?

And how their charming moonlight walks,
With shrubs and flowers o'ergrown,
Compare with all the pretty drives
Around the "Bois Boulogne?"

And how do all the rural scenes
In old Culpeper look,—
The shady wood, the verdant vale,
The spring, and grassy brook?

And how does now the court-house square,
And old Virginia trees,
Compare with gardens and with grounds
Around the Tuileries?

And how did all the loving friends
Receive the dear ones home,
And how did they all like to hear
Of pretty things in Rome—

Of villas and the Vatican,
Of palaces and halls,
Of temples and basilicas,
St. Peter's, and St. Paul's?

The greatest work of modern days
In elegance and worth,
St. Peter's Church in grandeur stands
The glory of the earth?

And pleasant rides beyond the town,
Amid the ruins vast,
The splendor of the ages gone,
Now records of the past?

And one, the pride of Italy
The Hadrian Villa grand,
The rarest relic of the past,
And glory of the land?

And old Tivoli, with its towers,
Its Vesta and cascades,
Its olive groves and silvery sheen,
Its grottoes and its shades?

Of Naples, too, and Pompei,
The wonder of their day;
Of buried Herculaneum,
The beauty of the Bay?

And dost thou sometimes tell them, too,
Of our good Captain Lines,
Of all the pleasant things we had
Besides the pleasant wines?

Of one who loved his manly form,
And Arago—his wife,
Who'd dearly love to make with him
The happy voyage of life?

Dost thou, too, oftentimes describe
The perils of our way,
The raging wind, the frightful storm
Of one eventful day,

TO MISS SHACKELFORD.

When some of the sweet passengers,
  Whose names I need not call,
Not knowing that we had a storm,
  Slept soundly through it all!

That surely was the reason why,
  My friend, with feelings warm,
Whose eloquence I could not meet,
  Rose high above the storm.

Farewell, sweet girl! I often think
  Of pleasant hours with thee,
Which are among my happy thoughts
  Of coming o'er the sea.

PARTING.

TO THE MISSES BACON, ON THEIR DEPARTURE FOR LONDON.

CHERISHED friends! The time of parting,
  Dreaded long, is now at hand;
And away you now are starting
  For a distant home and land.

May our Father who's in heaven
  Still protect you on your way;
May His care, in mercy given,
  Be around you night and day!

We shall cherish many a token
  Of your friendship and your love,—
Ties that will remain unbroken
  Till we meet in realms above.

Think of us with kind emotions
  When you reach your own abode;
Think of us in your devotions
  To our Father and our God.

And to Him, when we're appealing,
  As life's journey we pursue,
When before Him we are kneeling,
  Then, oh, then, we'll think of you!

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE 7TH REGIMENT OF VERMONT VOLUNTEERS, AT THE FESTIVAL GIVEN TO THEM BY THE SONS OF VERMONT LIVING IN NEW YORK, MARCH 12, 1862.

SOLDIERS! from our own Green Mountains
Duty calls you now to roam;
Native hills and gushing fountains
Can not keep the brave at home.

Whilst the nation's heart is beating
Freedom's banner high to raise,
Let us meet you with our greeting,
Cheer you with our words of praise.

Let your pure and fond devotion
To your country's sacred cause
Perils brave, on land and ocean,
To sustain her righteous laws.

Strike the monster, foul Secession,
Dead, with freedom's sturdy blows;
Crush the minions of oppression,
Tools of tyrants, freedom's foes!

When we see Vermonters rally,
Disregarding wounds and scars,
They will raise, o'er hill and valley,
Freedom's glorious "Stripes and Stars!"

We are happy to receive you,
And, with one united voice,
Now a hearty welcome give you
To the city of our choice.

May Jehovah, with his blessing
Cheering your devoted band,
Aid your arms in repossessing
All the borders of our land!

Banish traitors deaf to reason
Into realms beyond the sea;
Purified from hell-born treason,
Let our glorious land be free!

Hark! departed heroes greet you,
Bearing Stark's and Allen's name;
Many "Molly Starks" will meet you,
Coming from your fields of fame.

Mothers, sisters, left ye mourning,
When ye sought the battle-fields;
They await your glad returning,
"Either with or on your shields."

But go onward, till the story
End in peace, with all its joys;
Then a nation's pride and glory
Shall be yours, "GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS!"

TO MISS CHRISTIANA GIBSON,

INFORMING HER OF THE DEATH OF HER BROTHER.

THE scenes around us plainly tell
That Death is always calling;
The leaves, of late so fresh and green,
Now one by one are falling.

The brightest blossoms of the field
The blight of time has faded;
The dearest hopes I ever knew
Are now by sorrow shaded.

The old and young, the high and low,
The grave, the merry-hearted,
The best of friends, the worst of foes,
Have been, or must be, parted.

And now, although thy heart is filled
With joy, thy friends are weeping;
For, in a distant, foreign land,
Thy brother loved lies sleeping.

BINGHAM PLACE, *September* 5, 1851.

APOSTROPHE TO NIAGARA.

THY scenes, Niagara, grand and rude,
Have charmed awhile my cares away;
With silent rapture I have viewed
Thy rocky steep, thy sunlit spray.

To seek the ocean's deep recess
For ages have thy billows rolled;
No words thy wonders can express,
Or half thy mightiness unfold.

At first my thoughts went up to God,
My heart with wild emotion beat;
Then, careless where my footsteps trod,
I rushed beneath thy foaming sheet,

Till, stifled by the misty spray,
I turned around to catch my breath,
And saw my brother far away,
All motionless, and pale as death.

But, heedless, I had gone before,
Supposing he was following near;
He called—but nothing save the roar
Of thy hoarse thunder met the ear!

MARY WARREN'S ALBUM.

I ONCE gazed an hour
On a beautiful flower
As rich as the crimson of morn;
But when, on the plain,
I sought it again,
I found it had changed to a thorn.

Oh! may it not be
Thus, Mary, with thee,
Or the roses thy fondness would cherish;
In sunlight or shade,
May their beauty ne'er fade,
Nor in life's dreary cold winter perish!

TO PARENTS, ON OCCASION OF LOSING A FAVORITE DAUGHTER.

Dear friends! you now have sent a pledge
  Of mutual Christian love,
To mingle with angelic hosts
  In fairer worlds above;
And better far it is for her,
  To roam celestial plains,
Than tarry longer on the earth,
  To suffer all its pains.

Oh, how delightful is the thought,
  When life's brief day has passed,
That in the realms of endless rest,
  We all may meet at last;—
And there with those we fondly love,
  Immortal ages spend;—
Then let us live like Christians here,
  To gain that happy end.

LAMENTATION.

ABSENCE FROM HOME.

What miseries torture my breast!
  What trials each moment arise!
The pillow I lately have pressed,
  Is witness to nothing but sighs.

And when, for a moment, I close
  My eyelids, too wretched to sleep,
Thou comest in whispers, like those
  Which lull even angels to sleep!

With rapture I can not declare,
  I wake the loved form to embrace;
But features that seemed to be there,
  Soon vanish away from the place.

The days are now ages to me,
  And time seems unable to bring
The hour when again I may see
  All that to which life seems to cling.

UNION SONG FOR 1864.

THE FOURTH YEAR OF THE SLAVEHOLDERS' REBELLION.

TUNE—"Scots wha hae," etc.

UNION men! with heart and hand,
Swear by freedom's flag to stand,
Till we crush the rebel band!
Death to slavery!
Dash the fetters, break the chains,
Wash away the guilty stains
Crimsoning our Southern plains!
Set the bondman free!

Abraham Lincoln! honored name!
Truth and justice for thee claim
Glory, honor, world-wide fame.
Man of humble birth!
Heaven's irrevocable laws,
Cherishing our nation's cause,
Added to the world's applause,
Magnify thy worth!

Onward go—our nation's pride!
Truth thy magnet, God thy guide,
Justice walking at thy side,
Friends of liberty!
Till the world with loud acclaim,
Conscious of thy noble aim,
Proudly writes on Lincoln's name,
"Lover of the Free!"

Glorious peace will come again;
Farragut and Sheridan,
Grant, and Sherman, are the men
Freedom's cause to plead,
Till Jeff. Davis, Hood, and Lee,
Beauregard, Price, and Huger,*
Freedom's flag triumphant see;—
God the time will speed!

* A French name, pronounced Hugee.

He, by whose divine command,
Oceans circumscribe our land,
Has its destiny in hand;—
Just are all his ways;—
He will be our radiant sun,
Till the glorious work is done,
And our last great battle won;
Give to Him the praise!

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE 8TH REGIMENT OF VERMONT VOLUNTEERS, AT THE FESTIVAL GIVEN TO THEM BY THE SONS OF VERMONT LIVING IN NEW YORK, MARCH 7, 1862.

SOLDIERS of our loved Green Mountains,
Covered now with drifting snows,
Leaving happy homes and firesides
Seeking freedom's deadly foes.

Foes to virtue, truth, and honor,
Traitors to the good and brave;
Strike like heroes, strike for Union,
Stack your arms on treason's grave.

Where Secession holds dominion,
Marks its reign with "*brands*" and "*scars*,"—
Where the rebel flags are flying,
Raise the glorious stripes and stars.

Let them wave o'er hill and valley,
Fort and turret, isle and sea;
Let them to all lands and nations
Represent a nation free.

Crush this wicked, mad rebellion;
Rival Stark's immortal fame;
Rather let the earth receive you,
Than disgrace your noble name.

Still remember with devotion
Kindred friends and heartfelt joys;
But, to gain the highest glory,
Prove yourselves "GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS."

WRECK OF THE SAN FRANCISCO.

TO G. WOOLSEY ASPINWALL, ESQ.,
PASSENGER ON BOARD, DECEMBER 23, 1853.

DECEMBER bore, with icy breath,
On its solstitial day,
The San Francisco's noble form
From out the New York Bay:
No floating palace e'er went forth
That fairer promise gave;
No statelier craft e'er left a port,
To cleave the stormy wave.

And on her lofty decks were seen
A larger throng, that morn,
Than e'er on steamer dared to brave
The tempests of the "Horn."
Full twice three hundred beating hearts
Composed that vent'rous throng;
And when they waved their last adieus,
Their shouts were loud and long.

With ample stores and generous fare,
And cabins high and warm,
All felt, within their ocean home,
Secure from want and storm.
Thus, for a while, she proudly rode
The ocean's swelling tide,
And many a mountain billow's crash
Her mammoth hull defied.

To joyous hearts and merry tongues
The hours, that swiftly fly,
Forbode no perils on the way,
No fell disasters nigh;
But tempests rose with frightful rage,
The surges lashed the deck,
And, in a moment, she was made
A helpless, hopeless wreck.

And oh! the terrors of that night
  Will ne'er forgotten be,
When, by a single wave, were swept
  Two hundred in the sea.
Husbands and wives were parted then,
  Parents from children torn,
And far upon the billows' foam
  Were from the vessel borne.

A few to broken fragments clung,
  But soon their strife was o'er,
For quick in ocean's depths they sank,
  To rise and strive no more.
Exposed to hunger, cold, and want,
  All wet with bursting waves,
Each hour gave up its shivering dead
  To dark unfathomed graves.

While thus the noble shattered wreck
  Did in the surges lie,
Each throbbing heart in silence said:
  "'Tis mine the next to die!"
But hope revived, for lo! was seen
  A vessel sailing near,
Bearing the name of one whose soul
  Knew neither dread nor fear.

But unlike him whose dauntless heart
  'Midst dangers dared to stay,
Seeing their lost and hapless state,
  "Napoleon" bore away.
And now to deep and dark despair
  Again all hearts were thrown,
And, mingled with the howling waves,
  Went up the dying groan.

For three lone days, and lonelier nights,
Amidst the waves they rolled,
In agony no thought can reach,
Much less by words be told.
Hope springs again; a Boston barque,
The Kilby, came to view,
Whose captain bore a sailor's heart,
With purpose firm and true.

To save the sufferers from the ship,
He lightened first his own;
The cargo, then but lightly prized,
Soon overboard was thrown.
One hundred souls thus rescued were
From off the sinking wreck,
And safely brought within his care
Upon the Kilby's deck.

And may the name of Low e'er have
Due fame wherever read,
For many a heart will breathe a prayer
For blessings on his head.
Two lingering days another brought,
Whose fame a nation tells,
Whose noble daring claims all praise,—
The captain of Three Bells.

And may a nation's gratitude
For such exalted claim
Be shown, as fitting recompense,
To Crighton's honored name;
For, as he neared the sinking ship,
With trumpet shrill and clear,
So loudly roared the breaking waves,
No sound could reach the ear.

And such the rolling of the sea,
No signal could they give,
But chalked the words upon a plank:
"Lay by, we can not live!"
This touched the sailor's manly heart,
Who instant made reply
By raising high another plank
Inscribed: "*I will lay by!*"

Two other days in terror passed,
The tempest still was strong,
When other signal words were raised:
"Lay by, we can't live long."
Again was made the quick reply
From one whose heart was true:
"My ship's disabled, leaky long,
"But I will lay by you."

The tenth day dawned with bright'ning hope;
The sea, by tempest waved,
Began to calm, and promise gave
That all would now be saved.
The ship Three Bells still lingered near,
With life-boats launched and manned,
And hundreds from the sinking ship
Clasped their deliverer's hand,—

Who, when the question was proposed
To know what cause had led
To peril thus his life and ship,—
"Humanity," he said.
Whatever land to Crighton gives
A dwelling or a grave,
"Humanity" shall now become
The password of the brave.

SACRED RECOLLECTIONS

OF MY DEARLY BELOVED WIFE, WHO DIED A FEW MINUTES AFTER TWELVE O'CLOCK ON THE LORD'S DAY, JUNE 7, 1857.

EARTH is but a gloomy place,
Since her spirit left its sphere;
But with pleasure I retrace
Love that made it heaven appear.

Memory comes with visions dear,
Sacred to a husband's breast,
Bringing back from year to year
Joys by which our lives were blest.

Gratefully do I recall
Her devotion and her love;
And affection, more than all,
For her Saviour, God above.

Words of prayer were daily heard,
Whilst, upon her bended knee,
She perused God's holy word,
That her duty she might see.

Day by day with soul sincere,
And affections pure and warm,
Did she strive, with godly fear,
All her duties to perform.

No discordant sentence fell
From her lips upon the ear;
Kindness that no words can tell,
Marked her life from year to year.

My best consolation now,
And my highest joy on earth,
Is to God's blest will to bow,
And remember all her worth.

All her virtues were so rare,
  So exalted, so refined,
None with her can I compare,
  Purest, best of womankind.

Loved and loving, for love's sake,
  Stronger grew the sacred tie,
E'en in death it did not break,
  For true love can never die.

In her life did worth abound,
  Such as few on earth will see;
And her children in her found
  All a mother loved could be.

Prompt and just was all her praise;
  Slow to censure or condemn;—
The best labors of her days
  Were devoted all to them.

All that's worthy to be known,
  Or pursued with virtuous aim,
All they feel a pride to own,
  From her bright example came.

In her counsels she was just;
  In her judgment did not err;
In her truth they all could trust;
  All they are they owe to her.

In her all the virtues met
  Which the lives of those adorn
On whom nature's seal is set
  As the purest that are born.

With attainments few possess,
  And with virtues ne'er surpassed,
With affections formed to bless,
  Loved and loving to the last.

Oh, that I had words to tell
  How her private worth e'er shone!
Oh, that I may ever dwell
  In a future like her own!

Earth had nothing more to give,
  When it wafted to the sky,
All the virtues that can live,
  Graces that can never die.

Mortal frailty must put on
  Death, corruption, and decay;
But the spirit which is gone
  Dwells in realms of endless day.

And to such, upon the earth,
  No abiding place is given;
Homes for high and holy worth
  Are reserved for them in heaven.

Faithful mother, constant friend,
  Ever generous, ever kind,
Sweetly in her life did blend
  All the beauties of the mind.

All my weaknesses she knew;
  Could my hasty words suppress;—
And my wayward heart subdue,
  By her winning gentleness.

I have known for thirty years,
  Since our wedded life began,
That the one whom love endears
  Is God's richest gift to man;

One with feelings kind and warm,
  Social, ardent, and sincere,
Whose blest work is to perform
  Acts that truth and love endear.

Such was she whom I have lost,
Partner of my early years ;
Death my pathway now has crossed,
Filled my cup with bitter tears.

Gone, when best I knew her worth,
When her virtues brightest shone ;
Gone when all the joys of earth
Could be counted as her own.

Fond companion of my joys,
When the flowers of wedlock bloom !
Mother of my sainted boys,
Mourning with me at their tomb !

Comforter in life's dark time,
Darkest we had ever passed,
When, within a foreign clime,
Our dear Anna breathed her last.

But her memory is sweet,
And I humbly kiss the rod ;
Trusting that we soon shall meet
In the Paradise of God.

She was such as all could love,
Blest with form of finest mould ;
And a mind that soared above
Worthless fame and sordid gold.

Noble, generous, true, and kind,
All her acts with mercy shone ;
Charms of person and of mind,
Sweetly blending into one.

All the joys thro' life that flow,
All that children can confer,
All the world can now bestow,
Mingle with my thoughts of her.

She was lovely in her prime,
  Pattern of confiding truth;
Years but rendered more sublime
  Graces of her earlier youth.

Partner of my happy days,
  Sharer in earth's every bliss,
Looking through life's varied ways
  To a brighter world than this,—

Pure and precious angel wife!
  Each to each our hearts were given,
And, beyond this mortal life,
  Heart with heart shall meet in heaven!

TO MRS. E. M. GREENWAY,

ON VISITING THE MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF HER DAUGHTERS, MARY AND VIRGINIA, IN THE BALTIMORE CEMETERY, MARCH, 1848.

THE lovely forms which slumber here
Before our minds once more appear,
As when in childhood and in youth
We loved their innocence and truth.

Green is the vernal mantle spread
Above the ashes of the dead,
Where grieved affection's tears supply,
Like dew, the moisture of the sky.

Mary beloved, Virginia dear,
Their mortal griefs are ended here;
For while in earth their ashes rest,
Their spirits live among the blest.

Happy for us, if, when we die,
Our spirits meet them in the sky,
Their heavenly happiness to share,
And join their hallelujahs there!

IN MEMORY OF MY BELOVED WIFE.

A YEAR has fled since last I heard
That sweetly soft, endearing voice,
Whose every tone and every word
Have made my saddened heart rejoice.

Full oft does memory's magic spell,
To cheer me, her dear presence bring!
I clasp the form I loved so well;
I see her smile, I hear her sing!

And, oh, full often I recall
Our last, soul-saddening interview,
When death unrolled the funeral pall,
And bade her say to earth, Adieu!

While seated by her dying bed,
In accents soft, serene, and low,
She sweetly, gently, kindly said:
"My precious husband, must you go?"

Such were the last fond words that fell
From her sweet lips upon my ear;
And there may they forever dwell,
To make her sainted memory dear.

Some duty called me to remain
Away a moment from her side,
And ere I heard that voice again,
The mortal crisis came—she died!

Oh! I would rather live alone
And cherish memories of her,
Than call the orb of earth my own,
With all the joys it can confer!

Though parted in life's outward sphere,
That she may dwell with saints above,
I often feel her presence here,
To bless me with her tender love.

But time is swiftly hastening on;—
The years which man in nature finds
His mortal life will soon be gone,
And we shall meet—immortal minds!

And there surrounded may I be
By those whom love endeared in life;
My friends, my kindred, may I see,
My children and my precious wife!

All these, when angels they become,
In heavenly habitations met,
Will find an everlasting home;—
A day whose sun shall never set!

SYMPATHY.

TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES TOPPAN.

When in that calm and smiling sleep
I saw thy parent lie,
I thought it quite as vain to weep
As fear or dread to die.

The years she numbered on the earth
Were all to virtue given;
A pattern of exalted worth,
That bore the stamp of heaven.

My head with sorrow gray has grown,
My nature grief has changed,
The dearest friendships I have known
Seem now almost estranged.

Not that my heart insensate proves,
Beneath affliction's rod;
But that my life, with all its loves,
"Is hid with Christ in God."

In that blest refuge may we find
Beyond life's "Bridge of Sighs,"
The good, the gentle, true, and kind,
Who wait us in the skies.

TO MY SON-IN-LAW, CHARLES H. WARD,

WITH A NEW YEAR'S GIFT, 1858.

DEARLY loved and fondly cherished,
Treasure of a treasured wife,
While my fondest hopes have perished,
Thine are bright and full of life.

May God's blessings, without number,
E'er be thine as they are now,
Till the hour when death's cold slumber
Rests upon thy manly brow.

May this gift of fond affection
In its office ne'er record
E'en a thought to cast reflection
On the honored name of Ward.

But mayest thou, in all its uses,
In thy manhood as in youth,
Aim at what alone produces,
Worth and virtue, love and truth.

What a change one year has brought us,
Grief my portion, pleasure thine;
Lessons strange that year has taught us,
Marriage yours, bereavement mine.

JULIA'S DEATH.

THE BELOVED DAUGHTER OF CHARLES HALL AND MARY MONTAGU WARD, JANUARY 11, 1864.

TO-DAY I saw sweet Julia die,
With angels gone to dwell;
How much I loved the precious child
No human tongue can tell!

A sweeter pledge of wedded love
Was ne'er to parents given;
A lovelier child the Saviour's voice
Has never called to heaven.

JULIA'S DEATH.

My glowing loves, my busy thoughts,
All, all that in me lies,
Seem willing to depart, and live
With Julia in the skies.

Can I forget the joyous smile
That all her life endeared,
And lit with love her cherub face,
Whene'er her "Gann" appeared?

Oh, God of mercy, in thy love,
Grant this my ardent prayer,
That thou wilt raise me to the skies,
To meet my angel there!

JULIA'S GRAVE.

THE BELOVED DAUGHTER OF CHARLES HALL AND MARY MONTAGU WARD, JANUARY 13, 1864.

To-DAY, within a vaulted tomb,
Beneath the Greenwood shade,
I saw, with tears, the loved remains
Of little Julia laid.

Here all around us seems to be
A symbol of our woe;
The summer's verdure hid beneath
A winding sheet of snow.

The snow, the purest robe of earth,
Beneath the circling sun,
Was never opened to receive
A sweeter, lovelier one.

But 'twas the outward form alone
We placed beneath the sod;—
The spirit rose to live in heaven,
An angel with her God.

And she, with other angels fair,
Amid the loved and blest,
May be the first to welcome us,
To our eternal rest!

TO MRS. CAROLINE NORTON, OF GOSHEN, CONN.,

AFTER AN ABSENCE OF THIRTY YEARS.

ONCE more, my cherished friend, we've met,
Though years we've been apart;
Once more renewed the friendly tie,
That twined around my heart,
When life was young and thoughts were pure,
The spring-time of our youth,
When all of hope was bright and fair,
And all of life was truth;

Before my heart was made to feel
Full many a thrilling wound;
Before I learned that friendship was
With some an empty sound;
Before affliction's touch had chilled
Affections warm and strong;
Before I learned the many arts
That to the world belong.

Full thirty summers now are gone,
With thee before my mind,
And oh, how happy now I feel
Once more in life to find
The face and form remembered long
With feelings still the same,
As when in early life we met,
And learned each other's name.

Oh, it is pleasant in this world
To find a heart that's pure,
To learn that feelings can remain,
That friendships can endure;
Amid the storms and ills of life,
That desolate the breast,
And banish all the dearest hopes
That we have loved the best.

And I have felt them, keenly felt
  Them press upon my heart,
Until my very reason seemed
  As if it would depart;
But still, my much-loved youthful friends
  Were fondly cherished there,
And oft their memories kindly spoke
  To drive away despair.

In hours of sorrow dark and deep
  These friendly visions came,
And many fond and pleasing thoughts
  Then gathered round thy name;
And now I've seen thee at thy home,
  The dearest spot in life,
Discharging all the duties there
  Of mother, friend, and wife.

How much my heart rejoices now
  That blessings thus attend,
That peace and plenty crown the life
  Of thee, my early friend;
And thou canst see around thy home
  What thine own hands have done,
And there enjoy the pure delights
  Thy virtues for thee won.

But now, dear friend, there yet remains
  A higher duty still—
And God vouchsafes all them to save
  Who learn and do his will;
All that obey his sacred Word,
  The message of his love,
Have promise of salvation here,
  And rest with HIM above.

THE BETRAYER AND THE BETRAYED.

WRITTEN ON AN EVENT THAT OCCURRED IN PAINESVILLE, OHIO.

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care,
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair.
* * * *
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly.
* * * *
Owning her weakness
And evil behavior,
And leaving in meekness
Her sins to her Saviour. —Hood.

Another "unfortunate" has gone to her rest,
From her once gay and happy loved home in the West;
Another fair victim to man's vile seduction,
In life's early morning, is hurled to destruction.

Ah! cold is the bosom to principle dead,
Far colder than hers now, whose spirit has fled,
Is his who first ruined her, who e'en would save
From dreaded exposure—went down to the grave.

Oh! if there is one in a dungeon for crime
Who feels he deserves his allotment of time,
It is he, the betrayer of innocent youth,
Who blights the fair promise of virtue and truth.

He plunges in grief many friends, far and wide;
He clothes in deep mourning the sacred fireside,
Where the loved and the lost one in beauty once shone
More lovely than all it can now call its own.

Their deep throbs of anguish no language can reach,
No kind words of comfort submission can teach;
For hope's brightest vision of happiness fled
When the joy of the household lay cold with the dead.

TO MRS. SOPHIA BILLINGS,

OF WOODSTOCK, VT.

My friend, dearly loved, our children to-day
Were married at twelve, and are now on their way
To the city whose beauty and high classic fame
Is known through the world—Philadelphia her name.

There, 'mid stately mansions and clean thoroughfares,
Her stoops of white marble and beautiful squares,
Whose grand lofty fences the pleasure-grounds guard,—
Her college and statue of Stephen Girard;—
The high schools of science, the galleries of art,
Her mint and her market, all making a part
Of the many attractions they'll see as they move
Through the well-ordered "City of Brotherly Love,"—
There to spend a few days of their nuptials' high noon,
Called, when we were young, "the sweet honeymoon."
And it must be so now with children just wed,
So therefore we'll hope that our Julia and Fred
Will have a good time in this morning of life,
If happy together as husband and wife.

Whoe'er could have dreamed, as father and mother,
That we should have children to marry each other?
But so it has happened, and I say in this letter
No one in the world could have suited us better,
Not only for virtues, the name he has won
For high manly worth, but because he's your son.

One fond requisition on parting he made,
One only injunction upon me was laid
That I now remember, and think of no other:
"Just write a few lines," said he, "to my mother."

So here you now have them, right warm from the heart,
With memories too precious for words to impart
Of innocent beauty when you were first known;
Your sweet words of kindness to me, then alone,
Still cling to my heart, and it would not forget,—
As firm as a jewel in adamant set.

But where am I running?—These rhymes must now end,
While myself I subscribe, your affectionate friend.

ANNIVERSARY OF MY BEREAVEMENT.

JUNE 7, 1858.

WHAT gloomy thoughts arise
On this eventful day?
One year ago, at noon,
Her spirit passed away,—
That spirit which my life had blessed
Ascended to eternal rest.

Last eve I sought her grave,
In sorrow's silent gloom,
And saw the tall grass wave
Above her lonely tomb,—
That hallowed vault, that now contains,
Of her I love, the cold remains.

To-day that grass is green,
To-morrow, sere and dead,
Fit emblem of our life—
No sooner come than fled;
Earth's phantoms flit before our sight,
Then fade in everlasting night.

To-day around her tomb
I've planted roses rare,—
The flowers she loved so well,—
To bud and blossom there,
And, in the season of their bloom,
To deck affection's hallowed tomb.

There may they live and grow,
And there their fragrance shed,
To mark the cherished spot
Above the sacred dead,
Unchanged by sun, unharmed by frost,
Sweet emblems of the loved and lost!

BINGHAM PLACE, *June* 7, 1858.

TO SAMUEL T. PETERS, ESQ.,

ON HIS FORTIETH BIRTHDAY.

HAPPIEST day of all the number
  Given to man upon the earth;
None so happy, none so joyous,
  As the one that gave him birth.

Bringing thoughts the most endearing
  That around the heart can cling,
Of home and love and fond affection,
  All that can from virtue spring.

And to you may every blessing
  Still be yours through mortal life,—
Valued friends and loving children,
  More than all, a loving wife.

Among those on this life's journey
  I have known among the best,
You in this most dear relation
  Seem to be supremely blest.

And may peace and love and virtue
  Mark the future, as the past;
And the purest joys of heaven
  Will reward your soul at last.

And the memories that we treasure,
  Now replete with truth and love,
May be themes that we can talk of,
  In a brighter world above.

KATSKILL MOUNTAIN.

OF all the rich scenes in this far-reaching clime,
Admired for the beautiful, grand, and sublime,
There are few which my mind with such pleasure recalls
As the wild, witching beauty of Cauterskill Falls.

And yet will each trace of these exquisite scenes,
The mountains and valleys, the rocks and ravines,
From memory fade, ere one thought shall depart,
Of her who is now the delight of my heart.

TO MY CHILDREN.

THIS is the day our Lord arose,
Subdued the hosts of hellish foes,
  And bade the grave farewell;
'Tis he who reigns the God above,
Eternal wisdom, boundless love,
  The Judge of death and hell.

I hope, dear children, that you may
In righteous works employ the day,
  Preparing for the skies;—
Do, in his name, all he has bid,
Serve him as his apostles did,
  And win the heavenly prize.

For if his gospel you obey,
He will receive you on the day,
  When death shall set you free
From this vain world's incessant strife,
The trials of this earthly life;
  And with him you will be.

Oh, then, dear children, stop and think,
Before you reach life's fearful brink,
  And let your reason reign;—
From virtue never go astray,
Pursue the straight and narrow way
  Which Jesus makes so plain!

And he will lead you by the hand
Into that fair and happy land,
  Where all is joy and peace;
His love will dry away your tears,
And banish all your useless fears,
  Till every sorrow cease.

But if you wander from his way,
His precious gospel disobey,
  Most certain is your doom!
This sentence must his justice give:
"Through endless ages you must live
  "In sorrow's hopeless gloom!"

No light from the Eternal's throne,
In sin's dark dungeon ever shone,
  But all is black despair ;—
The prince of darkness there presides ;
His servile spirits are the guides
  That lead poor mortals there.

It is not all who read the word,
Nor all who call Christ Jesus Lord,
  And some plain truths believe ;
But those who his commands fulfill,
And do the heavenly Father's will
  On earth, will he receive.

If favored by his loving grace,
My soul will strive to gain a place,
  While life with me is dear ;
In that bright world where angels dwell,
When I must bid you all farewell,
  To live no longer here.

I long to reach that happy land,
And take an angel's welcome hand,
  Through heavenly fields to roam ;—
I long to see the saints rejoice,
And hear the loving Saviour's voice
  Welcome his children home.

I hope unnumbered friends to meet
Around the Saviour's mercy-seat,
  And gracious favor find ;—
Without this hope, oh, how could I
In sweet composure bear to die,
  And leave you all behind!

This blessed prospect cheers my heart,
That when with earth and you I part,
  Through our Redeemer's love,
We soon in joy shall reunite,
And bask in heaven's eternal light,
  In holier life above.

And now to gain this blissful end,
Your present lives you all must spend
  In serving God always ;—
You must to him your sins confess,
And ask your Maker still to bless
  The remnant of your days.

And of his kingdom you must talk,
In all his holy precepts walk ;
  In strictest virtue live ;—
In paths of peace you must unite,
Forsake the wrong, pursue the right,
  And mutual faults forgive.

Each other's welfare you must seek,
In kindness to each other speak,
  And mutual sorrows share ;
Nor fail to think, my children dear,
When I can be no longer here,
  Of this your father's prayer!

Thus, son and daughters, while you live,
Your precious lives to virtue give ;—
  Shun vanity and pride ;—
Resolve your Saviour to obey ;
And make his word, from day to day,
  Your everlasting guide.

FOR MISS ELIZABETH BUTLER'S ALBUM.

Every wish that affection can cherish and know,
And all the rich gifts that friends can bestow,
Already are offered in words warm and true,—
Then what can I say, in friendship, for you?

I know that your virtues deserve every line
That love can dictate or talent combine ;
And may you enjoy, 'till life shall depart,
All the good you deserve, is the wish of my heart!

TO A VALUED FRIEND,

ON BEING ASKED WHY I DID NOT MAKE A SECOND MARRIAGE.

THOUGH my years are swiftly fleeting,
Sad and lonely, dark and drear;
Though my heart is wildly beating
For a loved companion here;

Yet 'tis vain for me to cherish
Thoughts that wither ere they bloom;
For the brightest soonest perish,
When they fall on Anna's tomb!

Lo, there is a star ascending
From that tomb to gild the sky,
With its light sweet memories blending,
Memories that can never die,

Whispering softly: "Hearts once plighted,
"Making home a heaven while here,
"Will again be reunited,
"In a holier, happier sphere,

"With the loved one whose devotion
"Gave to life its purest zest,
"Calming every wild emotion,
"Struggling in the troubled breast."

Such was she whose bright adorning
For a while to earth was given;
But ere long will break the morning,
When we meet again in heaven.

TO A GENUINE FRIEND.

MRS. H. W. H.

THERE was a time when very few,
In this my native land,
Were willing to hold out to me
A warm and friendly hand.

And now when memory wanders back
To seek the few that were,
It finds but few,—ah, very few,
And thou art always there.

TO MRS. SOPHIA BILLINGS,

MOTHER-IN-LAW OF MY DAUGHTER JULIA.

Our children have gone,* but, alas, the deep sadness
That comes o'er my spirit to know they are gone;—
The bright, happy face that bespoke joy and gladness,
To all who beheld it from life's early dawn,

Is now on the ocean—no longer here beaming
To cheer my lone spirit in life's darkened way;
And whilst all around her the warm tears are streaming
No one from her Frederick could wish her to stay.

Of a happier pair, on the land or the ocean,
No being on earth has a vision or dream;
Every thought and desire, every wish and emotion,
Are made for each other, so blest do they seem.

I range through the house where a sad desolation
Marks every apartment her presence made dear;
Each object she loved, every friend and relation,
But tells me too plainly my Julia's not here.

But now they are gone, we will pray to kind Heaven
To watch o'er their lives wheresoever they roam;
And be thankful to Him who in mercy has given
Such children to bless us, when gone or at home.

TO A BELOVED FRIEND.

The more I know thee the more beauties I find,
And closer around thee my heart-strings are twined;
Thy virtue, thy goodness, thy sweetness, and worth,
Are all that's endearing to mortals on earth.

Sincerely I say, that of friends known so long,
There are none except thee but sometimes do wrong;
They have virtues to honor and follies to shun;
All their virtues thou hast—of their follies not one.

* The day they sailed for California, April 12, 1862.

TO MY DAUGHTER JULIA, ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Dear Julia, thy birthday is happily spent
  At the home of thy Frederick, who loves thee the best;
And friends that are dearer kind heaven ne'er sent,
  To give a warm welcome and render us blest.

Here, on the Green Mountains, the home of my birth,
  Are scenes of my childhood and earliest youth,
No spot is more charming in all the wide earth,
  The home of affection, of virtue, and truth.

And long will these pleasures to memory cling,
  With pleasing delight that returns in our dreams,
Where bright Indian summers as mellow as spring,
  We greet on the banks of the clear mountain streams.

From thy darling children, the pride of my heart,
  The bare thought of parting is freighted with grief;
I feel on my eyelids the gushing tear start,
  And sigh for returning to bring me relief.

The memory of pleasures which we have enjoyed
  The few happy days of our too fleeting stay,
Can never by absence or time be destroyed,
  But always grow brighter as life wears away.

Farewell, my loved daughter, may heaven guard thee now,
  And, as I remember the years of thy life,
The pride of thy sex in thy childhood wert thou,
  And so I now find thee as mother and wife.

To these thy dear children, by night and by day,
  Whatever besides our employments may be,
To God for protection, dear Julia, we'll pray,
  And ask for his blessing on them and on thee.

Nor less for their father, now far, far away,
  We humbly implore from the King of all kings,
His speedy return, as delighted as they,
  To witness their smiles at the gladness he brings.

SEVENTH OF JUNE, 1864.

BINGHAM PLACE, OUR COUNTRY HOME.

SEVEN lonely years bring back the day,
When her pure spirit passed away
And entered on its heavenly rest,
Who made my life supremely blest.

And when I think of all the past,—
Of joys too pure on earth to last,
Of all that nature can bestow,
Of all that man can feel and know,
Of pure delights to me then given,
Bright foretastes of the joys of heaven,—
And know that these must all depart,
Both joy and sorrow move my heart;
And mingle these with steadfast trust,
That God is ever wise and just,
My joy is,—heaven will these restore;
My sorrow,—earth can give no more.

When I survey this lovely scene,
Where oft together we have been;
When o'er these pleasure-grounds I stray,
Where our loved children used to play;
Where every spot, now kept with care,
Has oft received our footsteps there;—
My thoughts revert to years gone by,
When all I loved on earth were nigh,
On swiftest wing they backward go,
To find my life a heaven below;
For happier group than here was mine,
Made blessed by the love divine,
Was never known on earth to dwell;
And all its joys no tongue can tell.
When everything to me most dear,
And all most loved were gathered here.

But, oh, what changes since that time?
One daughter, in a foreign clime,
From home afar, resigned her breath,
The victim of an early death.

To join three loved ones gone before,
Inhabitants of earth no more ;—
Three brothers, in the rosy bloom
Of childhood, gathered to the tomb
Which holds their cold remains in trust,
Till all are mouldered back to dust.
And may their spirits, when we rise,
Be first to greet us in the skies,
And teach us their immortal song
Of hallelujahs loud and long.

And now in infancy's bright dawn,
A sweet angelic spirit 's gone,*
The idol of our every heart,
Whose gentle life I saw depart ;
And watching the last lingering breath,
I saw her fall asleep in death !

When we again sweet Julia see,
'Mongst brightest angels will she be ;
For that bright, sweet, angelic face,
With them will shine in heavenly grace.

But, ah ! that direst change in life,
When friend, companion, partner, wife,
All names endearing joined in one,
All fondest ties beneath the sun,
Were severed by relentless fate,
And all my life made desolate !
The year's return now brings the day
When from my side was called away
A spirit pure as e'er was given,
To dwell on earth, or rise to heaven !

High in the mansions of the blest,
God has prepared a home of rest,
For those who love him, and obey
His sacred word, from day to day ;
Who look to him as Christ the Lord,

* My daughter Mary's little Julia.

For that exceeding great reward
Which he has promised shall be won
By those who have their duty done;
Who've fought the fight, whose crowns are laid
Up in the heavens, and will not fade!

Eternal in God's presence there,
His saints and angels gathered are;
And when this mortal life is o'er,
Oh, may we meet to part no more,
And there enjoy the peace and love
Of Him who calls our souls above,
And with united voices raise
To him our gratitude and praise;
For he's the truth, the life, the way;—
All who believe, repent, obey,
Will be received on heavenly plains,
Where he, the King of glory, reigns.

MY BEST BELOVED.

My best beloved from earth has gone,
Dear partner of my lengthened years;
She whom my life has hung upon,
With all that life and love endears.

Oh, there was never, on the earth,
A nobler, purer, warmer heart;
One more replete with every worth,
One more devoid of every art.

Before the dear Redeemer's throne,
She and four children now appear;
Whilst I on earth am left alone,
With other four, to linger here.

And may the memory of her love,
Assauge my grief, redress my sighs,
And lead my soaring thoughts above,
To meet her spirit in the skies!

TO MY BELOVED BROTHER,

SAMUEL WHEELOCK PARMLY,

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTH.

As o'er the wide field of existence we stray,
We meet with some spots that we never forget;
Some beautiful landscapes appear on the way,
And on them our minds are unchangingly set.

There are words, too, we hear from lips that we love,
That only with life from our memories part;
Months and years roll away, death and distance remove
The friends that are dear, but they live in the heart.

'Tis thus I remember now clearly the time,
The morning that gave thee a being on earth;
Though years have gone by and far distant the clime,
I see now before me the home of thy birth.

Our mother, who loved us more dearly than life,
Whose kindness was shown to the young and the old,
Whose love and affection, as parent and wife,
In words or in language can never be told.

Now day after day she in sickness did lie,
And frantic with fever no rest could be found;
How well I remember the heart-piercing cry
She gave for some water, to those standing round.

But she was refused, and my young heart did grieve
To hear her complain in delirious sleep;
And oh, how I wished I her wants could relieve,
As close to her bed I in silence did keep.

The words spoken then now ring in my ear,
For deep in my heart did their plaintiveness sink;
"I'll go to some brook where the water runs clear,
And there on its bank will I sit down and drink."

What changes, dear brother, we've seen since that day;
In sorrow and trial whole years have gone by;
Prosperity shone not to brighten our way,
And the gloom of despair seemed around us to lie.

TO SAMUEL WHEELOCK PARMLY.

How oft have I thought of the anguish and pain
That for years did the hearts of our kind parents wring,
When scarcely a hope in their breasts could remain,
That time or its changes around them could bring

The children they loved, then scattered abroad,
And parted far from them by distance and seas,
Exposed to the dangers of follies and fraud,
Surrounded by all that their fancies could please.

But we were preserved by the kindness and care
Of the Father of mercies, who holds in his hand
The sea and its billows, the earth and its air,
And rules on the ocean as well as the land.

And once more restored to the friends we loved best,
The parents that watched o'er our tenderest years,
And gladdened the hearts that so long were distressed,
And dried for awhile their oft-gushing tears.

But the joys which we felt in the means we had kept
Their wants to supply were soon brought to a close,
For the days were but few when their children all wept
O'er the ground where their ashes in silence repose.

And I love now to visit the place where they sleep,
When my feelings are under fond nature's control;
The tears that flow freely while o'er them I weep,
Seem to speak of the bliss that belongs to the soul.

What joy does the feeling to us now impart,
To find the same love dwells in each other's breast;
The truth that uniting them here in one heart,
And made them in life so unchangeably blest!

And may it remain till we're summoned on high,
And kept as the gift of our fond parents' love,
May it bind us while here in one sacred tie,
And unite us again in the regions above.

BINGHAM PLACE, *September* 5, 1839.

TO FRANCESCA PASCALIS.

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

At some future season, when years have gone by,
Should this chance to meet, for a moment, thine eye,
Oh think, when the page by thy finger is pressed,
That he who his feelings thus rudely expressed,
Whatever his fortunes or changes may be,
Was true to the friendship he proffered to thee.

On love's sacred altar, by virtue refined,
When incense ascends to the heaven of mind,
May friends who are dear to thy bosom in youth
Find lasting mementos of goodness and truth,
And utter this tribute of homage with me,
That friends can love nothing they find not in thee.

TO MISS J. E. MEAD.

INSCRIBED IN AN ALBUM, OPPOSITE TO A BEAUTIFUL FLOWER-PIECE, PAINTED BY MISS PASCALIS.

Friendship is like these flowers,
By beauty's pencil made;
In frost or chilling showers,
Their splendors never fade;—
But those which spring from earth,
Though lovely, can not last;
Before we know their worth,
They wither in the blast.

False friendship thus decays,
Although it first is dear;
It lives through sunny days,
But dies when clouds appear.
In all life's changing hours
May thy fond heart pursue;
Like her who traced these flowers,
A friendship warm and true!

MY FATHER'S SISTER,

MRS. ABIGAIL BLODGETT, MOTHER OF JUDGE CALVIN BLODGETT, OF VERMONT.

My dearest aunt, my heart beats high
  Whene'er I think of home and thee;
And oft affection breathes a sigh,
  When memory brings thy looks to me.

For in the features worn with care,
  I see my father's smiling face;
And in thy form and in thy air,
  Much that I loved in him I trace.

Oh, how I love to think of him,
  At once so gentle and so kind!
My bosom swells, my eyes grow dim,
  Whene'er his love is brought to mind.

When I remember all he bore
  Of toil and anxious thought for me,
Of sorrow keen, of trials sore,
  I think how grateful I should be.

Of those who loved him thou art one
  To whom affection knew no bound;
His life was like the genial sun,—
  It warmed the hearts of all around.

Distinguished by a generous heart,
  He sympathized with the distressed;
In all their sorrows bore a part,
  And kindly soothed the aching breast.

And such a parent, too, was he,
  That naught but love his children knew;
His humble home was heaven to me,
  As swift its happy moments flew.

WRITTEN TO MY DAUGHTER

WHILE AT WASHINGTON, AFTER A DELIGHTFUL RIDE WITH PRESIDENT AND MRS. LINCOLN.

I HAVE had my precious Loully,
With the man of high renown,
A drive of miles some six or seven,
In and round about the town.

The President, extremely pleasant,
Kind and social, too, his wife,
Talked of things as other people
Talk and act in social life.

Without pride or ostentation,
Plain and simple in their style,
One forgets he is in presence
Of the President the while.

He pointed out the several beauties
Of the landscape, warmth of day;
Spoke of mansions and their inmates,
As we passed them on the way.

Talked of soils and agriculture,
Modes of farming that seem best;
Of the richness of the prairies,
And the glory of the West.

Spoke of modes of cultivation,
Native growth and native seeds,
Seen in prairies and in woodlands,
And the different growth of weeds.

Three small black boys by the roadside,
Caps off as we came in sight,
President, too, raised his beaver,
Said: "Learning to be polite."

That small act of condescension
Pleased me more than all the ride,
For it plainly tells the nation
Who they've chosen to preside.

And both said to me in parting:
"Come again before you leave,
"It will pleasure give to see you,
"If, too, pleasure you receive."

And then turning to his coachman,
With a splendid pair of grays:
"Drive the Doctor down to Willard's,"
Well deserving highest praise.

WASHINGTON, *May* 11, 1864.

BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY,

MARCH 13, 1843.

ON me, O Lord, hast thou bestowed
All which this mortal life endears;
The current of thy love has flowed
Along my lengthening path of years.

Thou hast, in tender mercy, brought,
Amid the choicest gifts of earth,
That I may love thee as I ought,
Once more the day that gave me birth.

And may I, from this present hour,
While life and health and strength are given,
Be subject to thy guiding power,
Which leads to happiness and heaven!

May each successive day proclaim
Increased devotion to my Lord;
And while I love to praise thy name,
May I be faithful to thy word.

Fixing my hopes of bliss in heaven,
Regardless of all earthly strife,
On the blest promise thou hast given,
To those who seek thee—endless life!

TO JOANNA MONTGOMERY.

Fled are the days when fancy drew
The pictures which I loved to view,
When, mid illusions bright and gay,
I dreamed my life would pass away,
But thoughts which once inspired my breast,
On Erie's fertile border rest;
For all my wishes, all my care,
And all my hopes are centered there.

Fled are the days when "Love's Young Dream"
Made all my sorrows trifling seem;
Once I believed I had a friend
Whose heart with mine would sweetly blend,
Whose soul was generous, kind, and true,
Whose thoughts were pure as evening dew,
With whom I could have happy been,
If fate had rolled no cloud between!

TO MRS. POST.

AT SEA, ON BOARD STEAMER ARAGO.

Dear lady! I was last night told,
What made my bosom swell,
That, e'en in death, you went to bid
My precious child farewell.

For every act of kindness done,
From whomsoe'er it came,
For every kindly thought bestowed,
I love the giver's name.

For she was precious in our love;—
Purer was never felt;—
Than hers, a purer, warmer heart
Ne'er in a bosom dwelt.

Receive my heart's warm gratitude,
In words both weak and wild,
For every kindly thought bestowed
Upon our lovely child.

A FRAGMENT.

ON RECEIVING FROM MR. ROSSITER AN ACCOUNT OF ANNA'S ILLNESS AND DEATH.

I took the parcel to my room
  This morning, where I broke the seal,
But, oh, what sad and withering gloom
  Through all my soul began to steal!

I strove to read, until, from tears,
  A blindness o'er my vision crept;
I saw the name which love endears,
  And at my window stood and wept.

I can not think of one so loved,
  Surrounded by the thoughtless gay,
Until to Bingham Wood removed,
  I there can weep my life away.

With all the past before me brought,
  Whilst round me waking memories fly,
I feel that life, with love once fraught,
  Has but one wish, and that to die.

But there are moments of relief,
  When sweet companionship I find;
Yet, oh, how poignant is the grief
  Which ever desolates my mind.

Sad visions of the loved and lost
  Are mirrored in my bleeding breast;
But soon death's portal will be crossed,
  And I with them shall be at rest.

JANET.

Let not sadness cloud thy brow,
  Where the light of love should shine;
Cheerfulness should reign supreme,
  In a heart as pure as thine.

Banish from thy gentle soul
  Every thought that gives thee pain;
Let the smiles of friendship play
  O'er thy features once again.

How many thoughts that memory wakes
  Within my bosom rise,
As back to childhood's vanished years
  Fond recollection flies.

Yet I remember well the day,
  The morning bright in Spring,
Before we saw the bluebird perch,
  Or heard the robin sing.

When every day the snow would melt
  In valley, wood, and glen ;
And when the shades of night returned,
  Old frost would come again.

With axe and spiles and tapping iron,
  And sap-troughs newly made,
With yoke and buckets, tubs, and pails,
  Close by our kettles laid.

With blazing fires and bubbling sap,
  And overflowing trough,
We waited calmly as we could
  The time to "sugar off."

And when the luscious crystal grains
  Came fragrant from the pan,
With plates of snow and wooden spoons,
  Each urchin felt a man.

And while I view these home-like scenes
  Though three score years are gone
Since last I felt the thrilling joys
  That marked youth's early dawn ;—

E'en now in age, 'mong native hills,
  These pleasures come again,
And I forget the near approach
  Of three score years and ten.

But with a zest that knows no bound,
These sweet delights enjoy,
And feel again as once I felt,
When a Green Mountain boy.

And thou, loved home, thy hills and vales
I never more may see;
But wheresoe'er in life I am,
My heart goes out to thee.

WOODSTOCK, *April* 12, 1866.

TO A. H. WENZLER.

WHILE thy heart was overflowing
With the purest social joy,
And thou wert the same bestowing,
I could not thy peace destroy.

The pure pleasure thou wert taking
With the friends who love thee well,
I could not arrest by breaking
News it gave me pain to tell.

Pardon me, I pray, for keeping
The sad secret in my breast,
Saving thy sad soul from weeping,—
Giving thee one night of rest.

For I knew the bitter sorrow
Which thy loving heart would feel,
When to thee, upon the morrow,
All the truth I must reveal.

That thy father, without taking
Parting leave, resigned his breath,
In the sleep that knows no waking,
Now he rests in silent death.

When to us, without forewarning,
Comes the messenger of doom;
Let us greet the brilliant morning
Through the darkness of the tomb!

WILLIAM COLGATE.

ADDRESSED TO THE BOARD OF MANAGERS OF THE AMERICAN BIBLE UNION.

Our friend, beloved, esteemed, revered,
By every social tie endeared,
  Death from us now has torn;
A warmer heart, a purer mind,
In life no one will ever find,
  Than his, for whom we mourn.

In all the active walks of life,
'Mid social cares and business strife,
  He kept an even mind;
A husband fond, a parent dear,
A brother true, a friend sincere—
  At peace with all mankind.

In duties prompt, in dealings just,
And faithful to each treasured trust
  Of every kind and name.
From humble life and humble birth,
By virtues rare, by truth and worth,
  He rose to wealth and fame.

To every virtuous enterprise,
In which from sin conversion lies,
  He gave with willing heart.
In gospel missions, gospel truth,
In faithful teaching age and youth,
  He took a zealous part.

But that on which his soul was bent,
On which his highest thoughts were spent—
  As from him oft we heard—
Was, of that will revealed from heaven,
A pure translation should be given,
  In God's most holy word.

"*This is the work of God,*" he said,
And for the Bible Union plead
  Against opposing strife.
And this, of all his noble deeds,
Discarding error, forms, and creeds,
  Shone brightest in his life.

Save that which ever in his breast
Was highest, purest, first, and best,
The Christian can fulfill:
That which to life gives greatest joy,
Which time nor death can ne'er destroy—
To do his Master's will.

With feelings that no words can tell,
We took our last, our sad farewell,
Of all that nature gave.
That form which did this place adorn,
Will, till the resurrection morn,
Now sleep within the grave.

That spirit which, from year to year,
Permitted was to linger here,
Has gone to its reward;
And up to heaven has taken flight,
Enthroned amid celestial light,
Now "present with the Lord."

MARCH 31, 1857.

TO ANNA.

THEY say there is a summer flower
Whose aspect changes hour by hour,
To view the god of day;
That through the night it journeys still,
To greet, above the eastern hill,
His welcome morning ray.

My heart that flower will ever be;
A sun 'twill always find in thee,
To which 'twill true remain;
And when apart 'twill lose its light,
And all the world be dusky night,
Till we shall meet again.

But when our ransomed spirits go,
To leave a world of sin and woe,
And seek a heaven of joy,
No night shall interrupt our day,
But love maintain its endless sway,
Unmingled with alloy!

DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

[After the resolution expressive of the eminent services of, and the heart-felt sorrow for the death of, Abraham Lincoln was passed by the Board of the Manhattan Life Insurance Company, at its first meeting after the event, the Chairman, Gen. Wm. K. Strong, read the following lines, written by a member of the Committee, expressive of his high admiration of his life, and profound sorrow at the death, of our beloved President:]

LINCOLN is dead! and all the land
In mourning symbols is attired;
Struck by the vile assassin's hand,
Our noble President expired.

April fourteenth—'twas near eleven,
When through his brain the ball had passed,
And minutes twenty-two past seven;
Next morn our chieftain breathed his last.

The people's hope, the wide world's praise,
Lies cold and silent in the earth,
Just at the time the world would raise
Its songs of triumph to his worth.

For nations now beyond the tide,
Own and revere his matchless fame,
And waft o'er seas and oceans wide,
Distinguished honors to his name.

God's chosen one—and in his care,
Truth, love, and mercy were combined,
"For malice unto none we bear,
"But charity to all mankind."

Among the great and mighty deeds
That cluster round his scroll of fame,
The one that others all exceeds,
And will through time exalt his name,

Is that which swept away the stain
  Of Slavery from our land, and broke
Its bonds and fetters, stocks and chain,
  And crushed for aye its iron yoke.

When asked descendants of the slave,
  One only answer there will be,
Who to your people freedom gave?
  "'Twas ABRAHAM LINCOLN made us free."

And that loved name will ever live,
  In all the glories it has won;
Honors to him the world will give,
  The same as to our WASHINGTON.

And even more than WASHINGTON'S
  Have been our noble LINCOLN'S gains,
One crushed the pride of Britain's sons,
  The other, Slavery's cursed chains.

TO WILLIAM F. KUMMER, OF PHILADELPHIA.

How pleasant it is, as our life wears away,
  To meet with the friends we have known in our youth,
Whose feelings grow warmer as seasons decay,
  More ardent their virtue, more brilliant their truth.

Then while I am living, the few coming days
  Which God, in his mercy, has granted to me,
His favor I'll ask, and his providence praise,
  For all the great favors bestowed upon thee.

The years have flown swiftly since early in life
  We met on our journey, both destined to roam
From friends, and to seek, in the world's busy strife,
  The joys and the pleasures of peace and of home.

And now of life's journey we're reaching the end,
  Its windings and turnings have passed by the worst,—
Have oft been deceived, but I find thee, my friend,
  With a heart as true now and as warm as at first.

MARY McEVERS.

From childhood, Mary, I have known
And loved thy artless ways;
And though to riper years now grown,
Thy virtue still I praise.

Each friendly word, remembered still,
Has ever been the same;
And while I live, affection will
Crave blessings on thy name.

And may the one who shares thy life
Deserve so great a prize;
Of heaven's best gifts, a loving wife
Is best below the skies.

I, too, rejoice, that in thy youth
It is thy lot to find
One, that is known for worth and truth,
To be with thee conjoined.

In that blest state—most blissful one
That God to us has given—
May'st thou with him life's journey run,
Prepared to meet in heaven.

JANET.

How swiftly passed the social hours
When friendship warmed my heart,
And decked my path with fragrant flowers,
From which I now must part!

When absent, thoughts of thee will give
To life its brightest glow;
Thy memory in my bosom live,
Wherever we may go.

Full oft the scenes thy friendship made
So dear return to view;
Till thought and reason both shall fade,
I'll think, Janet, of you!

Of all the friends I've ever known,
Blythe and bonny, small and grown,—
And of such there are full many,—
Hattie is as good as any.
Loved and loving, gay and sprightly,
Taking cares and trials lightly,
Fond of pleasure, pure in feeling,
With a soul no art concealing;
Fond of reading, rhyming, writing,
Ever some good thought inditing,—
Such alone we all have found her,
Spreading peace and joy around her,
Cheering hearts oppressed with sadness,
Filling them with hope and gladness;
Kind to every living creature,
Child in feeling, form, and feature,
Lady-like in all pertaining
To polite and well-bred training;
Full of talent just unfolding,
Truth and virtue ever holding,
Winning all by acts endearing,
Still in innocence appearing;
Tastefully her form arraying,
Care and neatness still displaying;
Never from the right digressing,
Always purest thoughts expressing;
Features truth and worth portraying,
Sweetest smiles around them playing,
Nature's tresses freely curling,—
Such is our dear Hattie Sterling!

HARRIETTE RUGGLES.

Thy gems are as pure as the fair star of even,
Whose light shines serene in the azure of heaven!
And were there a power in the alchemist's art
To change to a gem thy affectionate heart,
No light could be brighter, no crystal more clear,
Than the soul which in friendship so many hold dear!

DEPRESSED SPIRITS.

SICKNESS IN A FOREIGN LAND, 1821.

Ah! death will soon silence my heart's last emotion,
And cold in the grave it will quietly rest,
No more to be tossed on life's troubled ocean,
No longer to beat in this agonized breast.

With feelings like these, I delightfully slumber,
And hope in the skies I shall wake in the morn;
Man's life is too long, if his years, few in number,
Bring only detraction, and malice, and scorn.

How dear the remembrance of friends I most cherish,
Though seas roll their billows between me and home!
But soon will my friendship and love for them perish,
And moulder away in the dust of the tomb!

Come on, gentle slumber, for thou canst relieve me,
The pale form of death I composedly meet;
To regions of bliss may the angels receive me,
The spirits of sires and companions to greet.

TO ZELIA.

My eyes delighted often dwell
On the resemblance I have here
Of her I long have loved so well,
Whom absence now makes doubly dear.

Full often do I watch the smile
That plays upon thy lovely cheek;
Some question ask, and wait the while,
Then fondly think I hear thee speak.

How sweet it is when memory brings
The voice of her I fondly love!
As sweet as when an angel sings,
To call a ransomed soul above.

And does that voice, whose mildest tone
Once fell on my enraptured ear,
Now raise itself to God, and own
The love it promised me sincere?

THE MAINE LAW.

TEMPERANCE MEETING AT TRIPLER HALL, 1853.

ONCE more within this brilliant hall
We come, responsive to the call
Of truth and right, and fain would show
What we to temperance justly owe.

Look now upon this audience fair;
Observe its happy, jocund air,
The mutual trust of son and sire,
The cheerful smiles, the clean attire,
The high respect for order shown,
The friendly word, the gentle tone,
The ruddy health that all pervades,—
And know that these are but the aids
To that pure life which temperance craves,
To save us from untimely graves.

Of all the evils which o'erspread
The world, the living and the dead,—
Of all the ills of social life,
That crush the fond and faithful wife,—
Of all the shafts that Satan hurls,
To ruin young and lovely girls,—
Of all the means that sin employs
To blight the hopes of noble boys,—
Of all the sorrows that the pure
And innocent through life endure,—
Of all the pangs the bosom feels,
Till death its awful anguish heals,—
Of all the plagues that earth have cursed,
Intemperance is by far the worst;
For this destroys man as a whole,
It kills the body and the soul.

Then let us strive, while yet we can,
To crush this enemy of man.
I'd rather have my name enshrined
With those who would this hydra bind
In legal chains, thus to be hurled
From this fair portion of the world,

Than rank with men of noble birth,
Or mighty monarchs of the earth;
For now it leaves the blackest stain
On all God's broad and loved domain.

Then onward press! join hand in hand!
The cause must triumph in our land;
Let drunkard-makers rage and scoff
'Gainst B. E. Hale and John B. Gough;
But persevere, and we shall gain
At last the glorious law of Maine,
Designed to bless our country more
Than California's golden store.

TO JULIA.

DEAREST Julia, while away
With your charming friends at Hingham,
More and more we miss each day
Your loved presence here at Bingham;

Dear old Bingham, with its charms,
Now the altheas are in blossom,
Where I circle in my arms
All that's dearest to my bosom;

Where I had, in days gone by,
All my loved ones close around me;
Where I've strengthened every tie
That to mortal life hath bound me;

Where I've seen the gifts heaven gave,
Which my memory loves to cherish,
And where, in the silent grave,
The dear forms I love now perish.

All these thoughts, my Julia dear,
Crowd upon my mind this morning,
Whilst events, from year to year,
Bring with them a wholesome warning.

LADIES' SANITARY FAIR, FOR THE RELIEF OF OUR SICK AND WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

READ BEFORE THE LARGE MEETING OF THE DENTISTS OF NEW YORK, BY WHOM MORE THAN THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS WERE CONTRIBUTED.

GENTLEMEN and ladies fair,
Sympathies alike we share,
And have met to aid and bless
Loyal soldiers in distress.

Though we differ in our views
As to means the best to use
To suppress this bloody strife,—
Carnage dire of human life,—
Yet is this a union band,
Joined in purpose heart and hand.

Let the reason then appear
Why we meet so many here;
Come we in a noble cause,
Sacred made by heavenly laws.

In his mission from above,
Christ, in tenderness and love,
Spake of human liberty,—
Mourning prisoners set free:
"Cleanse the spirit from its stains,
"Loose the captive from his chains;
"Wounds and bruises shall ye bind;
"Heal the sick, the maimed, the blind;
"Succor strangers in distress,
"Widows and the fatherless;
"Clothe the naked, raise the weak,
"Feed the hungry; kindly speak
"To the sin-sick, bruised and sore:
"Go in peace, and sin no more."

These are they to whom we give,
These your bounty will receive;
Such the objects that impart
Noblest impulse to the heart.

Come we in ambition's name,
Honor, profit, wealth, or fame,
Pride of station, search of gain,
Help from suff'ring, ease from pain,
Seeking refuge from despair,
Food to eat, or clothes to wear,
To sustain a famished frame?
No! for these we have no claim,
Since in luxury we live,
And have something each to give.

Homes and comforts have we all,
Friends endeared on whom to call;
Every wish to want allied,
Soon as known would be supplied.

Now, in this our loud appeal,
Every loyal heart must feel
That a priceless debt we owe
Victors of our country's foe;
Noble men! the young, the brave,
Periling their lives to save,
From the rebels' grasping hand,
Our beloved and native land.

These are men we come to bless
In our hearts' warm earnestness,—
Men whose blood like water flows,
Shed by more than savage foes;
Foes who come with bloody knife,
Striking at the nation's life;
Foes to God, and foes to man,
Shouting in rebellion's van:
"Bayonet the wounded foe,
"Lay the helpless captive low;
"Rob the wounded, strip the dead,
"Leave them in their gory bed,
"Sultry days, or wintry nights,
"Victims of the carrion kites!"

Such the foes our soldiers meet!
Such their gory winding-sheet!

Let us, then, in grateful love,
Generous benefactors prove,
While the voice, the hand, the heart,
Take the suffering soldiers' part!

He among the thieves who fell,
As the sacred records tell,
Found a gen'rous friend at last,
Though the priest and Levite passed.

Listen to a voice divine:
"Dress the wounds with oil and wine,
"Be Samaritans to those
"Wounded by your deadly foes;
"Not, like others, pass them by,
"On the wayside turf to die,
"Naked, stripped, and left for dead!"
Jesus to the lawyer said,—
One who deemed himself most wise:
"Go thou, then, and do likewise."

Of our valiant ones, 'tis true,
Thousands pass us in review;
Every form of dire distress,
Every type of wretchedness,
Persecutes these noble men,
Groping for their homes again;
Fainting, gasping for their breath,
Writhing, struggling on to death,
Tortured, racked with cruel pain,
Bursting heart and burning brain,
Cherishing, in blank despair,
Thoughts of home and dear ones there.
No sweet word of love to cheer
Comes to glad the listening ear;
No soft hand to press the brow,
Throbbing, beating, aching now;

No fond heart to testify
Affection warm, before they die,
Watching the expiring breath
Amid the agonies of death!

These before us all appear;
These are they who brought us here.
Let us, since we can not save,
Smooth their pathway to the grave!

Ladies now our tribute claim,
Gentle heirs of endless fame!
Mothers, sisters, wives of ours,—
Bless them, man, with all thy powers;
Bless them in their earthly home,
Bless them in the world to come!
For the gentlest traits of mind
Are to woman's sex confined;
Love with her refined we see,
Tenderness and charity;
If to heaven man could not go,
Woman is his heaven below!

Messenger of hope and joy,
Woman finds her blest employ
Helping soldiers in distress,
Widows and the fatherless,
Breathing her perpetual prayer
For the "Sanitary Fair."

BIRTHDAY EPIGRAM.

TO ALIDA.

Hopes the sweetest are the fleetest,
And the first to disappear;
Cares the lightest, joys the brightest,
Hail thy birthday every year!

OUR HOME.

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO MY BELOVED DAUGHTER MARY.

THY scenes, lovely Bingham, how dear to my view!
The broad swelling ocean, ever changing and new,—
Its snow-crested billows and white foaming spray,
Its waves awhile dancing, then fading away,
Its smooth glassy surface, so calm and serene,
The moon's evening glory reflected is seen
As from a pure mirror, so dazzling and bright,
That all seems beneath it one fountain of light;—

The dark leafy woodlands and grass-covered plain;
The fields richly waving with verdure and grain;
The herds, gently grazing, around us are seen,
Or under shade lying, in pastures of green;
The sea-birds above us, from ocean away,
With wild notes of gladness are bearing their prey
To crags in the forests, where rudely are hung
Their nests of dried sea-weed, to shelter their young;—

The loud roar of ocean from deep surging foam,
The storms and the tempests that sweep round our home,
The hum of the wild-bee, the song of the birds,
The falcon's shrill whistle, the lowing of herds,—
Are sounds so familiar each day to my ear,
They seem to be part of existence while here;
With mild evening breezes, that come from the west,
And the stillness of night, that invites us to rest.

Such here are our pleasures, without show or strife,
And may they still mark all the future of life;
Though days are now wasted in suff'ring severe,
I still am most happy with loved ones so dear,
Who watch every motion, and feel every sigh,—
With such I would live, with such I would die;
And when earthly blessings no longer are given,
Oh, may we so part as to all meet in heaven!

BINGHAM PLACE, *August* 5, 1850.

"HAIL TO THEE, ANNA!"

WRITTEN AT A FESTIVAL GIVEN TO ANNA, AT WHICH THE ABOVE WORDS WERE ENCIRCLED BY A WREATH OF FLOWERS.

"HAIL to thee, Anna!" was the loved aspiration
From hearts that have known thee and loved thee full well,
Who have watched with delight and fond admiration
Thy efforts in virtue and worth to excel.

My heart was made glad to see thee surrounded
By all that esteem and respect could bestow;
Such proofs of regard from each one abounded,
That nothing was left for affection to show.

And may'st thou call up, in life's retrospection,
These gifts, and the sources from whence they all sprang;
In thy bosom still cherish, with fond recollection,
The warm-hearted greetings of Kensett and Lang.

And think of the joys, as life's pleasures vary,
Felt by thy loved sisters to hail thy return,—
Of Sarah and Julia, Louisa and Mary,
Whose love, like pure incense, around thee will burn.

And may all the days that God has assigned thee,
Whether clouded by ills or brightened by fame,
As each passes by, in happiness find thee,
As pure as the wreath that encircles thy name!

May he who has won thy young heart's devotion,
Fulfill the fair promise high virtues have given,
So thy life-barque, now gliding o'er time's wavy ocean,
May bear thee and him in safety to heaven!

October 26, 1851.

FOR THE MONUMENT OF McDONALD CLARKE.

BY friendship's willing hand erected,
By genius, art, and taste adorned,
For one too long in life neglected,
But now in death sincerely mourned.

RESPECTFULLY ADDRESSED TO A FONDLY CHERISHED FRIEND.

He has gone from his home, the heaven of life,
And from all its endearments is torn,
But has left there as pure and as lovely a wife
As e'er for a being did mourn.

I know the warm heart this bereavement now wrings,
In its friendship I still hope to share;
I love every thought that memory brings
Of the spirit of purity there.

I've still borne along the pathway of years
A feeling of love for her worth,
As pure as the drops from the fountain of tears
That fall from her now to the earth.

I've rejoiced in the hopes that gladdened her heart
In her union with virtue and truth,
And feel the warm tear of affection now start
For one so beloved in her youth.

For he who has gone was, in life's busy round,
Receiving all honor and praise;
In acts of true virtue his life did abound,
The lowly and humble to raise.

As a friend, he was faithful, both warm and sincere;
As a man, unpretending in mind;
As a husband, devoted to all that was dear;
As a parent, was loving and kind.

And will the loved mourner, while bathed in her tears,
Accept from her once cherished friend
This tribute to worth which her mem'ry endears,
And sympathy urges to send?

March 2, 1851.

TO JULIA WARD.

(MESMERISM.)

THERE is a world more purely bright
  Than that in which thy spirit lies,
Where angels, in their robes of light,
  Will bear thee upward to the skies,—
Through realms of bliss up to the throne
Where Jesus will thy spirit own.

Not only back to days of youth
  And childhood wilt thou plainly see,
But through the light of love and truth
  Wilt gaze upon thy infancy,
Ere that dear form in sickness sank
Whose love thy gentle spirit drank.

Then gone will be each anxious care
  That darkens here life's fleeting stay;
Thy spirit, freed, will wander there
  Through realms of everlasting day,
Where death no longer can pursue
Thy spirit—holy, happy, true.

Of solemn things there thou wilt speak,
  Replete with joy, but not with mirth;
The bliss of heaven, that angels seek,
  Is pure from all the stains of earth.
With such as thou, and angels fair,
I hope to dwell forever there.

With angels there thou'lt sweetly sing
  In fields of flowers that never fade;
Then swift, as if on angel's wing,
  Fly through the worlds that God has made,—
In brighter regions learn to soar,
And wish to visit earth no more!

FOR MISS ANNA KANE'S ALBUM.

Accept, friend Anna, ere we part,
This little tribute of a heart
To friendship ever true;
Though poor the tribute, worse the rhyme,
It may, when in some foreign clime,
Suggest my name to you.

May each pursuit, each wish, each aim,
For pleasure, happiness, or fame,
Be uniformly blessed;
And never may the cruel smart
Of keen misfortune's venomed dart
Invade your gentle breast.

But may your being onward glide
As smoothly as the ocean tide,
When no rude storms appear;
And may your earthly duties close
'Mid friends as kind and true as those
With whom I met you here!

A WORD OF REMEMBRANCE.

TO A FONDLY CHERISHED FRIEND.

Forty years, dear Mary Darragh,
Forty years are gone, and three,
Since a word, in kindness spoken,
First endeared thy name to me;
And 'tis strange, amid life's changes,
As the lengthened years have run,
That the name so fondly cherished
Now should be the only one
Left, of all that youthful number,—
Once a joyous, happy band,—
Now to give a friendly welcome,
And extend a friendly hand,
Unto one who has been stricken
In affliction's worst degree,
But in hours of joy and sorrow
Still will fondly think of thee.

Railroad, *Tuesday, July* 19, 1859.

TO HATTIE.

My charming friend! I know the worth
That in thy bosom lies;
And may the heart, so loved on earth,
Be fitted for the skies!

Thy years are passing fast away,
Their flight can not be seen,
Nor canst thou realize to-day
That thou hast lived eighteen.

But so it is, and none can say
How many may be given;
Then may we strive to live each day
Prepared to meet in heaven!

For there's a world beyond the grave,
A life awaits us still,—
Where Jesus lives, and reigns to save
All who obey his will.

And there, among the happy blest,
Bright angels round the throne,
Oh! may we find our final rest,
And God our spirits own!

Bingham Place, *October* 10, 1852.

THOUGHTS

AT THE FUNERAL OF OUR BELOVED CHRISTIAN BROTHER, JAMES OVINGTON.

We will not weep for him who here lowly lies,
Whose spirit with angels has gone to the skies;
But for the loved mourners our tears shall be given,
And bow to the will of our Father in heaven.

He's now left behind him, to struggle with life,
Fond friends and companions, loving children and wife;
He e'er was endearing, attentive, and kind,
Ever warm in affection, and gentle in mind.

As a father, was tender; as a husband, was dear;
As a Christian, devoted; as a friend, most sincere;
In every relation just, upright, and true,
Affection now weeps to bid him adieu.

February 22, 1850.

ANNIVERSARY OF ELEAZAR MONTAGU'S DEATH.

SEVEN years are gone since the cold grave
  Received into its bed
As loved a form as e'er was seen
  Or numbered with the dead.

And seven years I'm nearer brought
  Unto our final doom;
All that have lived, and yet may live,
  Alike must try the tomb,—

Man's final home,—and may I, too,
  When God shall deem it best,
Within the peaceful graveyard lie,
  Where my sweet children rest.

And may the grace in which I trust
  From God to me be given,
That I may live so as to meet
  My children loved in heaven,—

Where separation is not known,
  And all is bright and fair;
Where love and peace make up the life
  Of all who enter there.

And with the spirits of the just,
  In that eternal rest,
By God's pure mercy may I be
  Received among the blest!

BORDEN'S WOODS, *July* 8, 1849.

ROBERT L. SMITH'S ALBUM.

WHEN I some distant shore shall tread,
  Far from the scenes that now are dear,
Should e'er these lines by thee be read,
  Think of the friend who wrote them here!

And memory oft, with magic powers,
  Will testify thy worth to me,—
The social joys, the happy hours,
  That I have known, dear Smith, with thee!

ADDRESSES AT THE COMPLIMENTARY FESTIVAL

GIVEN BY THE LADIES OF PAINESVILLE, OHIO, AT THE OPENING OF THE PARMLY HOUSE, DECEMBER 30, 1861.

INTRODUCTION.

THE occasion on which the following addresses were delivered is rightly stated in the newspaper editorials, cited below, as a social gathering inaugurated by the ladies of Painesville as a grateful compliment to the proprietor of the "PARMLY HOUSE," erected in 1861, as an ornament to the village and a convenience to the traveling public.

One of the local newspapers, the *Painesville Telegraph*, has the following remarks:

"The ladies of Painesville, regarding the enterprise and spirit of Dr. Eleazar Parmly as worthy of some public demonstration, inaugurated a gathering for that purpose on Monday evening last, at which some two hundred ladies and gentlemen were present. After a prayer by the Rev. Mr. Bailey, the Hon. Wm. L. Perkins addressed a few remarks to Dr. Parmly in behalf of the ladies, assuring him of the sincere appreciation of his labors and expenditures for the benefit of the village, by all its inhabitants, in the erection of the noble structure in which they were convened. The address, which follows, was well timed, very appropriate, and pleasantly received:

ADDRESS OF HON. WM. L. PERKINS.

"'DR. PARMLY,—I am distinguished this evening, by the ladies of my village, as bearer to you of their compliments and congratulations.

"'They present you their compliments that time deals so kindly with you, and continues to you so much of the freshness and vigor of earlier years.

"'They present you their compliments that nature endowed you with eminent abilities for success in business, and, at the same time, with unwonted partiality, coupled with them the imagination of the poet and the liberality of the benefactor.

"'They present you their compliments that now, in the noonday of manhood, you so freshly remember the scenes of childhood, when 'lang syne,' you 'paidlet i' the burn,' with the maidens, now matrons, of our village.

"'They present you their congratulations upon your success in the world; for it is good to have a giant's strength, and godlike to exercise it beneficently.

"'You, sir, entered the business walks of life empty handed. You had neither money to assist nor influential friends to prop you up and push you forward. But, guided by a good Providence, with persevering energy and indomitable will, you overcame all obstacles and are triumphant.

"' For Fortune, born to be controlled,
Stoops to the forward and the bold.'

"'Our ladies, sir, recognize the principle that, other things being equal, he is the best citizen and entitled to the highest regard who, with his own unaided industry and talents, most generously furnishes himself with the ability to sustain our glorious Government and support the social fabric.

"'They congratulate you that you are surrounded by a large circle of friends, to whom you have ever extended an open hand, and whose eyes are always turned to you as their cynosure, their guide, and their way.

"'And, as a new source of satisfaction, they congratulate you upon the successful finishing of this noble building, which so charmingly completes and adorns our beautiful village, and which will proudly bear your name forever. It will be the resort of quiet citizens, their place of consultation and their council-rooms.

"'It will be the rest of weary travelers. It will be the peaceful home of abiding families, and will furnish the gay assembly-room for joyous festivity.

"'And may we not hope, sir, that when you shall have become weary with the busy toils and noisy strife of a turbulent city, you will retire hither, repose from your labors, and give to our youth the best of all uninspired gospels, the evangel of a well-spent life.'"

Remarks on the same subject from a correspondent of the *Cleveland Leader:*

"PAINESVILLE, *December* 31, 1861.

"Our town, usually staid, uniform, and quiet, had something of an episode on Monday evening last.

"It being known that Dr. Parmly was to be here to witness the opening of the 'Parmly House,' some of the ladies of the village, especially Mrs. P. P. Sanford, Mrs. W. L. Perkins,

and Mrs. D. R. Russell, conceived the purpose of giving to him such a reception as would indicate their appreciation in which his house, which is such an ornament to our village, is held, but also the regard in which he is held personally, requested of Mr. Burridge, the prospective landlord, the use of the house for Monday evening, which was readily granted.

"The ladies then invited as generally as they could, consistently with due respect to all religious denominations and social circles in the village, to contribute to the entertainment. The results have gratified the highest expectations.

"At the conclusion of the usual complimentary and preparatory forms, the company repaired to the assembly-hall of the house, where seats had been prepared for the ladies. Prayer was made by the Rev. Mr. Bailey, when the Hon. W. L. Perkins presented a well-conceived and eloquently expressed reception address, in which he first felicitated himself upon being the honored instrument of expressing the sentiments of the ladies to their honored guests.

"He then proceeded to congratulate Dr. Parmly upon his qualities as a man, his endowments as a poet, his love of letters, his munificence, and the successful completion of the elegant structure in which they were assembled in the unalloyed enjoyment of this festive season. He then concluded with the wish that he whom we had met to greet and to congratulate might be spared for many years to come, and crowned with many honors and blessings.

"Dr. Parmly then rose, and, in a few extemporaneous remarks, expressed his unfeigned gratification at the very cordial manner in which he was received on his present visit to Painesville by the ladies and gentlemen. He then said he would read to them, with their permission, some reminiscences of the olden time, contrasting its conditions with those of the present. He proceeded, in the language of poetry, to give a very graphic and vivid notice of things gone by, and then of those around at the present day, making many pungent hits, which elicited demonstrations of applause.

"The poem closed with hearty wishes for the eternal well-being of the company.

"I think the entertainment of last evening was the most brilliant affair of the kind that our happy village has ever seen. OCCASIONAL."

ADDRESS TO THE LADIES

It is to you only that the following poem is indebted for its existence and its publication. Its existence is one of the results of your determination to honor the "Parmly House" with your presence previously to its being opened to the public, and its publication in a printed form is the result of repeated requests which I do not feel at liberty to decline. I would again express my thanks to all the ladies of Painesville for the distinguished honor conferred upon me, and for their cordial co-operation on that occasion; and I would do so, in a special manner, to Mrs. P. P. Sanford, who first proposed, and was the constant and efficient leader in that brilliant and memorable festival.

In early youth, on young Ohio's strand,
Where Erie's waters ripple on the sand,
Westward from loud Niagara's ceaseless roar,
Close by the surf that foamed along the shore
Of Perry, bearing still the hero's name,
Whose vict'ry there achieved his matchless fame,
Safely embosomed in the sheltering wood,
My loving father's lowly cabin stood,
Midst giant trees untouched by human hand,
Whose spreading branches covered all the land.

With scanty means and stinted daily food,
He felled the trees and burned the heavy wood.
No aids to meet this forest dark and dire,
But naked hands, ambition, axe, and fire:
And these to him, with buoyant hope and health,
Were treasures dearer far than hoarded wealth,
For they could build a happy rural home,
To shield his loved ones when they ceased to roam.

The fields grew green beneath his culturing care,
Where once the savage panther held his lair;
Bright were the summer sun and vernal shower
That swelled his harvests for the autumn hour;
Well pleased the traveler, at the close of day,
To seek his roof and sleep the night away;
And blest the group that gathered round him near,
To share the smiles, the blessing, and the cheer,
Of him whose grave was made on Erie's shore,
Where oft he stopped to hear the wild waves roar.

That father, now, and she who loved him most,
Immortal, shine in Love's enraptured host;
Exalted high above the pangs of fear,
They neither heave a sigh nor shed a tear.
No longer bent on Earth's alluring toys,
They bask in Virtue's everlasting joys.
Rest, honored pair! and meet the blest reward
That springs from love of those that love the Lord.

The pioneers from all these fields have fled,
And other owners gathered in their stead.
For them no iron roads, extending far,
Gave steam-sped transit to the burdened car;
Nor on their ears the whistle's music fell,
Of rushing engine echoing through the dell,
Through tunnels dark, along the mountain's side,
O'er bridges vast, o'er rivers deep and wide,
Through barren wastes, and wealth's enriched domains,
Through forests wild, and prairies' verdant plains,
The cars transport the gains of myriad hands,
From all the oceans and from all the lands
That yield to industry their brilliant spoils,
To bless its patience and reward its toils.

O'er hill and dale, the ox, with heavy wain,
Drew to the distant mart the scanty grain,
Which scarce repaid the laborer's ceaseless toil,
Though bold his enterprise and rich his soil.

To all the world were railroads then unknown;
The Iron King had not assumed his throne,
Either in lands by sceptered tyrants trod,
Or here, where freemen own no king but God!

One only steamer traversed Erie's shore:
"WALK-IN-THE-WATER" was the name she bore;
And walk she did, by emigration prest,
In Michigan to find a farther West,
Where Enterprise might deck her sylvan bowers,
And wreathe her garlands from the prairie-flowers.

Still westward now the thousands make their way,
By lake and river, island, gulf, and bay;
And West now means—expanding to the sight,
Rich vales beyond the Rocky Mountains' height.

Here, in that day, no TELEGRAPHIC wire
By MORSE was freighted with celestial fire,
Whose genius has outstript the whirlwind's blast,
Transcending all the flights of ages past;
And, stretching far across the level plain,
Above the mountains and beneath the main,
Set all the realms of time and space at naught,
By lashing Lightning to the car of Thought.

No LUCIFERS were known in my young days,
Which, by a touch, are kindled to a blaze,
To light the burners in the banquet hall,
At Music's summons and at Beauty's call:
For brightest MATCHES in that era made
Were those on Wedlock's sacred altar laid,
And there, with love's sweet incense burning clear,
Made life's bright sunshine gladden all the year.

Nor were there then, to shield us from the storm,
Wrappers of gum, to keep us dry and warm;
But, fearless now, in rubber clad, we meet
The pelting rain, the drifting snow and sleet.

In my young days no CAMERAS were made,
To blend the sun's bright rays in light and shade,
And stamp in living lines the features fair,
By the surprising genius of DAGUERRE;
But children now the faces loved and dear
Of parents see, whose virtues they revere;
Brothers and sisters, friends of every kind,
Can, by this magic art, be brought to mind;
Husbands and wives, though parted far they be,
And lovers true, their soul's fond idols see;
And those whose hearts have been by sorrow crost,
Can gaze on features of the loved and lost.

Thus, true to life, are dearest treasures given
By God our Lord—his precious light from heaven;
For human art is thus at last outdone,
By faithful pictures painted by the sun,
As if th' Eternal Mind resolved to show
That heavenly arts exceed all arts below.

No other GAS was, at that period, fired,
But rankest nonsense, by the weak admired.
The modern flame that lights our banquet halls,
Our cities, churches, theatres, and balls,
The royal park, the prisoner's lonely cell,
The preacher's study, and the gambler's hell.

Alike designed to be the poor man's friend,
As his whose wealth to millions may extend,
This birth of science gilds the world afar,
And shines supreme as fashion's leading star.

"Knowledge is power" indeed, but slow her tread
To reach the pioneer's sequestered shed:
The wayside school-house, near the shady grove,
Where laughing children love to romp and rove,
With tidy mistress, when the summer glows,
And master stern, to brave the winter snows,
The early times knew not:—Incessant toil
Swung the bright axe and delved the rooty soil,
From early dawn to evening's dusky close,
Then sank exhausted to the night's repose.

Parents and children, all to labor bred,
Found little time to cultivate the head;
But, though deprived of science and of art,
They cherished all the virtues of the heart.

But let not man, in fashion's lap caressed,
Think that the pioneers are all unblessed:
That grief alone usurps the cabin-fire,
Whilst love, and hope, and happiness retire;
That labor's recompense is but the rod:—
For this defames both nature and its God.

The rustic cot in which the peasant lives
Has joys that flaunting fashion never gives.

The little stand before the evening fire,
Which holds the Bible for the godly sire,
Who gathers wisdom from the sacred page,
Fit for all climes and men of every age,
Is prized by those who Truth's dominion own,
More than the splendors of a Cæsar's throne.
And when the father kneels in humble prayer,
Methinks attendant angels gather there,
Well pleased to see a human bosom glow
With flames of love that make a heaven below.

Nor are the joys of outward sense denied
To those whom toil and poverty betide.
The rudest cabin in the forest wild
Has charms that please the parent and the child;
Delightful scenes to humble virtue given,
Fit to be prized because the gift of heaven.
Thither we go, on fancy's playful wing,
And make the most of what the muses sing.

Behold the group in linsey-woolsey clad,
Alike determined never to be sad:
Their labors ending with the setting sun;
Their evening joys, when out-door work is done;—
The household gathering round the blazing fire,
Where each young heart has all it can desire;
See older sisters, with the homespun yarn,
The threadbare garments and the stockings darn;

Others with games of pleasure never cease,
Morris and Checkers, and the Fox and Geese,
Button, with apple-seed and apple-thorn;
Hull-gull, with beach-nuts and with parched corn;
Or sing away the hours, nor think them late,
Of Polly Gould, or Barbary Allen's fate;
While speckled pussy, purring at her ease,
Watches for mice, that nibble at the cheese;

The hasty pudding smoking on the fire,
Their sparkling eyes and ruddy lips inspire;
And when the milk comes smoking from the pan,
Each busy urchin thinks himself a man.

And then, behold! preferred above the rest,
The Indian cakes, with maple sugar drest,
Delightful sweet! Again I seem to see
The potash kettle by the fallen tree,
Filled with the sap the generous maple yields,
The noblest tree that decorates our fields.

What joy lights up each happy, smiling face,
When comes the syrup from the 'sug'ring place,
For those whom shoeless feet forbid to roam,
That they may have a sug'ring off at home!

Now light the fire—the well-dried wood prepare—
Let flames rise crackling round the kettle there;
The work is done—the yellow crystals fall—
Prepare the cakes—the laughing children call;
Ambrosial sweets in nectared columns rise,
And Indian cakes are turned to sugar-pies.

Such were the joys my early childhood knew,
Ere Fancy, with her magic pencil, drew
Pictures of realms beyond the ocean wave,
Where art and science to their votaries gave
A rich return for time and treasure spent,
And then to Europe's classic shores I went,
Ere locomotives on the land were tried,
Or ocean steamers crossed th' Atlantic tide.

There, in the halls of science and of art,
Were kind instructors, ready to impart
Knowledge and skill of every kind and name,
Which, used aright, lead on to wealth and fame.

And there acquaintance with the great is made,
In social circles of the highest grade;

Nobles, that wield their sway o'er all the land,
Extend a welcome with a friendly hand;
In them refinement, elegance, and ease
Assert their power to captivate and please;
Clear intellects, with manly hearts combined,
Lend all the graces that adorn the mind.

Such are the friends my memory still endears,
To whom success I owe in by-gone years.

So, turn we now, with animating cheer,
To greet the festal scenes that call us here;
To taste the fruits of scientific toil
On blest Ohio's cultivated soil.

Another age has other blessings brought:
The lights of science and the charms of thought;
Broad fields of grain, and meadows drest in green,
Orchards and gardens decorate the scene
Where once the winter's snows untrodden lay,
And forests echoed to the beasts of prey:
Where human voices never yet were heard,
Nor human tread the fallen leaflet stirred;
Save where the red man sought the cooling shades,
Whose mounds are seen along the river glades;
A noble race that once these valleys trod,
Children of nature, and of nature's God!
Where towns and cities now all clustering stand,
The fruits of wealth and glory of the land.

On every side Religion's temples rise,
Inviting earth to mingle with the skies,
And teaching man his better life to find
In heavenly treasures of th' immortal mind.
Nor less for Science spacious domes ascend,
To prove that Knowledge is Religion's friend;
To trace in earth, in ocean, and in air,
The proofs that Love Divine is everywhere—
Not only high where heavenly spheres ascend,
But low, on earth, the humblest sinner's friend.

Before I close these unpretending rhymes,
You ask: "What say the muses of our times,
"When Mars is arming for domestic wars,
"And wild Disunion rends the Stripes and Stars?"

The nine respond: "By ancient sages famed,
"A Constellation Pleiades was named;
"High in the northern sky, its stars have shined
"Ages of ages, to delight mankind."

Of late, as some philosophers have feared,
One of its lesser stars has disappeared;
Not to forsake its old appointed place,
But just to turn away its shining face,
And teach mankind to value every gem
That adds its charms to nature's diadem.
Hence the lost Pleiad soon may reappear,
And blend its radiance with the starry sphere.

So some fair stars Columbia's banner holds,
May chance be lost to sight among its folds,
When boisterous winds of angry faction blow,
Till smouldering fires are kindled to a glow.

But Love and Peace the olive branch shall bring,
Till all Columbia's stars together sing;
Till Young America, like that of old,
Shall every State within his bosom fold,
Our Spangled Banner lift aloft in air,
Till all shall see that every star is there,
Which represents the glorious Union free—
The wide world's boast—the land of Liberty;
When Treason shall submit to righteous laws,
And traitors yield to Truth's and Virtue's cause,
Who'd bind upon us Slavery's cursed yoke,
Such as Jeff. Davis, Beauregard, and Polk,
Mason, Slidell—ambassadors to-day,
At good Fort Warren, Massachusetts Bay,
A spot that should their hearts with rapture thrill,
A nation's pride, near glorious Bunker Hill;

More fitting far for such illustrious names
Than famed St. Cloud, or Royal Court, St. James.

Then steadfast trust in the Almighty's hand.
Peace shall triumphant reign throughout the land,
And Slavery's chains no longer shall be worn,
Nor human flesh by human vultures torn.

Manassas and Bull Run will counted be
Our country's saving, glorious victory ;
And those who there for right and freedom bled
Will History crown among the honored dead.

O'er North and South the Stars and Stripes shall wave,
O'er hero's triumphs and the traitor's grave,
In lands remote, where'er they float unfurled,
Shall honored be by an admiring world,
Whilst Peace and Freedom to all lands proclaim
Our country's glory and our statesmen's fame !

To gain this end let all our means be spent,
For objects vast our colors represent ;
Emblems are they of which our life is part.
The RED is life-blood flowing thro' the heart ;
The BLUE, a symbol of God's boundless love,
Which built the starry canopy above ;
The WHITE, an emblem of the spotless soul ;
And STARS did God ordain to crown the whole.
Stars, Stripes, and Colors thus in one combine
Our love of union with the Power Divine.

Ladies of Painesville, one and all, to you
A grateful tribute of respect is due,
As well for virtues that so brightly shine,
As for the honors done to me and mine.

'Twas but of late that I among you came,
Scarce known to any, save, perhaps, by name,
And naught but friendly greetings, warm, sincere,
And undisguised, have made me welcome here.

The social circle, Virtue's blest abode,
Has all its kindest courtesies bestowed,
To shower delights upon the stranger guest,
And kindle rapture in his grateful breast.

The festive hall, the parlor, and the street
In which by chance or accident we meet;
The picnic parties, sources of delight;
The social rambles on the mountain height;
The soft refinement which adorns the mind,
By nature pure, by intercourse refined;
All these create a most delightful sphere,
Which makes a visit always joyful here.

But now that joy is overcast with gloom;
One whom we loved is gathered to the tomb;
One cheerful voice, one warm and generous heart,
Which to all circles could delight impart,
Whose every impulse did to virtue tend,
The steadfast Christian and the faithful friend;
The father fond, the husband loving, kind,
In judgment just, with comprehensive mind;
Yes; all these virtues did that name endear—
The name of Aiken,* now no longer here.
But 'tis not here alone we miss his form,
The friendly grasp, the salutation warm,
At church and school, law court and social prayer,
All, all lament and miss him everywhere.

But hope springs upward; joyous visions rise,
That we shall meet again beyond the skies,
That pure and humble, meek, but noble mind,
With talents rare and gentleness combined.

Others there are with whom, from converse sweet
In days gone by, I fondly hoped to meet,
Whose hearts are wrung by all they can endure,
Griefs which no earthly aid can shun or cure;

* Judge D. D. Aiken died December 16, 1861.

And no relief but that which heaven imparts
Can reach the sorrows of their stricken hearts.
But, e'en in depths of grief, they still appear
No less endearing in the social sphere,
With steadfast trust in Him who rules above,
And governs all by wisdom and by love;
Who suffers not in all the earth around
A single sparrow's fall upon the ground
Without his will. His love divine has sent
For her the pure, the bright, the innocent,*
And to the angels' care her spirit given,
There to be taught the perfect will of heaven.
By this consoled, the loved ones here on earth
May well rejoice at her immortal birth.

Such, in all lands, must be the Christian bred,—
Christ dwelling in the heart as well as head;
But most of all in this dear land of ours,
Where Virtue shines the brightest of its flowers.

What better proofs could gratify our sight,
Of mighty change, than meet us here to-night;
Where late the forest quite shut out the day,
A VILLAGE stands in elegant array;
Fine streets and churches please the cultured eye,
And stores and dwellings added charms supply,
Which manly worth and energy control,
Whilst woman's graceful beauty decks the whole.

A PUBLIC SCHOOL, unrivaled of its kind,
Its portal opens to the youthful mind,
Where children meet of high and low degree,
And find equality—as all are free
To share the blessings that from learning flow,
The proudest wealth a nation can bestow.

A SEMINARY, too, now justly claims
A tribute due to your most worthy names,

* Miss Kittie Raynolds died December 12, 1861.

Whose gen'rous hearts and ever-willing hands
Have placed the noble structure where it stands,
A monument to those whose enterprise
And rich donations bade the mansion rise,
To bless the sex which consecrates its youth
To peace and virtue, innocence and truth;
All these, at Learning's sacred font refined,
Make all that's lovely in the female mind.
And here while highest talent has the rule,
And finest culture marks this pattern school,
Where youth and loveliness their charms unite,
To please the senses and the mind delight,
May this fine school unmeasured good impart,
And be the joy and pride of every heart.

A PARK, with charming villas scattered round,
Whose equal scarce in all the land is found;
Its pleasant walks o'erhung with sylvan shade,
Where loving lips have sweet confessions made;
All these, to me, unmixed delight impart,
And fix their lasting memory in the heart.

Not unambitious of its meed of praise,
Another STRUCTURE now attracts our gaze,
Designed to serve, in pleasant years to come,
Important uses, as the Traveler's Home,
Where living mem'ries can e'en now recall
The grain-field, school-house, church, Masonic hall,
And good old "FRANKLIN," once among the best
Of good old taverns in the far-off West.

'Tis ours to meet the earliest welcome here,
In radiant smiles that sweeten all our cheer;
May other guests in long succession find
A host and hostess competent and kind!
But guests, in other years, will never see
A HOSTESS GROUP so gen'rous, fair, and free,
As those who bring their treasures here to-night
To bless us with a banquet of delight.

With every art to please the purest taste,
By intellect refined, by beauty graced,
Such unaffected charms, wherever born,
Would richest banquet of the world adorn!

And now, fair friends, while mortal life endures,
May choicest blessings follow you and yours;
And when earth's labors, cares, and joys are o'er,
When scenes like this delight our hearts no more,
May we, through grace, in mansions of the blest,
"Eternal in the heavens," together rest:
And there, redeemed from every earth-born vice,
Enjoy the virtuous bliss of Paradise!

TO MY BROTHER SAMUEL.

FAREWELL, rolling Erie, thy waters and wildwood,
To brothers and sisters, companions and friends!
From scenes that delighted the years of your childhood,
To far distant countries my spirit now tends.

Farewell, for awhile, to the sound of the billow,
Whose white foam is cast on the land of your home;
Where parents in childhood watched over your pillow,
Nor dreamed that so soon from them you would roam.

How fond and endearing, though empty and fleeting,
Are joys wherein fancy and childhood took part!
For those I most loved, and felt happiest in meeting,
Have long ceased to cheer and enliven my heart.

JULY, 1825.

TO MARY, WITH A PORTRAIT.

THIS picture, dear Mary, "The Fond, Happy Mother,"
Is suited to thee, in thy conjugal life;
For not, on the earth, do I know of another
As happy as thou art, as mother and wife!

TO ANNA.

UNDER A CLOUD.

THE thought of thy loveliness strikes on my heart
  Like notes of soft music, that float on the breeze
At evening, when twilight takes wings to depart,
  And the moon, o'er the hill-top, is seen thro' the trees.

It charms for awhile, but it soon passes by,
  And wanders away on the wings of the wind;
Thus hopes which thy tenderness raises must die,
  When I think I forever must leave thee behind.

Oh! couldst thou imagine the feeling of dread
  With which I look forward to crossing the sea,
Thy pity would wake when the sails were outspread
  Which waft me forever from home and from thee!

Think, therefore, of me, when away from that home,
  And thee, in affection regarded so dear;
I love my dear country, but leave it to roam
  In search of the friendship I can not find here.

Oh! had I but thine, I contented would live
  In the home of my choice and the land of my birth,
And feel that which fortune and fame could not give,—
  The charms of thy innocence, beauty, and worth.

TO MY BROTHER JAHIAL AND WIFE.

BROTHER and sister, once again
  I bid you a farewell;
And oft shall think of the dear home,
  Where you in quiet dwell.

Oh! there is not a nobler sight
  In all this world of ours,
Than human hearts that give to God
  Their consecrated powers!

Brother, go on, and sister dear,
  And when on bended knee
You ask of God to bless your friends,
  Sometimes remember me.

FLAG-RAISING IN OHIO.

PRESENTED BY THE LADIES OF PERRY.

To you, my friends, who now this standard raise,
Is due a tribute of respect and praise.
It shows, in this our time of civil wars,
Your firm devotion to the Stripes and Stars;
And here, surrounded by the sheltering wood,
Abreast of where the gallant Perry stood
Upon his deck, beneath that brilliant sun,—
His battle fought, his noble victory won.

And may his name, which now your township bears,
Inspire your hearts to deeds that valor wears,
And keep it free from acts of vice and shame,
To make it worthy of its honored name;
By here obeying God's and nature's laws,
Sustaining virtue and each kindred cause;
By each one making noble sacrifice
To crush the most degrading human vice
That ever cursed a nation or a land,
Or placed its victims in a murderer's hand.

Then let your acts and generous aims aspire,
Let truth and virtue be your heart's desire;
And emulate the lives that brightly shone
In noble deeds of those but lately gone,—
Douglas' and Ellsworth's now to Perry's name
Are added, and with his undying fame
Will live while reason holds her wonted seat,
Or patriot hearts in patriot bosoms beat.

And may the dying words of Douglas stand
Engraved on every heart through all the land:
"Tell them, my sons," in this our country's cause,
"To save her honor, to obey the laws,
"And to support" (whatever ill awaits)
"The Constitution of the United States."

Such were the words of him who nobly stood
Forth in the struggle for his country's good,
Burying forever party strife and fame,
In his great heart, which beat for one loved name.

That name was UNION, and his dying breath
Will union give to thousands in his death,
Which, in their breasts enshrined, will cherished lie;
While Union lives, that name can never die.

UNION shall spread o'er all this land of ours;
Woman's fair hand shall strew its paths with flowers,
And her pure nature will, with truth combined,
Instill brave precepts in the youthful mind,
To raise up men who fear not steel nor scars,
While o'er them wave the glorious *Stripes and Stars!*

Long shall they wave, by Freedom's winds unfurled,
To tell the tribes and nations of the world,
And rebel traitors of our native land,
Who would that banner with dishonor brand,
That UNION here will spurn the tyrant's nod,
And own no monarch but the Monarch God.

IN MEMORY OF MY BELOVED WIFE.

SADLY breaks upon my heart
This eventful summer morn,
When that spirit did depart
That did so my life adorn.

Bright and joyous were my years,
Calm and peaceful was my life,
When the all that love endears
Blessed me in a loving wife.

Oh! how sad and lonely now
Pass the weary hours away!
But to fate's decrees I bow,
And to God I humbly pray,

That, when life with me is o'er,
In a brighter world above
We may meet to part no more,
Happy in a Saviour's love!

JUNE 7, 1859.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Another bright spirit in life's early dawn
From earth's [illegible] to heaven has gone.
And there is receiving the crown of reward
Which innocence wears in the sight of the Lord.

Another young spirit, ere [illegible] of youth
Has [illegible] the promise of virtue and truth,
Has gone where his beauty forever will bloom,
No longer eclipsed in the shade of the tomb.

Another pure spirit to Paradise flown,
Exults in its glory and bliss as his own;
Yet, taught by the angels, he loves to impart
To all that are near him the bliss of his heart.

Another bright spirit is taken away,
The body surrendered to death and decay;
To thee and to thine be my sympathy given,
In hope that we all be united in heaven!

TO ALIDA.

"Remember Alida!" were fond words that came
From lips and a heart in which thou hast a share;
Whose exquisite virtues no language can name,
Whose beauty and sweetness no tongue can declare.

"Remember Alida!" oh, yes, and the sound
Will linger around me till life shall depart;
Where her name is cherished thine own will be found,
For friendship has written them both on my heart.

DEPOSITED IN THE CORNER-STONE OF THE PARMLY HOUSE, PAINESVILLE, OHIO.

Of records that we here enshrine,
The earliest dates we have in hand
Go back to seventeen ninety-nine,—
The earliest settler on the land.

Till then the ancient forest stood;
No human voice its depths assailed,
And none but creatures of the wood
Disturbed the silence that prevailed,

Save those whose names are now forgot,
Whose right it was at large to roam;
Their mounds of earth now mark the spot
As once the savage red man's home.

But he who first our homage shares,
Whose fires first lit the river plain,
Conferred the name your village bears,—
The honored name of Edward Paine.

He, deep amidst the forest shade,
With axe began to cut and burn
The giant trees; and soon surveyed
Rich fields that gave a large return.

To share the treasures of the soil,
Neighbors began to gather round,
Whose sturdy and laborious toil
Soon cleared the heavy-timbered ground.

In April, eighteen hundred two,
The first town-meeting here was called,
And Edward Paine, to duty true,
As chairman duly was installed.

And others we must not pass by,
Whose names we gladly here record,—
Walworth and Graham, Parker, Nye,
Merry and Sessions, Tappan, Ward,

With Edward junior, Joel Paine ;
And Smith's and Gifford's names appear,
And French and Bacon still remain,
All holding offices that year.

MY GRAND RIVER HOME.

Of all the fine scenes of the wide-spreading West,
So fair and so fertile, so bright and so blest,
So rich in her valleys, so vast in her plains,
So grand her possessions, so wide her domains,
That no other country beneath the broad sky
Can her richness surpass or her beauty outvie,
Where the bounties of nature, with liberal hand,
So widely are scattered all over the land.

There are no brighter valleys, there are no fairer plains,
Where nature more lavish has scattered her gains ;
Where art and where science, where virtue and bliss,
A home could now make more delightful than this.

I ne'er walked a border, I ne'er saw a rill,
More delightfully pleasing, more peacefully still,
Than at eve when I've wandered and lingeringly staid
To catch the wild murmur that swept through the glade ;
Its banks of rich verdure, its fields of ripe grain,
Its cool leafy woodlands, its smooth grassy plain ;
The home of contentment upon the hill-side,
Where calm flowing waters of Grand River glide.

But all these rare beauties, with which I must part,
Will fade from my memory, will fade from my heart,
Ere time from my bosom one thought shall erase
Of the kind friendly welcome received in this place,
Where social attractions, delightful and chaste,
Where personal beauty, refinement, and taste
So sweetly are blended, so purely have shone,—
Their names will still live, until reason is gone!

Painesville, *July* 8, 1853.

WASHINGTON MONUMENT, BALTIMORE.

WASHINGTON! Immortal name!
  On thy monument I stand,
Noblest tribute to thy fame,
  Found in all this mighty land
Which thy matchless valor bought;
  Home of nations, happy, free,
Who from infancy are taught
  To respect and honor thee.

Glorious land, wherein thou dwelt!
  Fairest, brightest of the earth!
Highest pride I ever felt
  Was that thou hast given me birth.
Far from this impressive scene
  Breaking now upon my eyes,
Where the northern mountains green,
  Rear their summits to the skies.

Still it is my native land
  Wheresoe'er I chance to be;
And I grasp with friendly hand
  All who cherish it with me.
Now with joy my heart o'erflows;
  Purer feelings never came
Round it, than I have for those
  Who have honored thus thy name.

Would that I could sound their praise
  Till it peal from shore to shore:
High as heaven my voice I'd raise—
  Noble sons of Baltimore!

EPIGRAM.

How swiftly pass the hours away,
  Dear girl, when thou art near!
With thee each year would seem a day,
  Without, each day a year!

THOUGHTS AT THE GRAVE OF ROYAL GURLEY.

The last of earth,—the last of earth!
Oh! what a solemn thought!
That so much virtue, so much worth,
Should to the grave be brought.

The strongest tie that nature binds,
Here buried deep must lie;
The fondest hope affection finds,
The cold, dark grave must try.

He who now sleeps from cares and strife,
Whose loss we deeply mourn,
From cherished friends, and loving wife,
And children dear, is torn,

Was one in whom the virtues rare
Did meet and sweetly blend,
An honest name, a pattern fair
Of husband, father, friend.

Then fare thee well;—to those bereft,
I still a friend will be;
The wife and children thou hast left
Will e'er be dear to me.

Ah, yes! and I will for them care,
And see their wants supplied;
In their affections hope to share,
A home for them provide.

EPIGRAM.

In tears, the heart oppressed with grief
Gives language to its woes;
In tears the bosom finds relief
When rapture's tide o'erflows.
Then who unclouded bliss would seek
In this terrestrial sphere,
Wherein delight can only speak,
Like sorrow, in a tear!

TO MISS NELLIE VAUGHN.

THAT milk-white stone, that pretty stone,
As spotless as thy worth,
Will oft recall as bright an hour
As I have known on earth.

For to a soul by sorrow crushed,
Which perfect bliss hath seen,
The fleeting pleasures that remain
"Are few and far between."

The songs which you so sweetly sung,
By that deep rock-ravine,
Will oft, with clustering memories,
Recall that lovely scene.

Where thou and thy delightful friend,
To truth and love sincere,
Gave me an hour that e'er will be
To recollection dear.

No purer gift than thy kind heart
Did there bestow on me,
Can I desire in all my life,
My charming friend, for thee.

May the lost "Bracelet" I restore
Possess a magic charm,
And clasp to thine a loving heart,
To thine a noble arm.

And when upon "the shining shore,"
Beyond "the Bridge of Sighs,"
May that sweet voice I loved on earth,
Re-echo in the skies.

TO NELLIE.

THY notes, charming Nellie, flow sweetly along,
And richness and beauty embellish thy song;
May the light of thy friendship around me still shine,
And thy heart's warm affections be, some of them, mine!

THE SACRAMENT.

1 Corinthians, 11th chapter, 23d verse.

Of Christ this record I receive,
And now declare to you again,
That on the night he was betrayed
Into the hands of sinful men,

He took the sacramental bread,
And gave to it the mystic name
Of his own body; thence to be
An emblem of his broken frame.

Then to the Father gave he thanks,
And to his followers thus said he:
"Take, eat my body broken here,
"In grateful memory of me."

He likewise took the sacred cup,
And made the wine a symbol, too,
Of his own blood; and giving thanks,
Said: "Drink ye all, 'tis shed for you."

Thus often as this bread we break,
And from this cup the wine we drain,
Do we show forth the Saviour's death,
And shall until he come again.

But who unworthily shall eat,
Or drink, declares the sacred word,
Of Christ's own blood he guilty is,
And of the body of the Lord.

Let each himself examine well,
Before he tastes the sacred food,
For he who guiltily partakes,
Sees not the body nor the blood.

But eateth he, and drinketh, too,
Damnation to his spirit deep;—
From this sad cause many are weak,
And many 'mong you sickly sleep.

If we would always judge ourselves
By and according to the word,
Should we be judged, it then would be
A chastening from a gracious Lord.

Therefore, dear brethren, when we meet,
On one another wait in love,
That we by him may stand approved,
Who rules the happy hosts above.

THE LORD'S TABLE.

Matthew, 26th chapter, 26th verse.

We here behold before us spread
The table of the blessed Lord;—
Here is the wine and here the bread,
Presented in the holy word,

Which on that night when those he loved,
Were seated at the gospel-feast,
Our Saviour solemnly approved,
As John was leaning on his breast.

He took and broke and blessed the bread,
And gave it to the faithful few;—
And giving thanks, with love he said:
"My body this, broken for you."

And then he took the cup of wine,
And said to them: "This is my blood."
That blood denotes the truth divine;
That bread the boundless love of God.

Now eat and drink, Disciples all,
Assembled at this sacred board;—
And let this feast of love recall
The countless mercies of the Lord.

GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

ADDRESSED TO MRS. RICHARD K. HAIGHT, ON RECEIVING FROM HER A SPRIG OF OLIVE, BROKEN BY HER OWN HAND, FROM A TREE STANDING IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

Oh! how I prize thy precious gift!
I pressed it to my heart;
This mortal life shall waste away
Ere it and I shall part.

For thou didst break it, lady, where
Our Saviour went to pray;
It blossomed in that hallowed spot,
The garden where he lay;

When to our God, in agony,
In prayer he poured his breath,
That he would save him from that hour,
And from the cup of death.

When he unto the Father cried:
"Now glorify thy Son;
"Not mine, O God, but as in heaven,
"On earth thy will be done!"

How oft will mem'ry turn to thee,
Though distance may divide
Our walk in life, since thou hast been
Where our Redeemer died.

When all our years are finished here,
In yon bright world above,
Oh! may we meet to sing his praise,
In strains of heavenly love.

TO MISS EMMELINE MORTON.

Oh! it has been my lot, fair maid,
In early life to meet one friend,
Whose bloom of love will never fade,
Whose worth and virtue never end!

WHAT THINK YE OF JESUS?

Matthew, 22d chapter, 42d verse.

WHAT think ye of Jesus, the Lamb that was slain,
By infidel Jews upon Calvary's tree;
Who died that transgressors through him might obtain
Forgiveness of sins, and from bondage be free?

What think ye of Jesus, by prophets foretold,
A Lamb for the slaughter, who yielded his breath
That sinners might live; and for money was sold,
That Death may be vanquished and slain by his death?

What think ye of Jesus,—what language can tell
Emotions that kindle and burn in the soul,
The love which now causes our bosoms to swell
With feelings that reason alone can control?

What think ye of Jesus, the Saviour of men,
Who came to our planet lost sinners to save;
Who laid down his life but to take it again;
And triumphed at last over death and the grave?

What think ye of Jesus, whom Christians behold
The only begotten of God, and divine;
Whose glory and greatness can never be told,
Whose splendors refulgent all others outshine?

What think ye of Jesus,—what tongue can express
What only our thoughts and affections can frame,
Whilst faithfully hoping our souls he will bless,
And fearless as long as we trust in his name?

What think ye of Jesus, Redeemer and Friend,
Who now in his glory alone is the Lord;
The Judge who our weakness can ever defend;
Who gives us his law in the truths of his word?

TEARS OF INNOCENCE.

How brilliant the tear-drops by innocence shed
From eyes that are gentle and bright;
As pure as the mem'ry of joys that have fled
In years that have taken their flight!

ADDRESS

AT THE DEDICATION OF A HOUSE OF WORSHIP IN PAINESVILLE, OHIO.

THE theme on which our minds should rest,
By which our hearts should be impressed,
Is Christ the Lord, and none beside,—
Is Jesus, and him crucified.
How vast the theme, without an end!
So vast, no mind can comprehend
Its length and breadth, its depth and height;
His matchless love, his boundless might;
But still, no better can be given,
Because it lifts our thoughts to heaven.

How dear this day, how dear this hour!
No human language has the power
To tell of what this day may bring
To those who here confess their King;
Whose house we, in his goodness great,
Have met this day to dedicate.

A house of God! how dear the name!
To meet you here from far I came,
And gratefully I here would raise
My thoughts to heaven in prayer and praise.
A house in which Disciples meet
To worship at the Saviour's feet,
And offer praise and prayer, alone
To Him who sits upon the throne;
To whom almighty power is given
To reign the King of earth and heaven!

Long years have gone since first I heard
Proclaimed with power God's holy Word,
And record here would bear to-day
That I'm rejoicing on my way;
And happy feel, where'er I go,
To let my friends and brethren know
That through God's mercy I shall try,
In Him to live, in Him to die,
That when released from death's alarms,
He may receive me to his arms!

Go on, my brethren in the Lord!
Pursue the prize, the great reward!
When we have done with mortal strife,
The "Gift of God," eternal life,
Awaits his people who have done
His righteous will: obeyed his Son,
In what he came on earth to teach,
And gave apostles power to preach,
To all the world—The gospel way,
Believe, repent, and Him obey.

Though all the powers of earth should join,
And all the sects their might combine,
With all the gifts bestowed on man,
They could not thwart the gospel plan;
A plan designed in heaven above,
And sent to earth, a gift of love,
And taught awhile by Christ alone,
The Son, who left the Father's throne,
And then commissioned the eleven,
To preach the Word, and went to heaven!

This is the gospel we have learned,
And heavenward have our footsteps turned.
Oh! let us look to him, and pray
That we fall out not by the way,
But steadfast keep our watchful eyes
Upon the mark, the gospel prize,
Regardless of the smile or frown
Of friends or foes; we hold the crown
O'er all, and rather would confide
In Jesus than all heaven beside.

The years are passing, one by one;
Our thread of life will soon be spun;
Yet, when we reach their final end,
If we can see our heavenly Friend,
And mark the waving of the hand
Once pierced, now in the spirit-land,

Which beckons all who love his word
To come and glorify their Lord,
We well may bid the earth adieu,
With Jesus and his heaven in view!

I'd rather have, when life is gone,
Christ's precious word to rest upon,—
One promise by my Saviour made,
When death's cold hand is on me laid,
And all is gone of life and breath,
And I within the gates of death,—
Than all the power of all that live,
And all the wealth that earth can give;
For they could never bid me rise
To life immortal in the skies!

When Christ ascended to the skies,
He furnished mansions for the wise;
Mansions where spirits freed from sin,
Might, through the gospel, enter in
To life eternal, there to be
With him through blest eternity;
And there to join the heavenly song
Of praise, with all the ransomed throng,
To him whom all as sovereign own—
The Lamb of God upon the throne!

Let Christ be ours, from day to day;
He is the life, the truth, the way;
Let us each other's blessings share;
Let us each other's burthens bear;
And may no sinful word or deed
Of ours cause other hearts to bleed!
But kindness, gentleness, and love
To all, our faith in Jesus prove;
And led by precept he has given,
Still journey on our way to heaven!

And while love's temple thus we raise,
And dedicate to prayer and praise,

Oh! let our lives in truth declare
Our hearts to be the temple where
The Spirit dwells; and thus express
The beauty and the loveliness
Of that religion we have tried,
For which a gracious Saviour died.
Thus happy live, and happy die,
And happier be beyond the sky.

TO L. B. S.

ON RECEIVING FROM A LOVELY PERSON A SMALL BUNCH OF VIOLETS, GATHERED BY HER OWN HANDS FROM A BATTLE-FIELD IN VIRGINIA.

THESE precious flowers, with fragrant breath,
How much the gift I prize,
Though gathered from a field of death
Beneath Secession skies;

Where they of late in beauty sprung,
Where ran a crimsoned flood,
Where heroes brave, both old and young,
Gave up their warm life-blood;

Where parties met in deadly strife,
Submissive to their laws,
For treasured right, dearer than life,
In Freedom's sacred cause.

I do not love these flowers the less
For their Virginia birth;
For warmer hearts no power could bless
In all the wide-spread earth,

Than I found there, in earlier days,
In youth and manhood's prime;
And while I live my voice shall praise
Thy much-loved genial clime,

But, most of all, I prize these flowers
From thy beloved land,
Because they speak of happy hours,
From friendship's loving hand!

ADDRESS TO THE PERRY GUARD,

ON RECEIVING THEIR FLAG AND BEING ENROLLED FOR ACTIVE SERVICE, OCTOBER, 1863.

SOLDIERS! I've received the card
Of the Union Perry Guard,
Which I value for your worth,
Noble youths of Perry birth,
Hardy sons of honest toil,
On its rich and favored soil,
Proud am I in heart and mind
For this invitation kind,
Thus to say a word to you,
On your flag, *Red*, *White*, and *Blue*.
Let the RED, in language plain,
Call up friends in battle slain;
Let the WHITE, emblem of truth,
Be your guide in all your youth;
Let the BLUE God's love recall,
In the sky He spreads o'er all;
Let the STARS, each one of them,
Like the star of Bethlehem,
Bring to mind his wondrous love,
Shed on all from Him above;
Let the STRIPES, by winds unfurled,
Say He died to save the world;
Raise your aspirations high,
Like Him live—if need be, die.
Then let glorious stripes and stars,
Emblems of triumphant wars,
Wave aloft in splendor grand
O'er our broad and happy land;
O'er the mountains, o'er the hills,
O'er the rivers, o'er the rills,
O'er the valleys, o'er the plain,
O'er the prairies' vast domain;
From our granite rocky lines,
California's golden mines;
O'er the oceans, o'er the seas,
Let it float on every breeze;
O'er our loved and loving ones,
O'er our noble slaughtered sons;

O'er the ripple, o'er the waves,
O'er dishonored rebel graves.
E'en to Commerce' utmost bound,
Let our glorious flag be found;
East and West, in every clime,
Let it wave throughout all time;
North and South it still shall be
Emblem of a nation free;
Free from rebels and their laws,
Sympathizers in their cause,
Who their brethren have misled,
Free from every Copperhead.
Slavery, with its blood-guilt stains,
With its shackles and its chains;
With its thumbscrew, death-like grips,
Iron collars, raw-hide whips;
Lashes cutting to the bone,
Things of torture, hearts of stone;
Wretches that the wretched drive,
Fires that burn their slaves alive;
Mingling races, black and white;
Claiming as a sacred right,
Hellish lust for selfish gains,
Selling offspring from their veins;
Parting children, husbands, wives,
Dooming them to servile lives;
Ties that are forever dear,
Linking hearts together here;
With affections strong and warm
As e'er dwelt in human form,
That save parents none can feel,
Severed, naught on earth could heal;
Wounds that deep and hidden lie,
Healing only when they die;
These will all be done away
In that bright and glorious day
When our country shall be free
From the curse of slavery,—
To the world by Satan given,
Scourge of man, abhorred of heaven.

MEMORIALS

WRITTEN ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS DURING THE ILLNESS AND AFTER THE DECEASE OF THREE LITTLE BOYS.

TO MY CHILDREN.

The following stanzas were the natural language of the heart on the melancholy occasions to which they refer. They have been preserved in print only to the end that you may possess a record of the feelings from which they sprang, the ardency of which has in no degree abated in the long interval that has elapsed since they were composed; and the bereaved affection which breathed forth the following lines from the warm-hearted Burns has never found in any breast a more perfect abiding-place than it now has in mine:

> "Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
> And fondly broods with miser care;
> Time but th' impression deeper makes,
> As streams their channels deeper wear."

It is also my sincere and ardent wish that this record may assist you to keep in memory those whose expiring sighs you heard as they were successively removed to the spiritual world, and who, like yourselves, were tenderly beloved and fondly cherished by your affectionate

FATHER.

MEMORIALS.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MY DEAR LITTLE ELEAZAR THE DAY AFTER HIS DEATH.

My lovely boy—my lovely boy,
Thy gentle soul has fled,
The little form I loved so much
Is slumb'ring with the dead.

And though I look to God and say,
"Thy righteous will be done,"
Still do I weep for thee, my boy,
My darling little son.

The memory of thy little ways
  Still lives and ever will—
Thy pallid cheek and playful hand,
  I see and feel them still.

Thy look of love, thy angel smile,
  Thy last expiring sigh,
Now live within my heart, my boy,
  And will until I die.

But God has taken thee, my child,
  To be with him above ;
Thy peaceful soul, now free from earth,
  Will dwell with him in love.

Angels will watch thee there, my boy,
  And keep thy spirit pure—
Far better than on earth to stay,
  And all its pains endure.

Oh! may I be, when God shall call
  My spirit from its clay,
Restored to thee, my cherub boy,
  In realms of endless day.

And thy dear mother, whose fond heart
  Still bleeds for thee, my boy,
Oh! may she meet thy spirit there,
  In that bright world of joy.

Thy brother and thy sisters too,
  May they their Saviour love,
That when this life with them shall end,
  They'll dwell with thee above.

Oh! gracious Parent, grant, I pray,
  The time to us that's given
May so be spent in thy blest cause,
  We all shall meet in heaven.

SHREWSBURY, *June* 23, 1835.

In six short days, from health and bloom,
My lovely little boy has been
Brought to the dark and silent tomb,
And will no more on earth be seen.

And oh! how trying seems the blow!
But yet I feel in love 'twas given;
'Twill teach me here my God to know,
And turn my thoughts to him and heaven.

And while I mourn for one so pure,
So lovely, gentle, and so fair,
I know his soul will be secure,
Beneath a loving Saviour's care.

And since, O God, it was thy voice,
That called him to thy courts above,
My wounded spirit will rejoice,
And own in thee a Father's love.

Bingham Place, *June* 10, 1842.

TO MY SWEET LITTLE SAMUEL.

One week, my precious boy, has fled,
Since all thy days were numbered;
One week, among the silent dead,
Thy lovely form has slumbered.

And oh! how painful is the thought
That ties so dear should sever,
And thou unto the grave be brought,
To moulder there forever.

So dear wert thou that ev'ry look
Around my memory lingers,
And sacred seems each toy and book,
Once touched by thy sweet fingers.

But for the gospel, hope that springs
Within my heart, 'twould perish;
The peaceful joy its promise brings
Is all my heart can cherish.

For Jesus saw their winning charms,
In fondest love caressed them;
He called, and took them in his arms,
And in affection blessed them.

Nor will he be to them less kind—
The love so fondly given
To them on earth, will for them find,
A blissful home in Heaven.

June 17, 1842.

TO MY SWEET LITTLE SAMUEL.

Two weeks have run their lengthened round,
Since last o'er thee I wept;
Two weeks beneath the cold damp ground
Thy lovely form has slept.

But in my mind thy image lives,
Thy features there I trace;
And oh! the joy thy memory gives,
No time can e'er efface.

I would not call thee now, my boy,
Away from thine abode,
Where angels sing their hymns of joy,
In presence of their God.

Oh, no! In silence I will bear
The anguish of my breast,
For thy loved spirit now is where
'T will always be at rest.

SATURDAY MORNING, *June 25th.*

Before we had time to recover in any degree from the deep affliction into which we had been thrown by the death of sweet little Samuel, our fears were again aroused, by finding that Eleazar exhibited symptoms of the same disease that had just terminated so fatally. I had an utter dread of the medicines commonly administered in such complaints, and especially of calomel; and I will here take occasion to remark, and I trust, my dear children, that you will bear it in remembrance as long as you live, that it was my firm conviction then, and the opinion has been greatly strengthened since that time, by the testimony of some of the ablest medical practitioners in this country, that in cases of dysentery among children, whether the disease is of a mild or of a violent character, calomel should never be given; and one, on whose judgment and skill I would rely with as much confidence as on that of any other medical man in our country, declares that, after long experience and much observation, he is firmly persuaded that calomel, from its cold and irritating properties, if administered when the system of the child is in a highly excited and irritable state, made so by the disease or otherwise, will invariably cause convulsions, which will in almost every instance terminate in death. I wish you also to remember that two of you were attacked with the same complaint a few days after, and one of you with much greater violence than either of your little brothers that died, and by adopting with you an opposite course, giving you soothing and mildly astringent medicines, instead of cathartics, as we had done in both the other cases, you were relieved in a few hours. But, with hearts still bleeding for the death of one dear and lovely child, and being in the greatest alarm for the safety of another, we concluded to call in a very distinguished physician and a most estimable man, who lived but a few miles distant. He came, and on seeing Eleazar, remarked that "a little castor-oil would soon effect a change in him, and that in a day or two the dear little fellow would be quite well."

Having now placed our child in his hands, we were determined to adhere in the strictest possible manner to his directions, although every dose we administered seemed rather to aggravate than to relieve the distressing symptoms under which he labored, and he rapidly grew worse.

On the third day the physician, finding the oil had produced a contrary effect from that he had anticipated, changed the medicine, and gave instead a compound of opium, magnesia, and rhubarb, with the fullest assurance that it would shortly produce the good effects he desired.

On the fifth day, in the morning, he remarked that "although the medicine had not produced the desired effect, he saw nothing that should occasion the slightest alarm, and would on that day give the child a little calomel, which would serve effectually to remove the other, and was the safest thing that could be administered."

My feelings had all along been very much excited, but placing great reliance on the confident assurances the physician gave me, my fears were from day to day allayed as to any unfavorable result that might follow, until he spoke of giving calomel, when in an instant it seemed that every hope withered and died in my bosom, and their cold remains still lie there pressing down upon my heart to this day.

The agony of mind which I then for some time endured no language can describe. I betook myself to an adjoining room, and a deeper flood of grief never overwhelmed my spirit than that in which I for some time lay buried. The great abhorrence I had to the medicine proposed at this stage of the disease, on the one hand, and the agonizing fear that he might die if I prevented his taking what the doctor considered the safest and most efficient remedy, on the other, produced an anguish of soul with which I never before had been visited.

The medical attendant now directed that we should give him one of the calomel powders every fourth hour; but when he came the next morning convulsions had set in, and our dear little child's frame, which had become weak and wasted from his sufferings, began to be contracted in every limb and muscle. The physician, seeing us in a state bordering upon frenzy at the change that had taken place, seemed now for the first time to feel a deep concern for his case, and on my going into the room, after he had seen several convulsive movements, said he was "very sorry to find that the disease had taken an unfavorable turn." He suggested no further treatment, but on our asking him, he said that we might still try some simple remedies, and on his saying so we could easily and at once see that he no longer had any hope; and,

that as far as related to the expectation of relief from human science, he had given him up. I had passed through many trials and sorrows, in parting with those that had been dear to me in this life, and had already buried, as you know, two lovely little boys, but they were younger; and the thought now of giving this one up was the severest, the heaviest that had ever come over me.

I had kept from day to day memoranda in verse (which are here omitted) of the treatment and of the changes that occurred, and of my feelings on seeing them; and I concluded them on that morning, with the following stanzas:

There now seems nothing to be done,
Some simple means we yet may try;
But we can see that our sweet son
He now has given up to die.

And oh! the struggle, how severe!
And ev'ry look of him I take
Brings many a burning, scalding tear,
And my wrung heart seems like to break.

THURSDAY, *June 30th.*

I wander still from room to room,
My weary spirit finds no rest;
And oh! how wretched is the gloom
That tortures now my aching breast!

I gaze upon my precious boy,
In love and kindness o'er him bend;
But death seems at his full employ,
To bring him shortly to his end.

O God, I call upon thy love
To give me strength, and give me power,
When thou shalt call his soul above,
To pass the bitter trying hour.

Oh! how my heart clings to him now,
Closer than ever since his birth!
Help me to thee, O God, to bow,
And do thy will while here on earth.

Help me thy word to understand,
  Thy loving-kindness to me give,
That I may take thy Book in hand
  And serve thee truly while I live.

Almighty Father, show thy light;
  Grant me thy truth and love to feel;
Help me to pray to thee aright,
  When I before thine altar kneel.

Let not thy favor, O my God,
  Thy saving strength from me depart;
Help me in love to kiss the rod
  That so afflicts my wounded heart.

And, O Almighty Father, may
  Thy grace and love to me be given,
That I may strive throughout life's day
  To reach at last the bliss of Heaven.

SATURDAY MORNING, *July 2d*, 6 o'clock.

No hope from aid can we expect,
  No med'cine now can give him ease;
On him it has no good effect,
  Nor has it had on his disease.

I told him now, with many a tear,
  After the doctor had gone out,
My boy, you're very sick I fear—
  "Papa, what do you cry about?"

"It is because, my boy, I see
  That you are very sick, I cry;"
"I don't want to be sick," said he,
  "As little Sammy was, and die."

SATURDAY MORNING, *July 2d*, 10 o'clock.

There is no change in my sweet boy,
  To which the slightest hope can cling;
The doctor can no means employ,
  And no relief his art can bring.

This morning, when convulsions shook
His little frame, while on his bed,
He gave the doctor one pained look,
And "life, life, life," three times he said.

SUNDAY MORNING, *July 3d*, 10 o'clock.

Oh! we have had a fearful night,
We did not think he'd live till day;
But God, in mercy, with the light
Grants him a little longer stay.

I spoke, while lying on his bed—
"My boy, here is the doctor, see;"
Imploringly he looked and said,
"Doctor, do ev'ry thing for me."

MONDAY MORNING, 10 o'clock.

The last loved sentence that e'er broke
From him to charm my memory,
Was when to me he sweetly spoke,
"Wouldn't you rather stay with me?"

Oh! how these words thrill through my heart,
So kindly and so sweetly said,
And may their memory ne'er depart,
Till I, too, slumber with the dead.

Oh, yes! my much loved angel-boy,
Until I breathe my last adieu,
You shall my dearest thoughts employ,
Oh yes! I'd "rather stay with you."

All that have lived, have had to part,
But oh! the struggle and the pain,
When dearest ties that bind the heart
Are thus forever rent in twain.

But there are joys that fill the breast,
Hopes that will cling till life is o'er,
That when our bodies are at rest,
Our souls will meet to part no more.

MONDAY, *July 4th*, 4 o'clock P. M.

Oh! this has been a day of grief—
It seems the hardest I have tried ;
My lovely boy gets no relief,
And 't is the day my father died.

A kinder parent never lived,
Brighter affection never shone
From human breast than we received,
Whom once he fondly called his own.

Oh! how I love to wander back,
Along the path of childhood's years,
Though many sorrows mark the track,
And many spots are wet with tears.

His struggles I remember well,
His little ones from want to keep;
His love still serving as a spell
To heal the wounds that made us weep.

And he was always kind to all;
I love my thoughts on him to spend,
His warm affection I recall
Once shown to us and ev'ry friend.

My memory how it treasures now,
Each word and thought that from him came;
My father, oh! how dear wert thou,
And how endearing still thy name!

How many sorrows crowd my heart,—
And how can I sustain them all?
To Jesus let my thoughts depart,
On him for consolation call.

He is the mourners' only friend—
All others fail to heal their wounds;
His love and mercy have no end,
His kind compassion knows no bounds.

O God, before thee while I bow,
And faintly breathe my soul's request,
My wearied spirit asks thee how
It may attain "eternal rest."

And I'm directed to thy word,
Its truth my sinking spirit cheers,
Its certain promises afford
A rest beyond the vale of tears.

MONDAY NIGHT, *July 4th.*

My lovely boy continues warm—
His soul unwilling seems to go,
To leave so pure, so sweet a form,
Here in this world of want and woe.

Life how it seems to struggle now—
I feel his weak, unsteady breath—
How pale and motionless his brow,
And all around him looks like death.

TUESDAY MORNING, *July 5th*, 7 o'clock.

I've just been in to give him drink,
To feel his pulse, to hear him sigh;
Of words oft used he seems to think,
"I did not drink too much, did I?"

TUESDAY MORNING, 7½ o'clock.

His mind and reason seem as clear
As they were in life's brightest day;
He's just now called his mother dear,
That she would come and with him stay.

I asked him now if he knew where
His little brother was that died;
Sorrow passed o'er his features fair,
"He's in a coffin," he replied.

Would you dear Sammy like to see?
He answered "yes," with mildest tone,
And said with him would like to be,
"But I don't want to go alone."

TUESDAY MORNING, 8 o'clock.

How patiently he bears his pain,
As sweetly, gently as a lamb!
His loving voice I've heard again,
"I want to see my uncle Sam."

TUESDAY MORNING, 9 o'clock.

My lovely, patient, suffering boy
Is not yet numbered with the dead—
One more fond look he did employ,
"I love papa," he sweetly said.

Oh! how these loved expressions sink
Into my lonely, wretched heart!
Of them how often shall I think,
When death has torn us here apart.

But spirits are not severed so—
In union they will ever be,
And will again each other know,
When death at last has made them free.

Then in the bright abodes of heaven,
Together may forever live;
Salvation unto all is given,
That unto God themselves do give.

TUESDAY MORNING, 10 o'clock.

His voice has ceased, no more its tone
Will fall upon my list'ning ear,
But when we meet around the throne,
Its accents sweet again I'll hear.

Oh! how I loved that gentle voice,
How dear, how sweet it was to me—
But God has made him now his choice,
It is his will—his just decree.

And I submit in thankfulness,
For he will dwell with God above;
He kindly spared him long, to bless
And charm me with his tender love.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, *July 6th*, 2½ o'clock.

His little voice returns again,
His spasms they are getting worse;
And now he faintly calls for Jane,
For father, mother, and for nurse.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, 20 minutes before 4 o'clock.

Convulsions they keep coming on,
And they are dreadfully severe;
We scarce can see that one is gone,
Before another one is near.

How agonizing are his screams,
And oh, how bitter are his cries!
Death tortures—while an angel seems
Now waiting for him, from the skies,

To bear his little spirit hence,
His precious angel-soul away,
When he has paid the recompense
That every creature born must pay.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, *July 6th*, 7 o'clock.

My lovely boy's convulsed with pain,
But mind and memory still are true;
Has once more sweetly spoke again,
"Pull my lip, papa—I love you."

"Pull it, papa—down so," he said,
"The doctor pull it now for me,"
All power to move his lip has fled,
Until the spasm leaves it free.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, *July 6th*, 8 o'clock.

There still is life within his breast,
But oh! how faint it does appear!
Another farewell kiss I've pressed,
And one more for his uncle dear.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, 20 minutes before 3 o'clock.

I've just walked out beyond the gate,
His bitter screams to there extend,
And strike me with a deadly weight,
That his sweet life must quickly end.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, 4 o'clock.

Another day begins to dawn,
My lovely boy is still in pain.
How many times I've thought him gone!
But still he has reviv'd again.

And oh! what love and tenderness,
On all around he now bestows!
Our lips he does with kisses press,
His little arms about us throws.

THURSDAY MORNING, 4 o'clock.

He's easy now and does not scream,
And seems to be quite free from pain;
He tries like one that's in a dream,
To speak to us, but 'tis in vain.

Mamma and nurse he's uttered clear,
But the last whispered word that came,
From his sweet lips that we could hear,
Was his dear sister Anna's name.

THURSDAY, 12 o'clock.

I kissed his lips ere life was o'er,
When he in death was sinking fast—
Now for dear Uncle Sam one more,
His sweet lips moved—it was their last.

THURSDAY, 1 o'clock.

Oh! what a sweet expression lies
Upon his lovely features fair!
He seems to gaze with sweet surprise,
On something floating in the air.

Now many times we've seen him smile,
As if he was in great delight,
As steadily he looks awhile,
Around upon the pleasing sight.

His breath grows short, his bosom heaves,
His pulse can scarcely now be told,
The blood his finger nails now leaves,
His hands and feet are very cold.

And now he quickly gasps for breath,
And each one shorter seems to grow;
And now the pointed shaft of death
Has struck at last its fatal blow.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, *July* 7, 1842, 20 minutes before 2 o'clock.

Oh! how my wretched heart is torn!
How hard and sharp these trials are!
All that I look on seems to mourn
For creatures once so loved and fair.

No higher pride than mine e'er dwelt
In any breast upon the earth;
No warmer love was ever felt
For any children that had birth.

No brighter promise, here, of joys
To glad the heart in after-days,
Was ever felt, than my sweet boys
Gave unto me in all their ways.

Charming and beautiful they were,
  Gentle, affectionate, and kind;
As fair in form as angels are,
  As pure in thought, in love, and mind.

For them I'd laid so many schemes,
  For their amusements and their plays—
They were the idols of my dreams,
  They were the subjects of my praise.

They were the creatures of my pride—
  In them I'd nothing to condemn—
My toil was light if to provide
  Some treasure I could give to them.

Oh! never did a parent feel
  More happy in fatigue and care,
Nor ever did a parent kneel
  Before his God in humble prayer,

With warmer heart, before the throne,
  Or one more full of hopes and joys,
Than mine, in asking he would own
  And bless my lovely little boys.

My prayers by him I know were heard—
  The spirits pure that he had given,
Have now, by his Almighty word,
  Been called to dwell with him in heaven.

Knowing the anxious care and strife
  That I should have for them, would cause
My great neglect in after-life,
  To his most sacred word and laws.

And now, with gratitude sincere,
  I praise his name for all that's done;
And ask his aid while I am here,
  To know the gospel of his Son.

And may his just and righteous will
  Help me to do the work he's given,
My duty faithfully fulfill,
  That I at last may rest in heaven.

'Tis sixteen years this very day
Since my dear mother's soul took flight—
'Twas borne by angels far away,
Into the realms of peace and light.

A kinder mother than my own
No one e'er saw, till life was o'er,
Nor is there near the heav'nly throne
One that e'er loved her children more.

And there she'll meet my lovely boys,
In that eternal happy land;
And there, amid its purest joys,
Will give to them a mother's hand.

There will they talk of those they left,
Where still they're cherished in each breast;
There speak of hearts which, though bereft,
Can still rejoice that they are blessed.

There will they wander hand in hand,
Through groves and fields and flowery ways;
There will they join the seraph band,
In singing their Redeemer's praise.

July 7th.

No happier spirits ever went
From this cold world of woe and pain;
No lovelier ones God ever sent
His angels to call home again.

May I, while life to me is given,
Day after day be brought to see
That they are treasures now in heaven,
Where may my heart forever be.

And may each day while here I live
Be marked by solemn, fervent prayer,
That God to me his grace will give,
To guide me on to meet them there.

In life, oh! can there ever be
A wish or feeling that would save
My soul from looking back to see
Three coffins daily in one grave?

In thought I see them as they are,
Three little bodies under ground,
Their sirpits pure in regions where
They have their loving Saviour found.

I see them, too, in blooming health,
Delighted with their little toys;—
I would not, for the world's bright wealth,
Give up the thoughts of my sweet boys,

Though oft I see them now in pain,
And they are with me while I sleep;
On them I leve to look again,
And oh! for them I love to weep.

The tears are sweet that fall for them,
And while I live still may they flow;—
I would not, for the brightest gem
That ever shone, one tear forego.

'Tis pleasant now to feel my heart
With sorrow and with anguish torn,
To feel the gushing tears now start,
Because it is for them I mourn.

Oh! may this sorrow sink so deep,
That it will never leave my breast;
Henceforth before me always keep
The prospect of eternal rest.

I'd like to spend the few short days
That now remain on earth for me,
In making known the Saviour's praise,
And that he died on Calvary.

And could I in his gracious cause
But one poor sinner save from death,
By making known his truth and laws,
While God in mercy gives me breath,—

Oh! how much better I should live,
And happier leave the world behind!
For all the wealth the world can give
Can not relieve one guilty mind.

July 8th.

I love to walk about the fields,
Where I have rambled with my boy;
Each spot its gloomy pleasure yields,
That time, I trust, will ne'er destroy.

'Twas here, when his sweet brother died,
With him I walked this woodland through;
'Twas here he ran—and here he cried,
"Papa, papa, where now are you?"

I would not give away the thought
Of that sweet walk, for all the gold
That ever was or will be sought,
Or ever will or can be told.

The ground seems dearer he has pressed,
The air seems sweeter where we strayed,
The tree where we sat down to rest
Will never from my memory fade.

Once here upon this very spot
I called him from his little play,
And asked if Sammy he'd forgot—
"I've thought of him, papa, all day."

The day before his sickness came,
I missed him at the hour of tea,
And went to look—and called his name,
And quickly he ran up to me.

"When you called me, didn't I run fast?"
I praised and kissed my darling son,
And little thought it was the last
That I should ever see him run.

Oh! when I think of all his ways,
The joys with him I used to take,
His little thoughts, his words, his plays,
My swelling heart seems like to break.

But still I cherish this my pain,
And may it to my bosom cling,
For then 'twill prove my greatest gain,
And may my soul to Jesus bring.

O God! wilt thou my mind control,
Thy Spirit guide me in my prayers;
Thy precious word prepare my soul
To meet with spirits pure as theirs.

Grant, O my God, the precious time
To me thou shalt in mercy spare,
Be spent in urging truths sublime
On those entrusted to my care.

Three little girls and one sweet boy
I've now to claim a father's love,
And I would now my life employ
In training them for worlds above.

I wish to meet around thy throne
All I have loved so well in life,
My children seven I there would own,
And there my fond and faithful wife.

Grant these thy mercies, O my God,
On me these precious gifts bestow;
Help me to bear thy chast'ning rod,
Thy righteous will teach me to know.

And when the days on earth are spent,
Thou hast in love and kindness given,
Oh! may thy messengers be sent,
To bear my soul to thee in heaven.

July 10th, 1842.

THEY HAVE GONE TO THE GRAVE.

THEY have gone to the grave—the cold, silent earth,
Three children as lovely as ever had birth;
But the spirits that made them endearing while here
Have ascended to heaven, with Christ to appear.

They have gone to the grave—where we must all go,
And o'er their sweet bodies the rain, hail, and snow
For ages will fall; but their spirits have flown
Where the storms of mortality never are known.

They have gone to the grave—my three lovely boys,
From life's pains and pleasures, its sorrows and joys,
To dwell among angels, in regions now where
To meet them again my soul would prepare.

They have gone to the grave—three beings as fair,
As pure and as lovely, as ever went there;
But love so endearing on earth never dies,
But again will be with us ascending the skies.

They have gone to the grave, where the high and the low,
The rich and the poor, must all of them go;
But their spirits have gone where Christ will secure
An entrance alone to them that are pure.

They have gone to the grave—as tenderly loved
As any that ever from earth were removed;
And when the last call to us shall be given,
Oh! may we be ready to meet them in heaven.

July 16th, 1842.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MY SWEET BOY NEARLY THREE WEEKS AFTER HIS DEATH.

My dear Eleazar, thy love is entwined
Around ev'ry feeling and wish of my mind;
Wherever I wander my thoughts are the same,
They cluster and linger around thy dear name.

Thy features so lovely are set in my heart,
Nor till it be perished can from it depart;
Thy words so endearing my memory hears,
And often before me thy sweet form appears.

The voice that with rapture once made my heart thrill,
The laugh once so joyous, now linger here still;
When steps are approaching I turn round to see,
And think for a while thou art coming to me.

For thou art still with me, in darkness and light,
The first in the morning, the last one at night;
And oh! how my heart seems to wither and die,
When I but remember that thou art not by.

In ev'ry endearment that fondness could show,
Thy love and affection on me did bestow;
And never did any dear child so entwine
Itself round a heart as thou didst round mine.

And I think of thee still, my own beloved child,
Till memory is weak and reason grows wild;
And the pain that I feel I rather would bear,
Than e'er cease to think of a being so fair.

And may the loved thoughts e'er cling to my heart,
Till God sends his summons for me to depart;
And then may he grant that my spirit may be
Forever, sweet boy, with thy brothers and thee.

July 25th.

ON HEARING MISS GIBSON PLAY "ALLAN WATER."

STRIKE again those notes of sorrow,
Let them not so soon depart;
From them sweetest joy I borrow,
That can soothe my heart.

For they speak of by-gone pleasures,
And once loved, departed joys,
And of dearest earthly treasures,—
My three lovely boys.

And how dear is ev'ry token
That my gloomy heart can find;
Each sad note or word that's spoken
Calling them to mind.

For they were to me far dearer,
To my heart and to my pride,
And though absent now seem nearer,
Than all else beside.

Time by us is swiftly fleeting,—
Three whole weeks have passed away,
Bringing nearer our next meeting,
In the realms of day.

For God's blessed word has told us,—
All that do the Saviour love,
In his arms he'll fondly fold us,
At the throne above.

July 28, 1842.

WRITTEN IN THE ORCHARD AT BINGHAM PLACE.

OH! how my heart clings to my boy,
And sometimes seems as if 'twould break;
But still there is no sweeter joy
Than weeping for his precious sake.

For he was all a father's pride
  Could look upon in life, and love—
No fairer form the grave can hide,
  No purer spirit dwell above.

Oh! how I love to walk around
  The places where my boy I've seen;
I love to tread upon the ground
  Where once his lovely form has been.

And oh! how loved each place appears,
  Where I have once my boy caressed;
And ev'ry spot his love endears,
  That once his little footsteps pressed.

'Twas here, beneath this pleasant shade
  The last day he was well on earth,
That for a while with him I played,
  Happy in all his joyous mirth.

'Twas here I piled the new-mown hay,
  That he might then upon it climb;
How dear to memory is that day—
  How sacred to my heart that time!

For 'twas the last; oh, yes, the last
  Sweet time of play we did enjoy:
And dear to thought, till life is past,
  Will be that hour with my sweet boy.

July 29th.

A WALK IN AND FROM BORDEN'S WOODS.

I COME again to drop a tear
  Upon this woodland walk;
For once my lovely boy was here,
  And here with me did talk.

Along this winding path he ran,
For I had stepped aside,
And feeling lost, he soon began
To look,—and for me cried.

I followed on, and saw my child
Beneath this spreading tree;
I called,—he turned and sweetly smiled,
"Papa, you did leave me."

I asked him then what made him cry,
Thinking that he might own
He was afraid; he answered: "I
Don't like to be alone."

And while along this shady way,
As onward we did roam,
My lovely boy to me did say:
"Papa, now take me home."

We walked across this grassy field,
His little hand in mine;
To thee, O Memory, now I yield,
And own thy power divine.

I'd not exchange the mournful joy
I find to thee allied,
The sweet remembrance of my boy,
For all the world beside.

For it does seem I could not live
If once deprived of thee,—
The world to me no joy can give
Like thine, sweet Memory.

July 30th.

WRITTEN ON THE BANK OF LAKE ERIE, AND AFFECTIONATELY ADDRESSED TO MY DEARLY BELOVED BROTHER AND SISTER, WHO HAD BUT RECENTLY BURIED THEIR ONLY SON.

SAD is this hour; but well you know
How it each thought employs;
For 'tis the time I used to go
To see my lovely boys.

How happy I was in that day!
And oh! what pure delight
To hear them speak and fondly say:
"Kiss me, papa—good night."

My eyes o'erflow, my heart beats high,
I feel my bosom swell,
Whene'er I breathe affection's sigh
For them I loved so well.

And now, while on this bank I stray,
And hear the solemn roar
Of billows, rolling far away
To strike upon the shore,

They seem to speak, in language strong,
Of men of every land;
Like them, a while they move along,
Then break upon the sand.

'Tis so with all of human kind,—
They for a while are seen,
Then go, and nothing leave behind
To show where they have been.

Three little ones from me are gone;
I loved, but could not save;
Death struck them in life's early dawn,
And laid them in the grave.

And he, whom once your hearts held dear,
Through childhood and through youth,
Who loved his precious Saviour here,
And here obeyed his truth,

Has gone to heaven; there to receive
The crown, that shall be given
To all in Jesus who believe,
And do the will of heaven.

A better heart, a purer mind,
In life I never knew;
To all was gentle, warm, and kind,
And in affection true.

Then may we live in Christ's pure ways,
Our hearts still fixed above,
So that when here we end our days,
We'll go to them we love.

MONDAY EVENING, *August* 15, 1842.

SHREWSBURY RIVER.

WHEN last I sailed along this stream,
There sat close by my side
Two lovely boys, who then did seem
On earth my greatest pride.

But earthly treasures soon depart,
On them we can't rely;
Dear as they were unto my heart,
I've seen them droop and die.

August 28, 1842.

BORDEN'S WOODS.

AH! many weeks have run their round
Since I this spot have seen;
And oh! I love to tread the ground
Where my sweet boy has been.

The path his little feet once pressed,
How sacred it appears!
It seems to ease my swelling breast,
To wet it now with tears.

My bursting heart did once rejoice
To have him with me here;
And here his lovely, gentle voice
Fell sweetly on my ear.

I think of feelings pure and warm,
Of hopes his being gave,
As proudly I beheld his form,
Now silent in the grave.

Ambition, hope, and love, and pride,
Are mingled with despair,
And in the grave now side by side,
Will rest forever there.

The brightest charm that e'er was mine
Is changed to deep regret;
No light in life on me can shine
Like that which now has set.

Although my little children all
My fond affection claim,
Ambition seemed alone to fall,
And rest upon his name.

August 30, 1842.

EVENING WALK TO BORDEN'S WOODS.

Cold is the night, and dark and drear,
The path on which I tread,
But still I love to wander here,
Where once my boy I led.

'Twas here I held him by the hand
And heard him talk the while;
But now he's in a better land,
Where angels round him smile.

The stars that glitter in the sky
Speak rapture to my soul,
For they proclaim God's power on high,
Where worlds unnumbered roll.

Emblems they are of purer joys
Than God to earth has given,
Oh! then, I'll think that my sweet boys
Are little stars in heaven.

And in submission will I bow,
God's goodness will I own,
And fondly think that they are now,
With angels near his throne.

To God I'll strive to live each day,
Till death this form destroys,
That when my spirit leaves its clay,
'Twill go to my sweet boys.

And, oh! my God, there may it dwell,
With spirits pure and free,
With those on earth I've loved so well,
And, God of love, with thee.

September 26, 1842.

I come once more to this sweet place,
This shady woodland lawn;
Once more this winding path I trace,
To think of one now gone.

On all the earth I ne'er shall see
A dearer spot than this;
No one can ever give to me
Such melancholy bliss.

But soon this scene will change and fade,
Long ere again I'm here;
The leaves that make its pleasant shade
Will fall and disappear.

But in my heart 'twill always live,
'Twill oft my mind employ;
The world no joy so pure can give,
As thoughts of my sweet boy.

'Twas here his lovely graceful form
Once made my heart rejoice;
'Twas here, in accents soft and warm,
I heard his tuneful voice.

And though I leave this peaceful place,
My thoughts will linger here,
And oft in memory's pages trace
This scene to me so dear.

For sacred seems the very ground
On which his feet have trod;
My heart sweet comfort here has found
In tears and prayers to God.

And may I, while on earth I stay,
Live by the word he's given,
That when my spirit's called away,
'Twill go to him in heaven;

To dwell in love forevermore,
Amidst angelic joys,
With my Redeemer gone before,
And with my lovely boys.

BORDEN'S WOODS, Tuesday Morning, *September* 27, 1842.

FROM AN UNKNOWN FRIEND.

THE remembrance of the following, from some pure and gentle, but to us unknown, spirit, who has as yet received only the silent throb of gratitude, because unknown, we shall always cherish in our best affections.

MOTHER! I've news for thee from heaven!
Thy children now are near the throne!
Oh! wilt thou not for them rejoice,
Though thou art left alone!

Hast thou not seen those lovely eyes
Gaze on thee through their glittering tears?
Though thou didst strive from every ill
To shield their tender years.

Mother! thy children weep no more,
For all their tears are dried away,
Exhaled like dew-drops from the rose,
Beneath the sun's bright ray.

Hast thou not seen how cruel pain
Could steal the roses from the cheek,
And wring the moisture from the brow,
And leave them faint and weak?

Mother, thy children are in heaven,
And pain shall never reach them there,
No sickness comes to those who breathe
That pure, delightful air.

Look up with faith's observant eye,
And see thine *angel children* now;
Oh! could we call them back
To this *dark world,—wouldst thou?*

Oh, no! oh, no! I hear thee say,
My Saviour hath his promise kept,
He comforts me; and yet I must
Weep on, for "Jesus wept!"

But I can let my children go
  Thus early to the world above,
Since Christ has rescued them from sin,
  To sing redeeming love.

The view taken of the condition of infants in the following few lines by one whom we have long known, and whose friendship we have just as long highly valued and fondly cherished, will be read with pleasure and interest by you, and by every one who has been called upon, in this life, to surrender those to whom the dearest ties of love and affection have bound them.

INFANTS IN HEAVEN.

BY SOLYMAN BROWN.

Away they have gone from the sorrows of time,
To the home of the angels, their own natal clime;
And beautiful cherubs, who welcome them there,
With evergreen garlands have braided their hair.

Away they have gone to the land of the blest,
Where the wise and the good shall eternally rest;—
And there, where the dew-gems of Hermon distill,
From the flower-cups of Paradise quaff they their fill.

Away they have gone to the evergreen bowers,
To breathe the fresh fragrance exhaled from their flowers;
And there they have found an immortal abode,
Where they feast on the fruits of the garden of God.

Away they have gone to the free schools above,
Where seraph instructors receive them in love;
And now they are learning the way to be wise,
And chanting the anthems that gladden the skies.

Ah! beautiful forms! as enchanted they rove
Through the flower-scented meadow, the garden and grove,
And blest are the mortals whom heaven shall prepare
To join in the pastimes of innocence there.

July 20, 1842.

The remains of these three beautiful children, whose presence gave to my heart its fondest wish, to my hope its fairest promise, to my ambition its highest aim, to my home its purest joy, and to my life its brightest charm; but whose death has thrown a shade of sorrow and of gloom over all these, and over the once bright, joyous, and happy scenes of every-day life, are deposited in one grave in the burying-ground, near Bingham Place, Shrewsbury, New Jersey. A small monument of white marble has been erected over them, on the sides of which are the following inscriptions:

ELEAZAR MONTAGU PARMLY,

BORN, 18TH OCTOBER, 1834.

DIED, 22D JUNE, 1835.

SAMUEL WHEELOCK PARMLY,

BORN, 7TH APRIL, 1840.

DIED, 10TH JUNE, 1842.

ELEAZAR MONTAGU PARMLY,

BORN, 28TH MAY, 1838.

DIED, 7TH JULY, 1842.

Their souls have gone to regions where
Angels will keep them ever pure;
Far better than in life to share
The ills that many here endure.

There also lies buried by the side of your little brothers your cousin Leo, son of your uncle, Levi S. Parmly, whom I wish you always to remember, for his greatest delight in this life seemed to be in being with you. A lovelier, brighter, or more intelligent child I never knew. He died of scarlet fever, after an illness of only two days.

EXTRACTS FROM AN

ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATING CLASS

OF THE BALTIMORE COLLEGE OF DENTAL SURGERY, AT ITS SEVENTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT, FEBRUARY, 1847.

My youthful friends! with honors graced,
The meed of industry and taste—
The just reward of toil severe
Through many a long and busy year—
The promise fair of noble aims,
Such as the social welfare claims—
Indulge my Muse in humble song,
Which, good or bad, will not be long;
A virtue few are prone to teach,
Of those who sing or those who preach.
I write, as some may well suppose,
In careless verse instead of prose,
Because they know I've not the time,
To write in anything but rhyme;
Thus, should you find my rhyming tame,
The muse, not I, must bear the blame.

As earth's brief years are rolling fast,
And soon with me will all be past—
My hours of earthly toil be done,
My labors cease, my race be run—
To arm you for the manly strife,
I'll read the story of my life.

No proud descent from rank I claim,
No princely wealth—no warrior fame
Exalts the names, or gilds the page,
From which I trace my lineage.

Yet there are those whose virtues shine
As bright, along the ancestral line,
As e'er a monarch's of the earth;
In admiration of whose worth,
I would in feeble words impart
The tribute of a grateful heart.

WHEELOCK! revered and honored name!
The source from which my being came;
To thy blest memory I owe
All that affection can bestow,
And here I give my meed of praise
To him* whose virtues strove to raise,
Instruct, improve, emancipate
The Indian from his abject state,
Who justly owned his injured cause,
And fenced him with protective laws:
Who, by his worth and fair renown,
A charter gained from England's crown,
To rear a college, and impart
The light of science and of art
To nature's sons—a noble band,
The rightful owners of the land—
To aid them in their manly toil,
To clear the land and till the soil;
To teach their minds to soar on high
To nature's God, who rules the sky,
And rolls his thunder round the world,
'Mid lightning-banners wide unfurled!
Such—and thus worthy to be sung—
The noble men from whom have sprung
New England's hardy yeomanry,
Enlightened, virtuous, brave, and free—
Forth borne on emigration's tide
To people regions far and wide—
Well known where'er their cabins stand
As pilgrims from the father-land.

* Eleazar Wheelock, S. T .D., Founder and First President of Dartmouth College, Hanover, New Hampshire.

On Monday morn, the thirteenth day
Of March, as family records say,
In seventeen hundred, ninety-seven,
The light of life to me was given,
In Vermont State—in Braintree town ;
A spot retired—of no renown—
A wild, uncultivated place,
Where panthers fierce pursued their chase,
Through scanty fields and pastures rude
To swamps of darkest solitude,
To mountain high, or forest wood,
And lapped their victim's flowing blood.
The mountains hemmed our cottage round,
Where gloomy forests darkly frowned,
The country all around was new,
With scarce a cot to mark the view,
And there my early years flew by
Without a sorrow or a sigh.
All that I knew of earth's wide span
My boyish vision there could scan ;
I knew no other place than home,
Nor felt one wayward wish to roam.

My parents, ever good and kind,
Were both to quiet life inclined.
In steady toil their years were spent,
Yet were they cheerful and content;
No jarring discord e'er was heard,
No angry look, or angry word,
But acts of fond affection seen,
Where all was peaceful and serene.

Four much loved brothers were my lot—
Four sisters shared our lowly cot ;
Two elder brothers loved me there,
Two sisters kind my seniors were ;
Two junior brothers I enroll,
Two younger sisters make the whole.
In true affection these were mine—
And thus, as children, we were nine.

On those blest years I fondly dwell.
No care had made my bosom swell;
All that I knew on earth were dear,
And all I loved were ever near.
Beyond our home we knew no charm—
The world was then our little farm.
With what keen pleasure I review
The scenes my early childhood knew:
The grassy fields o'er which I strayed,
The pebbly brook in which I played;
My tiny dam, with slips of deal
For water-spout and water-wheel;
Our cottage, with its naked floor,
The trees that stood around the door,
The logs, piled up in rudest form,
To screen our cattle from the storm,
Which, although few, yet fully tried,
Our wants and wishes well supplied.
The bleating lambs and fleecy flock—
The pasture ground of hill and rock,
The icy spring and meadow rill—
The church that stood upon the hill,
The school-house that was on the way—
The road where children used to play—
The woodland dark, and rushy fen,
The pathway up the narrow glen,
The bridge across the deep ravine
Where piles of mossy rocks were seen,
The sunny hill, the fertile plain,
The little fields of waving grain
The cottages we had to pass,
With paper-lights instead of glass.
With mudded walls and chambers dark,
With rough-hewn floors and roofs of bark—
Such were the homes I used to see,
And they seemed happy homes to me.
These were the scenes my childhood knew,
Amidst them I to boyhood grew.
Deep on my heart their stamp is set,
And memory lingers round them yet.

Before ten happy years had fled,
By ever changeful fortune led,
I left the spot where childhood's hours
Had passed in fields and woodland bowers,
Where peace and plenty had been found,
And joy and comfort spread around,
Where all were happy, all were blessed—
This now by others was possessed.
Thence, wandering sixty miles or more
Across the mountains, near the shore
Of Lake Champlain, we found a land
Of rugged rocks and barren sand—
Of naked hills and stony vales,
Of bushy swamps and marshy swales—
Of frightful cliffs, and caverns deep,
Where foaming torrents hoarsely sweep
O'er beds of rock, deep, overgrown—
Where star or sunlight never shone.
For wilder scenes or rougher ground
Can scarcely anywhere be found,
Where man has tried, by hardy toil,
To clear the land and till the soil,
Than where my boyhood's lot was cast,
And youth's first years in labor passed.

Till summers twelve had winged their way,
My hours were spent in work and play,
For schools were few and teachers rare,
And scant the means we had to spare ;
Terms of three months—"wages and board"
Were all the neighbors could afford—
These terms—at intervals delayed
So long, the little progress made
At one would, ere the next came on,
From mind and memory be gone ;
So with this aid, in all our need,
We barely then were taught to read.

A change brought round a bright event,
To school at Montreal I went,

And greater kindness ne'er was shown
Than I received from one well known;
Of manly virtues, generous worth,
A kinder dwelt not on the earth;*
His heart was bounteous, open, free;
His consort good and kind as he;
A sterling pair of virtuous minds,
Which one on earth so rarely finds;
Who made me feel, though forced to roam
From all I loved of friends and home,
That they had now become to me
All that the best of friends could be.
Two years their friendship thus I shared,
When war with England was declared,†
And all who loved their native land,
And by its banner meant to stand,
Howe'er their business might incline,
Were forced to cross the British line—
Or England's royal sceptre own,
And swear allegiance to her throne,
By this, the circle dearly loved
Was broken up, and friends removed,
To join the standard of the brave—
The stars and stripes, that proudly wave
O'er freedom's land by valor won—
The gift of heaven, through WASHINGTON!

But soon another change was made,
My parents now required my aid.
And now the summons to obey,
With all I had I took my way
On foot, and reached the happy place,
And saw once more my father's face.
That meeting in my heart is set—
Its joys I never can forget!
To be with those I loved again,
Repaid me for whole years of pain.

* Major Levi Mower, friend of my father.

† War of 1812.

To see affection's flowing tears,
From her who watched my early years—
To hear her speak, and see her smile,
And gaze upon me all the while,
As on one risen from the dead—
Her hand still resting on my head,
With all the warmth and tender zeal,
Which—save a mother—none can feel.
All—all these memories, thrilling dear,
Demand the tribute of a tear.

War's desolation now was o'er,
And smiling peace returned once more ;
Our intercourse, so long at stand,
Was opened free by sea and land,
And merry hearts and friendly signs
Again lit up our frontier lines.

With slender means—oppressed with care
Such as the lowly have to bear—
Dependent wholly on the soil,
For bread wrung out by hardest toil,
No brighter hope to cheer life's way
Than labor's poor avails each day—
It now became us to decide,
And for a future home provide.
So, feeling free the choice to take,
Where he his resting-place might make,
My father, jointly with the rest,
Decided on the growing West ;
And in Ohio's fertile vales,
Where nature's richest soil prevails,
And deep within her forest shade—
On Erie's shore his purchase made.

* * * * * *

My brother ! should we search around,
Thy equal rarely would be found.
A mind with energy replete,
Where all the warm affections meet

And strive with an ambitious will—
The ever-ruling feature still.
Within thy breast, in early day,
A Bonapartean spirit lay;
Th' ambition that in one arose
To rule the nations—curb his foes—
Oft have I thought fell far beneath
Thy mind's devotion to the teeth.

With open hand and liberal heart,
Thou well hast done a brother's part;
And mayest, in truth and justice, claim
From all who bear the common name,
Their gratitude for timely aid,
And bounty stinted not nor stayed.
In many a dark and trying scene,
Our benefactor thou hast been—
As sunbeams, darting from the sky,
The early dews of morning dry,
So thou, my brother, fond and dear,
Hast often dried affliction's tear.

* * * * * *

And now what grateful thoughts arise,
When bright-winged memory backward flies;
And brings around me scenes of youth,
Investing them with life and truth!
And nowhere have I ever felt
Friendship more dear than when I dwelt
Within the sphere where CLAY has won
His brightest honors—LEXINGTON.

While freedom's banner waves unfurled,
His name will echo round the world—
Marking the region of his birth
The fairest spot on all the earth.
And ASHLAND, too, the stateman's home,
A pilgrim shrine in years to come,
Shall long transmit the honored name
And share the splendor of its fame.

Fair land of BOONE, I love thee still!
Thy grassy vale—thy oak-crowned hill—
Thy balmy air—thy verdant plains
Where universal plenty reigns—
Thy lofty mounds o'er warriors' graves,
Thy forests dark—thy vaulted caves—
Still move o'er memory's magic glass,
And bring fresh transports as they pass.
The welcome word, the friendly hand,
Heard and received in all the land—
The warmth with which thy children greet
The lonely stranger whom they meet—
Their grief unfeigned, when friends depart
Have stamped thy worth upon my heart!

I oft had heard, in earlier days,
Of hospitality—the phrase
Was oft familiarly set forth
By our good people of the North,
In all the studied forms of art
That show the head and not the heart—
Yet, till to southern climes I went,
I knew not what the language meant.

Where'er I rove—where'er I rest,
While feeling dwells within my breast,
And thought and reason still retain
Their wonted empire in the brain—
In gratitude for good to me,
KENTUCKY! I'll remember thee!

The ocean now before me lay,
And o'er it seemed the only way;
Hope bounded to the other side,
And whispered she would there provide
The opportunities desired
To gain the knowledge I required.
Then o'er the Atlantic's bounding tide
Did the good vessel Marmion glide,

And bore me to the white-cliffed coast—
A noble nation's pride and boast.
Straight to the field of virtues rare,
To London—I did then repair;
A scene of boundless wealth and show,
And of the direst depths of woe!
Of royal parks and princely squares,
Of alleys, courts, and thoroughfares;
Of gorgeous temples and hotels,
Of beggars' hovels—gamblers' hells;
Of all that's high in rank or worth,
And all that's low in mind and birth;
The seat of all that's grand in style,
And all that's mean, debased, and vile.
These wide extremes all strangers greet,
And more than these in London meet.

At length my time with Maury* o'er,
To London I returned once more,
And urged by friends to memory dear—
With feelings warm and hearts sincere—
Their confidence and gifts to share,
I, for a time, resided there,
And gained the patronage, meanwhile,
Of Baillie, Cooper, and Carlisle.†
A brighter hope of wealth and fame
O'er mortal prospects never came
Than fired my zeal, on every hand,
From worth the highest in the land.
But there no longer could I stay,
For home and friends were far away:
And bright'ning o'er the broad deep sea

* Dentist to the household of the King of France, with whom I studied. His works you have in the library of this Institution—a great and a good man. In a letter which I received from the Chevalier le Maire, announcing his death, that gentleman bestows a very handsome eulogy on the talents and virtues of Maury—alike creditable to the memory of my worthy preceptor, and to the heart and feelings of his distinguished cotemporary in professional life—the celebrated writer.

† Dr. Baillie, Sir Astley Cooper, and Sir Anthony Carlisle, physician and surgeons to His Majesty George the Fourth.

Lay the fair land of liberty.
There, father, mother, called me home,
Brothers and sisters bade me come;
And they were dearer, all the while,
Than wealth or fame in Britain's isle.
My mind, in sooth, was ill at ease,
Ambition could no longer please –
And I resolved to fall or stand
Within my own—my father-land.

And now, though many years have fled,
Numbering my kindred with the dead—
Altho' of every good possessed,
And with great blessings largely blessed—
Still would I here in justice own
The high respect in England shown
For cleverness in art attained,
And excellence in science gained,
By men of honored name and birth,
Of noblest rank and highest worth.

In proof of this, in our own time,
Numbers from this, their native clime,
Have found their talents there employed,
And England's bounty long enjoyed.
No higher favors e'er were won
By Albion's own most cherished son,
Than Alston—Newton—realized,
For art here lightly paid and prized:
And louder plaudits there could ne'er
Gladden the heart or greet the ear,
Nor brighter honors be possessed
Than were awarded to our WEST.

To me, a stranger in that land,
He freely gave a friendly hand,
And showed me what that hand had done—
What he in childhood had begun--

On what his pencil first he tried,
At his loved father's "Ingle-side;"*
Where love and zeal and art combine,
And true affections brightly shine:
For in that little group appear
The forms to memory ever dear—
And when the buds of genius burst,
Of all earth's objects, they were first.
In this rude essay, artists find
The germs of his exalted mind;
For there in lines, unfinished still,
The noble boy evinced his skill.

'Twas there I saw, 'mongst wise and good,
What here is rarely understood,
That greatness never is allied
To scorn, contempt, to pomp, or pride;
But gentle words and manners bland
Are marks of greatness in that land;
And condescension, frank and free,
Distinguish great from—*great would be.*

Yet there are some, whose better sense
Remains the honest man's defense;
These are the artist's cherished friends,
On whom his sure success depends.
Then wheresoe'er your race be run,
Maintain the honors you have won.
Though art may flatter, scorn deride,
Let truth and virtue be your guide;
Integrity—your highest aim;
On this firm basis rest your fame.
Let truth to all your acts extend,
And gentleness with firmness blend;
Each proving still, as best he can,
God's noblest work—an honest man.

---

* Sir Benjamin West, President of Royal Academy, born, 1738; died, 1820.

TO MY DAUGHTER MARY.

EIGHT years, my Mary, now have flown,
Eight years have glided by,
Since we in sorrow looked upon,
And saw your brother die.

We heard him speak, we saw him smile,
And watched his parting breath,
Then fondly gazed on him awhile,
As he lay still in death.

How dear is this returning hour,
Though always fraught with pain;
When memory's still but magic power,
Restores that scene again.

But he is happy:—and we bow
To heaven's all-wise decree;
No cares disturb his spirit now,
From sin and sorrow free.

Then humbly, at our Saviour's feet,
Let our affections rise,
That we his gentle soul may meet
When we ascend the skies.

TO MRS. I**** B***.

WHENE'ER in thought I wander back,
Sorrow the past is thickly shading;
The flowers of hope that blossomed once
Are mostly gone, or fastly fading.

But thou hast ever been the same;
Thy truth on friendship's altar burning,
When memory calls up friends beloved,
My thoughts to thee are always turning.

TO MISS H. C. S*******.

When Health and Youth lead on the way,
With ardent hopes and spirits gay,
'Tis well to walk or ride :
Through pastures, fields, and meadows fair,
Through leafy groves and woodlands rare,
Or swim the ocean tide.

To one oppressed with weight of years,
Whose life, by changes, griefs, and tears,
In sorrow has grown old ;
Whose bosom death has sorely stung,
Whose heart affliction long has wrung,
Such joys are dull and cold.

'Tis so with us, my youthful friend !
The life on earth which we must spend,
Is like the ocean's roar ;
Thy wave is rising to its height,
With swelling grandeur, matchless might ;
Mine breaking on the shore.

Thus, as we journey on life's way,
Rising and sinking day by day,
Still, like the troubled wave ;
Whilst thou art rising into life,
A joyous, hopeful, happy wife,
I totter to the grave.

But may each day of life be passed,
So that when we are brought at last
By favor God hath given,
To yield our sublunary breath,
In passing through the gates of death,
Our souls may meet in heaven.

LORD'S DAY.—TO MY CHILDREN.

This is the day the Lord arose
To conquer Death and all his foes,
And bid the tomb farewell ;
Lo ! now he reigns the God above,
Eternal wisdom, boundless love,
The Judge of earth and hell.

TEN COMMANDMENTS.

PARAPHRASE.—DEUTERONOMY FIFTH CHAPTER.

THERE is one God, one only God!
Ruler of heaven, of earth, and sea!
And he to every creature saith:
"Have thou no other God but me.

"Thou shalt not worship or bow down
To gods or creatures, wealth or worth,
Nor images in likeness made
Of things in heaven or things on earth.

"For I to generations down
Of those that hate me," saith the Lord,
"Will punish, but will mercy show
To all that love and keep my word.

"Thou shalt not take the sacred name
Of God upon thy lips in vain,
For guiltless he will never hold
The one who does his name profane.

"Remember, too, that thou shalt keep
Holy and pure the Sabbath day:
Six days thy labor thou shalt do,
The seventh thou shalt not work or play.

"But thou and all thou mayest have,
Children and servants, stranger, friend,
Cattle, and all within thy gates,
To God this holy day shalt spend.

"For in six days God made the world,
And all that is beneath the sun;
Hallowed and blessed the seventh day,
Resting from all that he had done.

"And thou shalt honor all thy life
Thy father and thy mother too;
So may God lengthen out thy days,
That thou his righteous will may do.

"Thou shalt not kill ;—shalt not commit
Adultery in sin and shame ;
Thou shalt not steal, nor witness bear
Falsely against thy neighbor's name.

"Thou shalt not covet nor desire
The house, the wife, or aught that is
Thy neighbor's, nor his ox, or ass,
Nor any creature that is his."

LORD'S PRAYER.

PARAPHRASE.

Our Father who in heaven art,
Glory to thee be given ;
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,
On earth as 'tis in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread,
That we from thee may live ;
Forgive us all our trespasses,
As others we forgive.
Into temptation lead us not,
From evil set us free,
And thine the kingdom and the power,
And glory ever be.

SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

For you the cross of death he bore ;
For you his life he freely gave ;
For you a crown of thorns he wore,
For you he lay within the grave.

For you again from death he woke ;
For you his gospel truths were giv'n ;
For you the bread of life he broke ;
For you he intercedes in heaven.

Then when you meet to show his death,
His mangled body bring to view,
His flowing wounds, his parting breath,
Oh! think of Him who died for you.

May 22, 1844.

COMMUNION.

We here the sacred symbols view
  Which our Redeemer to us gave,
And here our vows of love renew
  To him who came our souls to save.

Let solemn silence now pervade
  This scene of sorrow, death, and gloom,
While we behold before us laid
  The body once in Joseph's tomb.

For who can look upon this bread
  And not discern that body here,
Once pale and silent, cold and dead,
  Broken and bruised with nails and spear?

And when we break it thus apart,
  Our spirits do in sadness mourn,
And tears of fond affection start
  To see our Saviour's body torn.

Oh! who can see this flowing wine,
  And feel within his breast no pain?
It tells how Jesus, all divine,
  The Lord of glory once was slain.

Down from his hands, his feet, and side,
  His blood did flow with his last breath,
While thus these emblems we divide,
  Oh! let us think of him and death!

TO MY NIECE,

PHŒBE COLE, OF OHIO.

Joyous is the hour of meeting;
  Parting brings regret and pain;—
Life is changeful, time is fleeting;
  We may never meet again.

But in sorrow or in pleasure,
  May you share the Saviour's love;
Let the Bible—heavenly treasure!
  Light your path to bliss above.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

My dearest Anna, may the day
  Impress upon your mind
That one more year has rolled away
  Of those which God designed
Should be your number here on earth.
  How many yet remain
We know not. Tell me, then, the worth
  Of one short year, if it but gain
For our poor souls the hope of heaven,
  For which to us they all were given.

ACROSTIC.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

Fair lady, should we meet no more,
Remembrance will thy form restore ;—
In friendship's mirror I shall trace
Each lovely feature of thy face.
Nor can I ever cease to be
Delighted with thy memory!
So pure a heart, such graceful mien,
Have seldom thus united been.
In early life, to form thy mind,
Pure truth and virtue were combined.

EPIGRAM.

Like the wild bee of summer
  That sips from each flower
All the sweets it can gather
  In nature's gay bower,
The tendrils of friendship
  Around me I twine,
But never found any
  So grateful as thine.

ACROSTIC.

Refuse not, dear lady, this tribute to virtue;
On friendship's high altar its incense shall burn;
Sweet mem'ries shall come in the light of its gleaming,
And sigh for the pleasures that never return.

Long, long have I trodden the earth lone and dreary,
In a land in which beauty exults in her charms;
Even pleasures the sweetest, and friends most endearing,
Have gone, and forever, away from my arms.

May blessings which gladden the loved and free-hearted
Inhabit thy soul as their mansion of rest;
Through life's fleeting moments may wings of devotion
Convey thee, in thought, to the scenes of the blest.

How sweet is the mem'ry of friends fondly cherished,
Endeared by affection, confiding, and kind,
Long faithful and true, in life's varied relations,
Long bound to our hearts by the charms of the mind.

IMITATION OF THE RANZ DES VACHES.

Oh! when shall I the welcome prove
Of all the objects of my love?
When shall I see the vernal ray
Upon my native mountains play;
Behold my cottage in the vale,
And breathe my mountain's healthful gale?
And when—the mountain's fairest pride—
Will Annabel adorn my side,
And, underneath some spreading tree,
Dance to the pipe's wild minstrelsy?

Oh! when shall I the welcome prove
Of all the objects of my love?
When feel a parent's streaming cheek
Affection eloquently speak?
Meet a sister's fond caresses—
Whilst my hand a brother's presses;
And my lambs that guileless stray,
When shall I watch their simple play,
Hear their bleatings in the dell,
And guard them with my Annabel?

TO A BELOVED FRIEND,

ON THE DEATH OF AN EXCEEDINGLY BEAUTIFUL AND INTERESTING CHILD.

Weep not for one who in the prime
Of childhood's called away,
Relieved from all the care and crime
Of life's eventful day.

Thy loved one's gone to worlds above,
To which we all must go ;—
There to enjoy such smiles of love
As angels can bestow.

Though thy loved child no more is seen
To tread the paths of earth,
Still happier has her spirit been
Since her immortal birth.

The soul is free in heaven to range,
While we are chained to dust ;
To us the ways of God are strange,
But merciful and just.

Weep not for one who joyful treads
A purer world than ours ;
Where truth immortal beauty sheds
On ever-blooming flowers.

PAINESVILLE, *January* 1, 1862.

ACROSTIC.

To you, fair friend, to whom so much I owe,
On friendship's sacred score my numbers flow.

My feeble powers would fain, in ample lays,
A faithful pæan to your virtues raise.
Rapt in my heart, with admiration rare,
Your name to find enshrined forever there.

Still more endeared may you each circle grace,
Midst every scene of social life you trace.
Your native city, or where else you go,
There in abundance may you ever know
Heaven's richest blessings unalloyed with woe.

TO MY BELOVED BROTHER AND SISTER,

ON THE DEATH OF THEIR SWEET BOY, LEO.*

Leo has gone! but angels have borne him
To a holier, happier sphere;
No longer exposed to death, which has torn him
From all that surrounded him here.

We loved him, sweet boy, with purest affection;
His nature so gentle and mild;
How dear, then, will be the fond recollection,
He left us an innocent child.

Pure and unsullied in all his behavior,
From sin and transgression was free;
Of such is the kingdom of our blessed Saviour,
Who said: "Let them come unto me."

And better it is that angels should teach him
In worlds that are purer than this,
Where no evil thought or danger can reach him,
In the mansions of heavenly bliss.

And there will he join the spirits of others,
Their love and affection will share;
Our sweet little boy, his sister and brothers,
Will all his companions be there.

It will not be long before we can greet them,
For Jesus our Saviour has shown
The way where in heaven at last we can meet them,
Where parting no more shall be known.

And since, in his wisdom, our God has bereft us
Of those we so tenderly love,
Oh! may we so live that they who have left us
May welcome our spirits above.

---

* Son of Levi S. and Eliza C. Parmly.

LORD'S DAY.

ADDRESSED TO THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH, TWENTY-EIGHTH STREET.

THIS is the day when Mary came,
At early dawn, to see
The place where they had laid her Lord,
When taken from the tree
On which in agony he hung,
And to the Father cried,
Then offered his pure spirit up,
And bowed his head and died.

This is the day when Christ arose
And left the silent tomb,
Where, still in death, awhile he lay
Amid its gathering gloom ;—
That tomb that in the rock was hewn,
By soldiers guarded strong ;
Its sealed door and massive walls
Could not confine him long.

For 'tis the day when he had said
That he should rise again,
And heavenly messengers were sent
To rend the bars in twain ;
And angels broke the Roman seal,
And rolled the stone away,
Which closed the portal of the tomb
Where our Redeemer lay.

To-day the first disciples met,
To taste the wine and bread,
That bring to view that body broke,
That blood for sinners shed.
His love must reign in every heart,
Must have dominion there,
And every word our lips pronounce
His righteous will declare.

Oh! may we feel that sacred fire,
That never-dying flame,
That love which saves from sin and death
Believers in his name.
And let us strive with all our powers
To bring into his fold,
Sinners of every name and rank,
The young as well as old.

Forgetting all that's gone before,
And pressing onward still,
Determined in our every act
To do our Master's will.
Then shall we still on earth be blest,
And when we come to die,
Shall live among the happy souls
Who dwell with him on high.

Then may we feel for duty strong,
Go on and persevere,
And strive to win the precious souls
That now surround us here.
For all that pardon here receive
Eternal life may gain;
And every soul that's lost at death,
Must dwell in endless pain.

Oh! let us strive for that reward
Our Saviour has in store,
A crown of glory is the prize
He gives when life is o'er,
To all who seek him in the way
His gospel doth provide,
And humbly bow at his commands,
And take him for their guide.

By first believing in his word,
That he's the only Son
Of God the Father, who declares
In Scripture they are one.
Repentance next and tears of grief
For all transgressions past,
With full desire to serve the Lord
While life itself shall last.

A free remission of all sins
Will then be realized,
By all who in his blessed name
In water are baptized
Into the name of Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever blessed,
Arising from the watery grave
With the new seal impressed.

His promise he will then fulfill,
His Spirit to impart,
The richest gift to man on earth,
To dwell within his heart;
While health and strength and life are ours,
Oh, may we all prepare
For that bright world where angels dwell,
Where happy spirits are!

Where Jesus our Redeemer lives,
To welcome us above;
Where God the mighty Maker is,
To bless us with his love.
There in the bright abodes of bliss,
Where saints in glory reign,
'Mid purer joys than mortals know,
We all shall meet again.

TO MRS. SOPHIA WETHERBE BILLINGS,

ON OCCASION OF HER GOLDEN WEDDING,

CELEBRATED AT WOODSTOCK, VERMONT,

MARCH 13, 1867.

FRIEND beloved! accept this token,
With the gifts which friends provide;
Death has left one tie unbroken,
Since thou wast a youthful bride;
Lovely, blooming, bright, and fair;
Few, e'en now, with thee compare.

Cherished friends and fond relations
Now their valued gifts bestow,
Ranking high in social stations,
They their tender friendship show:
Acts in which all hearts engage,
E'en from childhood up to age.

Whilst around their mother clinging,
Guardian of their infant days,
Children gratefully are bringing
Words of fondest love and praise,
At the home from which they went,
Where their early youth was spent.

Fifty years of grief and gladness,
Pleasures high and sorrows deep,
Days of bliss and hours of sadness,
Joys to charm and woes to weep,—
These were ours, my cherished friend,
Such as fortune chose to send.

Here among our native mountains,
Home of childhood, place of birth,
Snow-wreathed peaks and ice-bound fountains,
Scenes endeared of all the earth,
We from homes now far away,
Hail thy "golden wedding-day!"

Thus when we compute by number
Goods and ills which we have known,
Joys that wake and griefs that slumber,
Which along life's path are strown,
Blessings throng in troops of gladness,
While but few our hours of sadness.

This day comes with thoughts endearing,
As our years in life decline;
Two events at once appearing,
Birth and marriage,—mine and thine;
Both ordained by heaven's decree;
Life to me and bliss to thee.

Thought we not, in life's bright morning,
More than fifty years away,
Brilliant hopes thy youth adorning,
We should celebrate a day
Joyful more than all the rest,
Thus to see our children blest?

Swiftly all our years have fleeted
Since we met in youth's sweet prime;
Charms thy friends so warmly greeted,
Age has rendered more sublime:—
Now hast thou in worth and truth
All the promises of youth.

While our steps are downward tending,
Seeking nature's final rest,
Upward all our thoughts ascending,
Soar to mansions of the blest.
Listening to the heavenly songs
Angels sing in choral throngs.

But, before we reach the portal,
Should the angels show us how,
I would twine a wreath immortal
Round thy justly honored brow;
Writing on a spotless page:
"Friends were we in youth and age."

He who shares with thee life's story,
  May his thoughts exulting rise
Rapturous to the fields of glory,
  Where the soul's best treasure lies;
There eternal joys to find,
Lasting as the immortal mind.

All thy children loved and cherished,
  Worthy of an honored name,
Whilst a thousand names have perished,
  Trace the source from whence they came;
And of those whose virtues shine,
Glad am I that one is mine:

Mine, through her whose life's devotion
  I from infancy have known,
She whose bosom's fond emotion
  Feels for him, and him alone;—
Blest in all that love endears,
May they spend their happy years.

To our children, precious treasure!
  While on earth they lingering stay,
May the Lord, in his good pleasure,
  Grant a golden wedding day;
And, as now, be gathered then,
Queenly women,—noble men.

May their youth, with aspirations
  High and records that will last,
Make the coming generations
  More than equal to the past;
Thus may they, by honest fame,
Long perpetuate the name.

Well we know that this communion
  Never can be known again;
Fifty years of thy blest union,
  When I reached three score and ten,
Filling up life's lengthened span,
Heaven's allotted age to man.

TO MRS. SOPHIA WETHERBE BILLINGS.

Though the time of thy sojourning
  Here be many days or few,
While thy thoughts are heavenward turning,
  Blissfully thy way pursue;
Children, ere thy final rest,
Now "rise up to call thee blessed."

FREDERICK, FRANKLIN, CHARLES, surround thee,
  SOPHIE, LIZZIE, OLLIE now,
Ties that long to earth have bound thee,
  With their gifts before thee bow:—
To a mother's love and worth,
Fondest, dearest, best of earth.

Others, too, are round thee clinging,
  Mothers of thy children Grand,
SARAH, NANNIE, JULIA, bringing
  Brightest gems in all the land;
All these own thy matchless sway,
Hail thy golden wedding-day.

Kindred dear, in love transcending,
  Honored names I here would write,
Talent, beauty, sweetly blending
  Truth and virtue,—TRACY—WHITE;
And will shine on gilded page,
Names of WETHERBE and GAGE.

One fond thought is still remaining,
  Let us all as one express;
God, who is our life sustaining,
  Shall our hearts forever bless;
Grateful for his light bestowed,
Brightening all the heavenly road.

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